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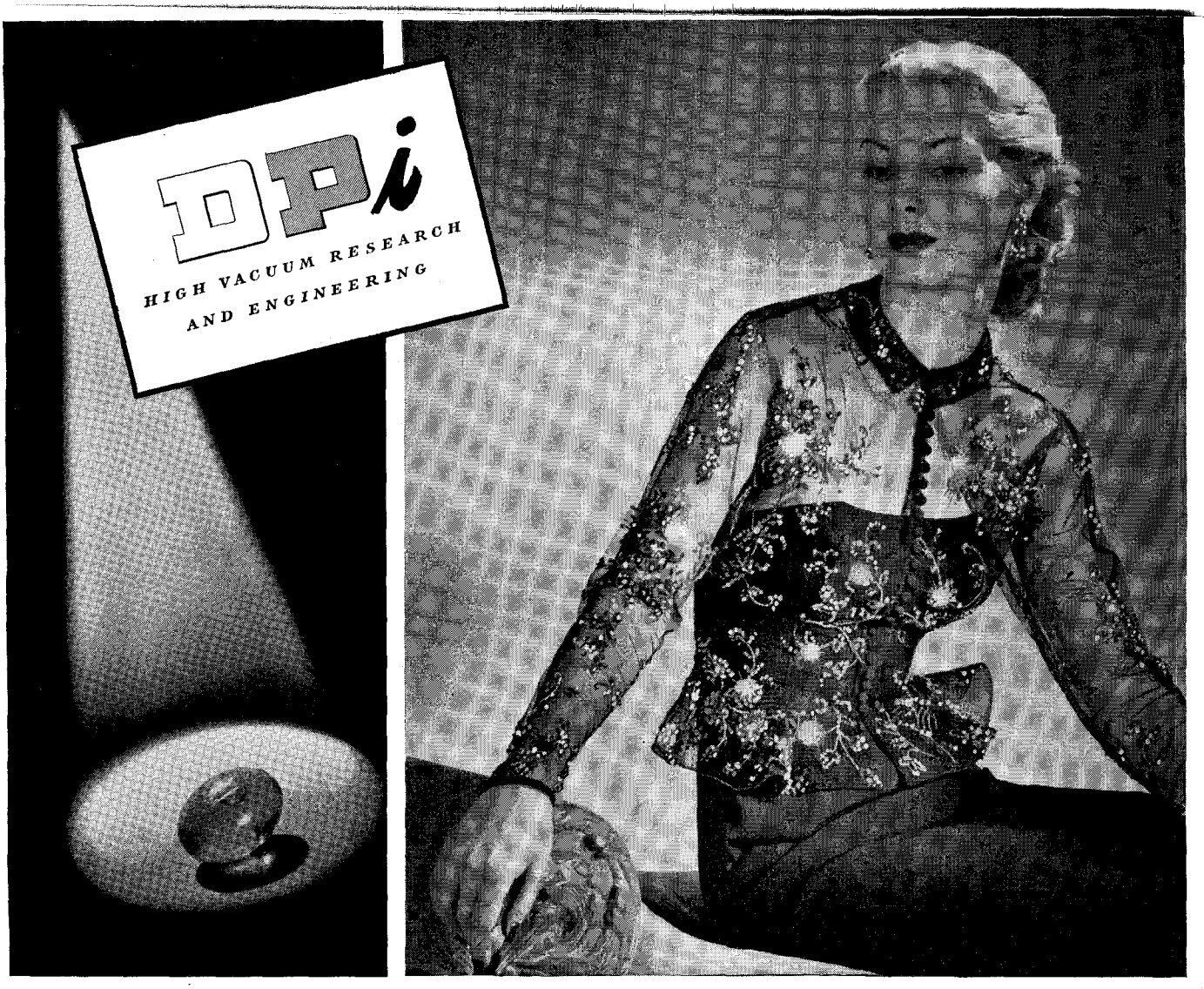

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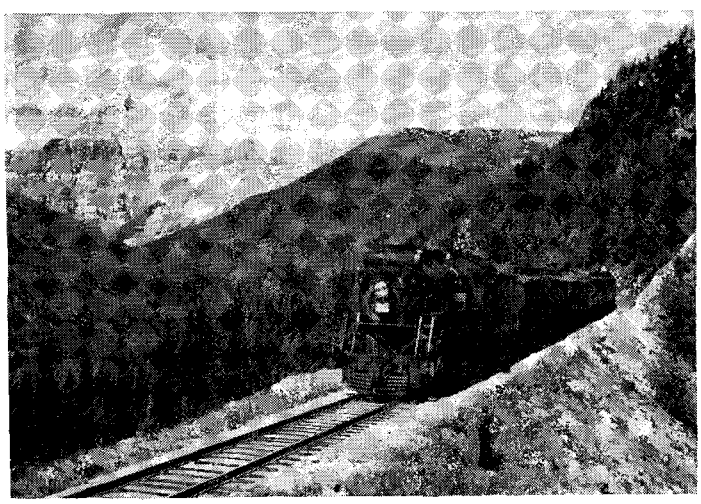

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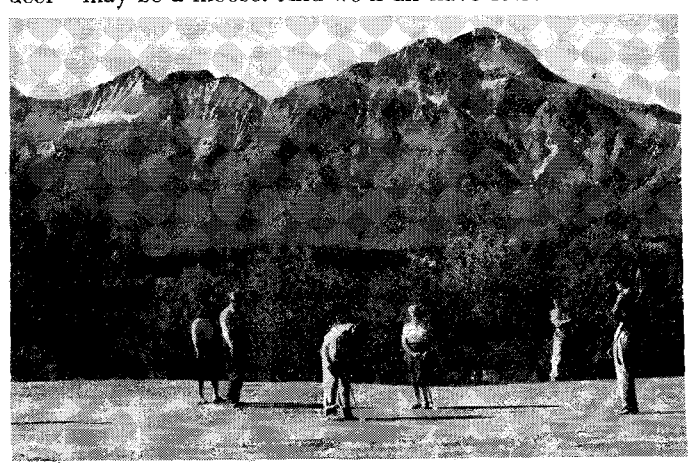

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Greece

THE cold war has various methods of conquest, and in Greece the pattern is clearly established. By guerrilla bands — trained, equipped, and indoctrinated beyond the Greek border — it is intended that the country shall remain so disheartened and impoverished that the people themselves will accept Communism. In addition, there is the probability that the guerrillas will grow strong enough to bite off and hold a chunk of Greek territory which may then be recognized by the satellite powers as the proper Greek government.

By the administering of 300 million dollars' worth of aid, plus an approximate 40 million dollars more from a separate relief and welfare law, the American Mission for Aid to Greece (AMAG) is expected to advise and assist the Greek government in the restoration of a healthy economy, and in the creation of a military force strong enough to crush the guerrillas. The law established the mission in May, 1947, for a year's duration. Its head, Dwight P. Griswold, arrived in July; its staff was assembled by September; and the first effects of its work are only now being publicly seen.

American hurry and Greek delay

In the summer of 1947, Americans held strong notions against interfering with the sovereign functions of the Greek state. Therefore the law did not contemplate a separate American administrative machine in Greece which would control the spending of the money from top to bottom; rather, a skeleton group of American experts would advise and lend technical knowledge to the Greek government. The allocation of the money having been decided, it then passed into the Greek administrative machine for handling. But because Griswold possesses a veto power upon the use of the money, he holds the final authority. Nevertheless, the law recognized that the Greeks have a government and the intent of the legislation was that they should do the governing.

Limited by policy, the program also was limited by time. The job of setting Greece on its feet was to be done by June, 1948. Half a year's operation destroys the hope of restoring Greece economically, or in any other way, by June. It was a built-in fallacy which the Greeks understood in the beginning and which we understand now. On the civil side of AMAG are nine major divisions: reconstruction, agriculture, commerce, industry, public finance, public administration, public health, relief and welfare, labor. The small force — fewer than 150 Americans — surveyed their fields, set up their objectives, and went to work. By January the major part of the aid money had been committed, contracts let, and work started.

Yet with the exception of certain high-priority assignments, much of the physical job will run well beyond June 30, and in the areas of tax revision, currency stabilization, administrative reform, public health, relief, and in the basic agricultural and industrial planning, the program is a long-range one, running from two or three years forward.

The other basic reason for the slowness of the program lies in the method of our operation with the Greeks. AMAG is to advise and recommend; the Greek government is to decide and execute. The block to AMAG's operations and to Greek national recovery stands here; for the political complexity of the Greek government is such that firm decisions are difficult to make or to enforce, and the administrative machinery of the Greek government is

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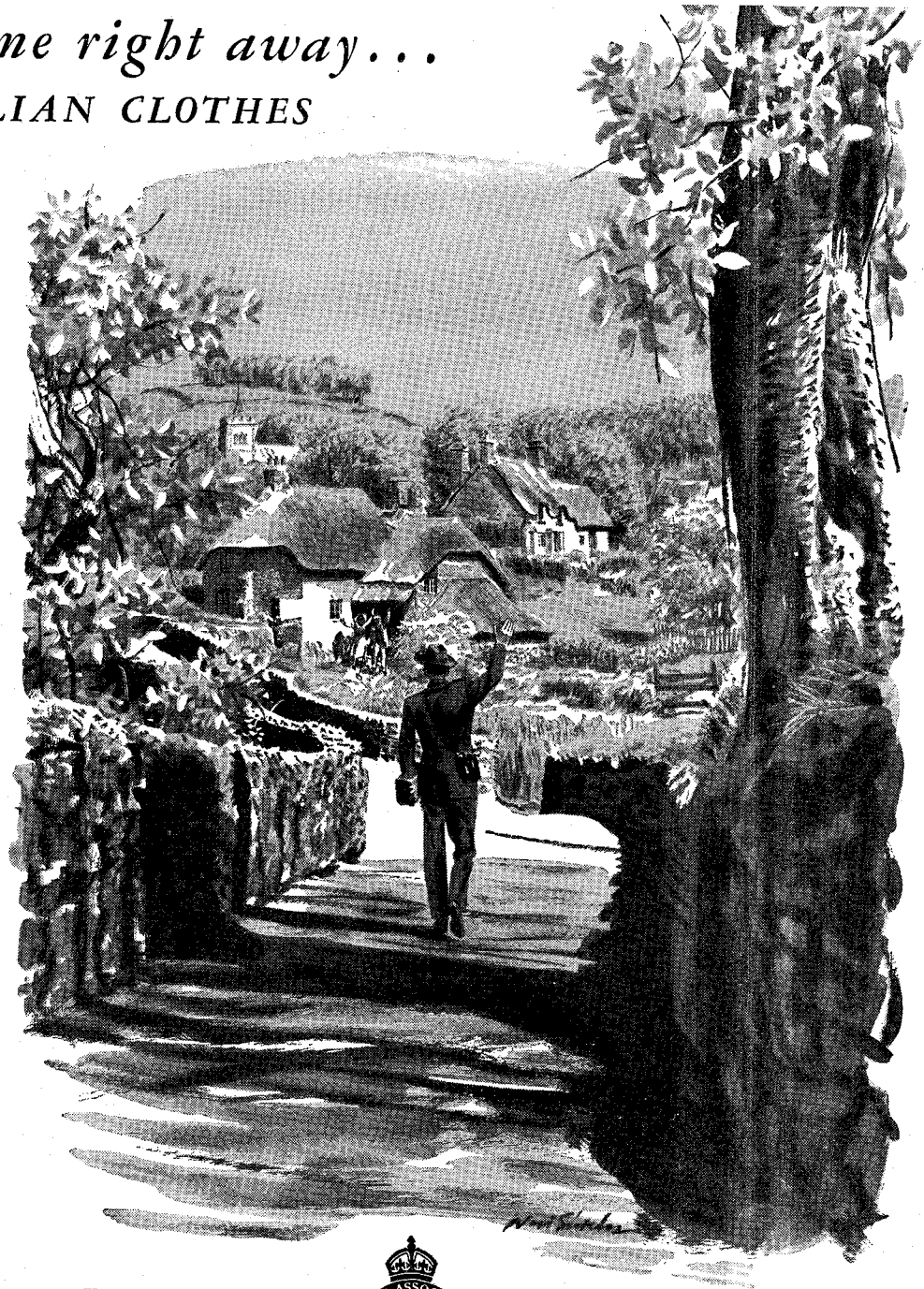

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JUNE: London Music Festival • Racing, The Derby, The Oaks—2nd-5th • Royal Horse Show—10th-12th • Antique Dealers' Fair—10th-25th • Racing—Royal Ascot—15th-18th • Pageant, St. Albans—21st-26th • Lawn Tennis Championships—21st (till July 3rd).

JULY: Athletics-Amateur Championships, London—2nd-3rd. • Cricket, England vs. Australia, Manchester—8th • Musical Festival, Harrogate—5th-10th • Racing, Newmarket—13th-15th • Malvern Festival—26th-Sept. 4th Racing, Goodwood—27th-30th • Olympic Games, London, etc—29th-Aug. 14th • Exhibition, Design in Industry, London—5th-31st.

AUGUST: Welsh National Eisteddfod, Bridgend—2nd-7th • International Horse Show, London—16th-20th • Olympic Games activities throughout Britain—till 14th • Sailing Regatta, World Championship, Hayling Island—13th-14th • International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh—22nd-Sept. 12th • Engineering Exhibition, London—26th-Sept. 11th. • Yachting, Cowes—28th-Sept. 4th.

SEPT.: International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh, to Sept. 12th • Three Choirs Festival—5th-10th, Worcester • Horticultural Show—7th-8th, London • Highland Games—11th & 16th, Scotland • Widdecombe Fair—14th, Dartmoor • Racing—20th-21st, Edinburgh • Newmarket Meeting—28th-Oct. 1st.

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now so inefficient that the execution of any plan requires enormous wastages of energy.

The Greek citizen is and always has been one of the world's most pronounced individualists. War and occupation appear to have strengthened this feeling of individual self-sufficiency at the expense of the ability to coöperate. During the Albanian campaign, the Greeks reached a high point of national unity, but during the occupation by the Germans — when for a period a thousand people a day were executed or died of starvation — life became a lonely struggle for survival.

Greek against Greek

Some of that personal isolation is still in them; and with it there seems to be, if testimony can be believed, a more than usual amount of distrust between Greek and Greek, which arose during the occupation days when the whispers of collaboration went around. The civil war following collaboration only intensified those sharp divisions.

The effect on the people is visible. North of Athens, in the Salonika region, are 420,000 refugees from the guerrilla area; and in Greece generally, one fourth of the people are on relief — a relief so meager that no person is eligible for it until his income has dropped to one fourth of the amount necessary to support a subsistence diet. Yet little of this hunger and war and confusion can be seen in Athens. On warm days people collect at the sidewalk tables of cafés to talk, over their coffee, and to have their comfort. As in any other European capital, a good meal can be had for the price, and among the rich the old speculation goes on.

The individual fight to stay alive and get ahead is seen in the aggressive youngster, evading an ineffectual school system, who darts around with his shoe-shining box; it can be seen in the swarm of pushcart vendors selling the remnant of UNRRA foodstuffs, and in the merchant standing at the doorway of a store which often is scarcely more than an indentation in the building wall.

For Greece is a country of one-man operators — the farmer with his seven acres and the merchant with his little shop. There are almost no accountants in Greece, since books are seldom kept. The merchant scribbles his transactions on a slip of paper, not for the tax collector but for himself, and he holds his extra merchandise out of sight. Unable to collect from this source, the government bides its time until money must come momentarily above ground in transactions that cannot be cloaked and in movement of goods too bulky to conceal. At all these vulnerable spots a tax is applied; consequently Greece has possibly the most complex and unfair system on record.

In gold we trust

The merchant has an uncertainty of his own — the bit of paper called the drachma. This is his legal currency, behind which stands the full faith and credit of Greece; but in that faith and credit neither the merchant nor anybody else in Greece has any trust. Thousands of once comfortably well-off people have in their trunks packets of a previous drachma, also supported by the full faith and credit of their country, which was wiped out by a pen stroke in 1944. The Greek believes in nothing but gold — specifically in a gold sovereign once used by the British but long since abandoned. Upon that sovereign all value is based.

The drachma is AMAG's primary economic problem. When the Mission arrived in Greece the drachma sold at 135,000 to the gold sovereign; by December, 1947, its value had shrunk to 200,000 to the sovereign. The present plan is so to stimulate the entry of necessary goods through a controlled import certificate plan that inflation will be checked.

Another major problem of AMAG is the creation of a dynamic Greek government. In its present form it lacks unity; it is touched with the same indirection which affects the rest of Greece. To give it order and motion is a most desperate need, for without a decent administrative system Greece can have neither economic health nor military success.

Guerrilla warfare has made a truly representative election in Greece a present impossibility. Therefore the existing coalition government of the Liberal and Populist (Royalist) Parties, under Prime Minister Sofoulis, probably has the broadest practical political base. Moreover, it does represent the honest wishes of both parties to furnish an instrument by which American aid can be made effective.

Yet since it is a coalition government it cannot have the positive authority of a single-party administration. Its very composition — the ministerial posts carefully weighed out on political scales — makes a strong policy impossible. Within such a government the leaders of both parties feel themselves imprisoned, free neither to operate openly nor to resist openly. The result is slow-motion government and an increase of undercover political maneuvering. Whether a single-party

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government could do better at this time is another question. Greeks seem to doubt it.

The Communists ride the Trojan horse

It is supposed that about 20,000 guerrillas lie back in the mountain country of Greece, young Greeks who have left the villages willingly or by force. To fight this group, Greece has 180,000 men in the army and the National Guard plus 27,000 in the civilian National Defense Corps. With such advantage, why hasn't the army stepped out?

It must be said that this is not an orthodox war. The guerrillas seldom defend fixed positions, seldom make last-ditch stands anywhere. They have surprise on their side. They creep out of the hills in small bands, strike the valley villages, kill, capture, and run. They have no problem of supply, for they live off the villages and they take their recruits — an occasional woman along with the men — at the point of a gun. They are gone by the time the army comes up.

Neither is this a war with a common enemy that all Greeks can unreservedly hate. It is a civil war, Greek against Greek and neighbor against neighbor. There's gunfire in front, but there are also spies and sudden bullets behind. It is a difficult thing to know who is loyal and who is not; and it is also a difficult thing for a Greek drawing his sights on another Greek not to remember that the man he's shooting comes from the next village and was really not a bad man in former times.

The preservation of his country ought to be the stiffening factor in the army, yet it is possible that the issue is not so clear-cut to some of these young men in uniform. No doubt more than one man, looking upon the economics of the country and the political confusion of Athens, has some question concerning his own future, both his physical future if the guerrillas win, and his financial future if the government wins. Whatever the motives, the will to fight is evidently diluted.

All Greeks wish for a solution short of a bitter-end fight. Nearly every Greek leader speaks of a conciliation policy which will draw back those guerrillas who are not paid-up Communists, and much hope was placed in an amnesty law which encouraged the erring brethren to return. But those guerrillas who might want to come back are impeded by two highly practical fears. They might be shot while surrendering; if they survived that first ordeal and returned to their villages, they might be killed by secret local agents or by loyal natives who could not endure their original sin.

Civil or military, the story is the same. Here are wonderfully courageous and extraordinarily able people who through many misfortunes have lost their sense of security, who drift and know they are drifting, yet cannot feel that sudden sea-change of spirit which will invigorate them and carry them forward. It is the Greek problem. It is also the problem of AMAG.

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The Far East

AMERICAN policy has won an advantage of long-range importance in Indonesia, but faces a deteriorating situation in China, Japan, and Korea. The settlement negotiated in Indonesia by the United Nations is a victory for the American view that complete reconquest of the Asiatic colonies of European countries is impossible, while on the other hand complete and immediate independence for the colonial peoples would be premature. Willingness to accept a compromise reflects the Dutch conviction that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and the Indonesian belief that the bush is full of birds on which the Dutch will never again be able to lay a hand.

The Dutch got by far the best of the January cease-fire agreement. In their "police action" last July the Dutch thrust out salients aimed at oil fields and the richest plantation areas in Republican territory. In August they proclaimed a "Van Mook Line," drawn in the main by linking up the points of these salients. In the cease-fire agreement, the zone between the Van Mook Line and the line from which the Dutch jumped off is to be "demilitarized" by the withdrawal of the Indonesian forces. Part of the zone is then to be policed by the Indonesians and part by the Dutch.

After a period lasting from three to six months, set aside for negotiating political agreement, the Dutch are to withdraw toward the line from which they started. Within six months to one year, plebiscites in disputed areas will allow Indonesians to choose whether they want to belong to the Indonesian Republic or to one of the other states which the Dutch have set up and which they wish to combine with the Indonesian Republic as the "United States of Indonesia."

Indonesia joins the constellation of former subject countries in which a somewhat hazy new constitutional status has been achieved or is being negotiated, at the cost of painful and crippling internal subdivision. In each case the withdrawing imperial power has succeeded in making the consequences of its retreat inconclusive, by splitting the forces before which it has had to retreat. In India, Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia every leader who presses for effective national sovereignty with one hand must with the other hand fend off internal separatism and factionalism.

At the same time, there is a marked tendency toward collaboration among the imperial powers. The first Paris meeting of Marshall Plan countries accepted the principle that for purposes of American aid the colonial possessions of a European country should be treated as integral with the economy of the home country. Bevin's proposal for a Western union in Europe has since reaffirmed the principle of joint colonial policy.

The acceptance of these principles does not eliminate, however, conflicts of interests, aims, and methods which can be classified according to the degree of socialist coloration in the various European governments. The stronger the leaning toward socialism, the greater the belief in economic planning, assignment of categories and quotas for colonial production, and bilateral trade agreements to exclude competition. Such tendencies invite the frown of American policy, which prefers free trade, full competition, and direct access for American investment under colonial flags.

The conflict narrows down to two alternatives: either a joint European "holding company" for colonial interests, or an American holding interest, represented by American financial and economic aid, with the European countries carrying out separate operations, each partly American-financed.

Indo-China and the Communists

Almost unechoed in the American press, developments in Indo-China are of far-reaching significance for two reasons. First, the Communist leadership in Indo-China, though not numerically large, has a clear ascendancy that it does not have in any other colonial country. Second, both the military and the political operations of the Indo-Chinese Communists are clearly modeled on Chinese experience rather than on Russian textbooks.

For about a year the interior of Indo-China has been masked by French occupation of the seaports. There has been only a trickle of news coming out

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through Siam, Burma, and India. The Viet Nam spokesmen in France have also been at least partly muzzled. Some of them have been arrested, and more recently there have been considerable round-ups of Indo-Chinese workers in France, who had links with leftists among the French workers.

Gradually, however, information has been accumulating. The Viet Nam or revolutionary news is slanted; and so is the French news. In fact, there is a strong family resemblance between Viet Nam news and Chinese Communist news, and between French news and Kuomintang news.

It is, however, now beyond dispute that Ho Chih Minh, the Indo-Chinese leader, and his followers have pulled off something really formidable. Like the Chinese Communists, and under even more difficult conditions, they have managed to convert from a purely guerrilla warfare to a mixed warfare in which well-trained regular troops form the hard core, flanked by partisan and guerrilla detachments. This winter a major clean-up drive by a strong French column was first slowed down and then chewed up. The Viet Nam troops are actually beginning to take towns from the French — a turn of the tide as important as the taking of cities by the Chinese Communists.

Inconclusive military operations have been an even heavier drain on the French than the partially successful operations in Indonesia have been on the Dutch. The French have also had less to export, since the war-accumulated stockpiles of colonial produce were much smaller in Indo-China than in Indonesia. With less to offer than the Dutch, the French have been less successful in setting up puppet regimes; the revolutionaries have beaten them in making allies out of minority and tribal groups differing from the Viet Nam or Annamese majority in language and culture.

The China-Japan-Korea triangle

The political and military news of China, Japan, and Korea continues to make the front pages, but economic factors are tending to become the really decisive consideration. Of the 570 million dollars proposed as aid to China, 60 million is intended for the rehabilitation of the Canton-Hankow railway and similar projects. The rest is almost straight relief, which in itself does not set any wheels to turning. At the same time Secretary Marshall, when answering questions about the program, revealed the hitherto unpublicized fact that we are selling thousands of tons of war surplus munitions to China for as little as one cent on the dollar.

The working of the economic factor in China can be summarized by pointing out that neither American dollars, American goods, nor American arms can have any effect unless the Chinese government undertakes subsidiary expenditures which include the mobilization of labor, the distribution of food, and all the other activities of administration.

As labor for road building and transportation is for the most part forced labor, and as the collection of food and other things needed for the war is done largely by unpaid expropriation, each well-meant donation paid for by the American taxpayer becomes an additional burden on the Chinese public, which makes both the civil war and American policy increasingly unpopular. Conversion of any part of the 570 million dollars to direct military aid does not change the economic equation.

Raw materials for Japan?

In Japan the economic factor is a stumbling block even more painful to American shins. American raw materials shipped to Japanese industries mean an American scale of costs. The cheap raw materials from captive areas in Asia, where Japan could dictate costs, are no longer available. The differential has to be taken up either by curtailment of Japan's industry, which means curtailment of Japan's ability to feed itself, or by American subsidy, which means more taxes paid by Americans. Raw materials from Asia, at low Asiatic costs, cannot now be made available to Japan except by agreement; and wide agreement in Asia to supply Japan is unlikely while most of Asia remains in turmoil and is afraid that Japan, under American protection, may get a head start in reindustrialization.

The economic factor operates also in Korea. One optimistic early calculation was that North Korea under the Russians would feel the squeeze earlier than South Korea under the Americans, because South Korea is the main food-producing area. However, South Korea, with over two thirds of the population, produces less than two thirds of the food. North Korea is producing about 12 per cent more than its mathematical proportion.

Korea is a sad case of a policy in which hostility to Russia is more satisfactory as an emotional outlet than as a practical proposition. The Russians have now unveiled a large regular Korean army, with modern equipment, in North Korea. They are therefore in a position to withdraw their own troops and challenge us to make ourselves intensely unpopular by backing South Korea, which has no trained army, in a civil war.

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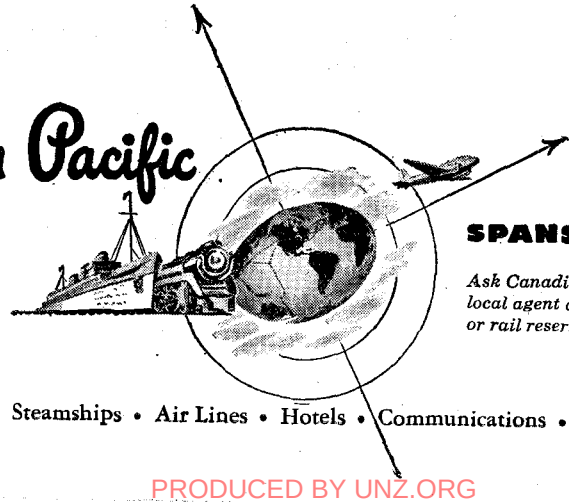

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Washington

PRESIDENT TRUMAN as the unavowed candidate to succeed himself is worried and confused. The Democratic Party, of which he is the head, always has been an uneasy coalition. Only a man of the political genius of Franklin Roosevelt could supply the cement. The party after Roosevelt's death reverted to a loose alliance, and it is now breaking up before the Administration's eyes.

Mr. Truman was the first to recognize the menace of Henry Wallace. A wit in the Capital said, "The Democratic Party can win only with the lunatic fringe, and now Wallace has captured the lunatic fringe." If there is one sure thing about the political scene, it is that Wallace can tip the scale in Republican favor in the populous states of New York, Illinois, and California, and perhaps in Massachusetts. Since the Wallace entry, Truman has been trying to out-Wallace Wallace in flirting with minorities.

In this category was his civil rights message. The message gained him nothing from the Wallace camp and politically affronted the entire South. The angry roar that went up south of Mason and Dixon's Line grows louder. There is talk of a rump convention, which would give the electorate a choice of four instead of three candidates, or of instructions to the state electors to remain free for manipulation after the election.

With many of the projects outlined in the Truman message many Southerners would agree. The creation of a civil rights division in the Justice Department and the establishment of a permanent Commission on Civil Rights to serve as a sort of national conscience in public education and policy-making are legitimate Federal undertakings, especially in a day when civil liberties are under attack everywhere.

But the President invited Southern wrath when he advocated anti-poll tax and anti-lynching measures. It made Southerners gag when he called these "practical, workable arrangements," for Southerners regard states' rights as a constitutional barrier against Federal legislation prohibiting both abuses. They were furious that the President should ignore the fact that lynching has been virtually stamped out in the South without "outside" interference.

It was the Presidential frown on segregation that was the real red rag to the Southerners. He wants to ban segregation in interstate transport. In this particular the President was seeking merely to apply a recent Supreme Court decision, but the judiciary's efforts to chip away at segregation and discrimination are not regarded as on a par with those of a politically-minded President.

Deflation?

Whether we are at the beginning of deflation or at a pause in the inflation the pundits do not say. They keep a "masterly silence," as Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, puts it, and watch events. If the post-war inflation is monetary, as most economists think, then the lower level of prices is a temporary phenomenon.

A howl of protest arose when the steel industry announced a price increase. In addition to the Council of Economic Advisers, the Departments of Justice and Commerce announced inquiries. On the Hill, Senator Taft summoned to Washington the leading steel executives for an explanation to the Joint Economic Committee. The step elicited wide approval. "At this time and under these conditions," said Senator Flanders, "any rise in steel prices has to be defended on public grounds as well as for business reasons." Note the names of Taft and Flanders in the anti-steel chorus. They are gallant defenders of free enterprise, yet in this case they called on industry to justify private decisions.

The facts are rising superior to philosophy: when industrial units attain a degree of power that makes their price policies a matter of vital public concern, the legislators cannot help reacting as if a public trust were involved in any change in those policies. Economic philosophers like Dr. Nourse see an organic connection. In his *Price-Making in a Democracy*, he shows that these price policies enter into the public domain because they are administered by an

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industry as a whole. What he means is that there is now a twilight zone of prices which are neither determined by individuals in unorganized free markets nor fixed by government.

Action toward deflation has been going on through the banks and through the Treasury Department. The banks are carrying out a voluntary contraction of credits, so as to head off the special reserve system under discussion. And the Treasury has just received the largest tax collections in the fiscal year. But these two anti-inflationary influences are not permanent.

It is worry enough for the Council of Economic Advisers to have to read the inflation-deflation horoscope. But it is now the victim of the cheeseparers in Congress. The agency has a modest budget and was disconcerted to see the Appropriations Committee cut it down. Perhaps the reason lies not so much in the Council's work as in the lack of self-advertisement of its members: Nourse, chairman, Leon H. Keyserling, and John D. Clark.

Dr. Nourse, formerly vice-president of the Brookings Institution, sets the pace for the Council's diffidence. He was put on the list of witnesses on the Marshall Plan, but had his name withdrawn. He declines to submit himself to questioning before the Joint Committee on the Economic Report. Perhaps this reluctance is justifiable, for Dr. Nourse made a poor impression before the Appropriations Committee, and his budget suffered accordingly. Like many academicians, he is not very comfortable in face-to-face cross-examination, though his two colleagues, who are made of sterner stuff, would welcome the opportunity of testifying before Congress.

Sit tight, say nothing

When Representative Leon E. Allen assumed the chairmanship of the powerful House Rules Committee, he promised not to be a tyrant, and said he would simply be a traffic governor. That is to say, he would let bills go to the floor of the House without hindrance. He it is who largely determines the order in which bills come before his committee, and the committee has general power to say what bills shall be considered by the House.

Allen has not kept his word on the bill for universal military training, which he is keeping bottled up. The reason is that he is against the bill. The pro-UMT school is inveighing constantly against Chairman Allen for responsibility for what Justice Roberts calls this "travesty of the American system of representative government." Chairman Allen remains unmovable, thereby showing that the temptation of acting like a czar in his position — which is second in power to the Speaker's — is too strong to be resisted. Allen's veto power on proposed legislation is almost absolute.

One lesson the GOP has learned since it got control of Congress is that the seniority rule is the worst handicap from which the party is suffering. Allen is a tyrant, but he is not senile; some other chairmen are both. The La Follette-Monroney report recommended abolition of the seniority rule. This recommendation did not get into the act, as the result of Republican opposition. Now the Republicans wish they hadn't been so traditional.

They are weak on chairmen, as is natural in view of their long wait for office. It is disquieting to see them nod over their jobs, half-asleep and totally unable to follow the hearings they are ostensibly conducting. A suggestion has been made that the party select the chairmen of the standing committees of both chambers.

The Mood of the Capital

The Capital is fascinated by the box in which Truman's leftism has put him. The Southern revolt, of course, isn't new. In 1944 Texas wanted to teach Roosevelt a lesson by electing delegates pledged to support another candidate, but the threat came to nothing. One cannot so easily dismiss the splinterites this year. If there were four parties, no candidate would be likely to get a clear majority, and in that event the issue would be thrust into the House of Representatives.

At this distance, Truman appears unable to survive the threat of Wallace's third party. Those who think Wallace will withdraw, now that he has intimidated Truman, don't know their man. The Capital interprets Wallace's action as an effort to even up an old score with the President. Washington does not agree that Wallace wants to see a hard-boiled conservative Republican in the White House for four years, so that he can lead a united liberal party to victory in 1952. Events are not so pliable. In four years Wallace will see other contenders in the field, perhaps including Eisenhower.

The Democratic split does not mean that all is serene in the GOP camp. There are young Republicans who are restive over leadership, and the man who makes the party look solid is Vandenberg. That cohesion will, of course, fall apart at Philadelphia. But a lot of history will be written before the GOP delegates assemble.

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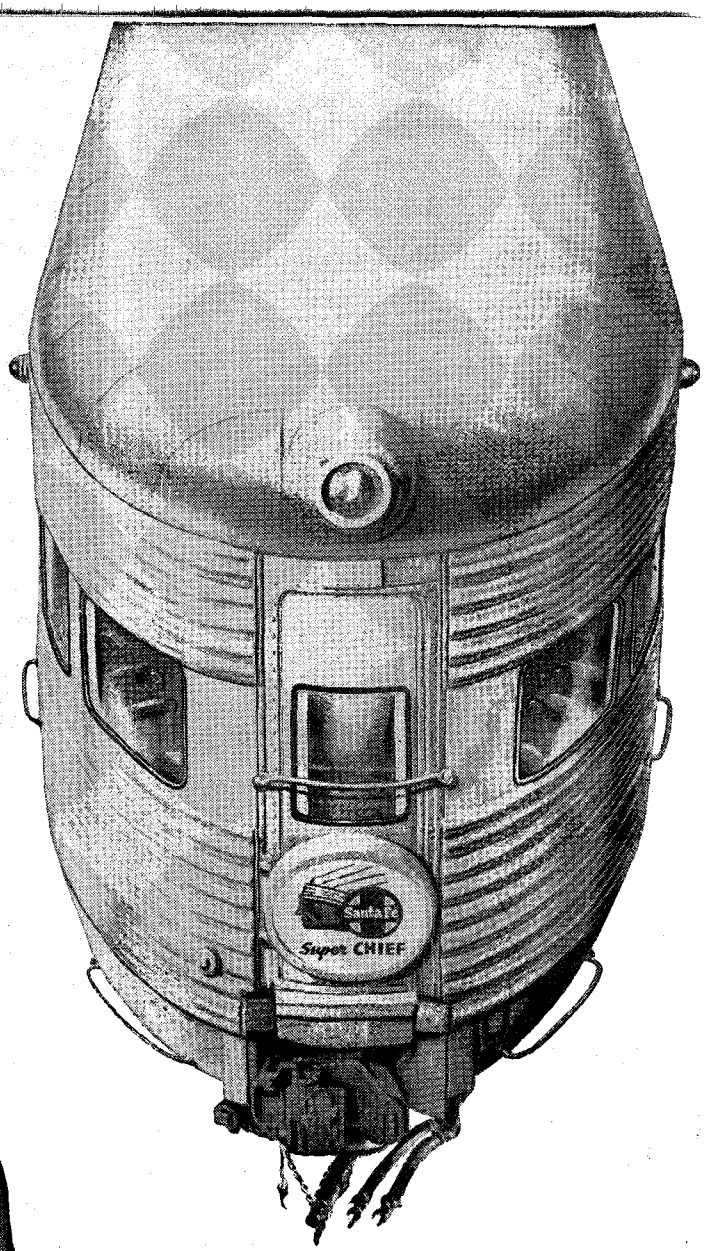
She came in on the *Super Chief*



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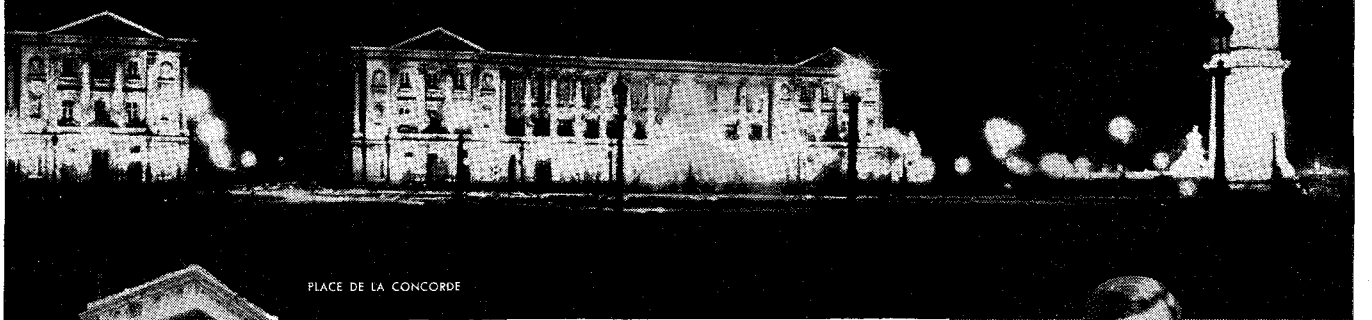

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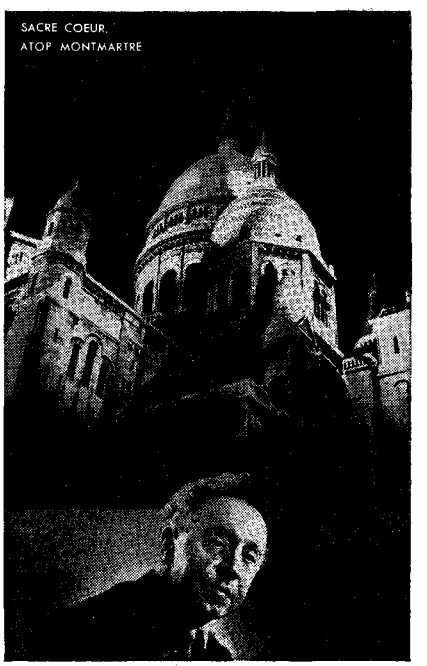

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France

THE Communist offensive in France, so widely advertised for February, failed to take place on schedule. The government took serious, specific measures to counteract insurrection. New maps and charts were collected of public buildings, bridges, tunnels, and other points that might have to be defended. A new system of mobilization was devised. In the past, French soldiers had always been sent to regions far from their homes. Now, because of the possibility of transport strikes, they were assigned to places about twenty miles from their mobilization centers — far enough for them not to be serving among their friends and families, but near enough for them to get there on foot.

The Communists did plan a new offensive but they had to call off the movement because of a combination of influences favorable to the government. The winter, the mildest in many years, remained warm to the end. The shortages of food and fuel were felt less sharply than in any other winter since the war. Abundant rainfall increased the supply of hydroelectric power, ending the irritating interruptions in electric heat and light. The crop prospects were excellent. And the Communists lost the element of discontent on which they had counted.

Moreover, the defeat in the November-December strikes and the split in the General Confederation of Labor (CGT) left the organization weakened. The Socialist section of the labor movement withdrew from the Communist-dominated CGT and created formally its own Force Ouvrière.

The fundamental cause for the divorce was politics, the Socialists insisting that the trade-unions should confine themselves to labor matters. A basic reason for the Communist failure in its last outbreak was the opposition of French workers to political strikes. The CGT, with a large part of its membership now lost, was unwilling to embark on another political campaign. It had to wait for legitimate conditions that would justify strikes.

The strength of the Communist Party and the CGT, however, should not be underestimated. They remain a major party and a powerful movement. In the by-elections, which are held nearly every Sunday in some region of France, the Communists showed recent gains. Their advance was particularly evident in farming areas, where the government's financial measures were unpopular and the new moderation of the Communist Party worked to its advantage. In the cities, the Party appeared at least to be holding its own.

The CGT could also boast of election results. During the first two months after their separation, the original Confederation and the new Force Ouvrière issued conflicting, confusing claims of strength. A clear, objective test finally came in the mines, which constitute one of the most important sectors of the nation's economy and labor movement. The miners, voting to choose their delegates, elected 230 from the CGT, 4 from Force Ouvrière. The elections could be challenged as an over-all indication of labor sentiment, especially since they were confined to underground workers, many of whom are foreigners, and the CGT had the advantage of holding all the previous delegates' posts. But here was a sign that the CGT was still capable of exercising profound influence.

The Mayer Plan

Financial and economic reform was contemplated by the non-Communist government of Premier Robert Schuman from the moment of the creation of the Cabinet in November. It was for this reason that René Mayer, a Radical-Socialist with a reputation as a liberal economist, was given the portfolio of Minister of National Economy. The program was delayed for about a month, until order could be restored. From then on, it became the principal effort of the government.

The components of the Mayer Plan came out one by one, each distinct from the others, but all fitting together like newly recruited soldiers formed into one regiment to march toward a common objective. First appeared the new super-income tax of 20 to 40 per cent, which could be avoided by subscribing the amount due in taxes to ten-year reconstruction bonds, yielding 3 per cent interest. Since any logical citizen would prefer the bonds, providing some return, to outright tax payment to the state, this amounted in reality to a forced loan.

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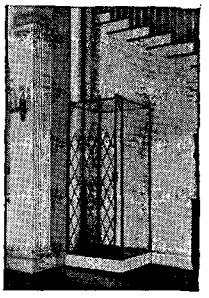

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1948

BRITAIN—HOST TO THE OLYMPICS

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Then came devaluation of the franc, reducing its value from 119 to 214 to the dollar, for purposes of import and export trade, but providing also for free trade in dollars and gold in purely financial exchanges. This was designed to bring the franc closer into line with world values, thus stimulating French exports and tourist trade, and at the same time, to coax French capital from hoarding and the black market back to official channels.

The next step was cancellation of all 5000-franc notes, amounting to 330 billion francs, more than one third of the total banknote circulation of the Bank of France. This action, a gesture to the Socialist Party in exchange for its political support of the other measures in the National Assembly, was intended to deflate the swollen currency and to provide an exposé of hidden wealth for taxation.

Finally, the government presented its bill to prohibit any increase in prices not justified by a corresponding rise in cost of production. This was directed at stabilizing prices and stopping any new race between the cost of living and wages until the reforms could take effect.

Devaluation saves France

The need for most of these measures, particularly devaluation, had long been felt. With the franc pegged, since the war, first at the military rate of 50 and later at 119 to the dollar, French prices were so high in official dealings that exports were virtually stopped and the black market flourished. But no French politician likes to take responsibility for cutting the value of his nation's currency. In the past such measures have usually been covered by international agreements for monetary stabilization. Mayer not only dared to devalue, but he did so over the strong objections of the British, who feared that free trade in currency would result in an attack on the pound.

The final impulse that made devaluation compulsory came from the complete paralysis of the national economy. The government's supply of foreign exchange was exhausted. The administration was committed, under the Marshall Plan, to avoid inflationary means of meeting its expenses — in other words, to stop drawing on the Bank of France. The halt in exports meant no more money in view from abroad. American interim aid had already been allocated, but further items of raw materials and machinery were absolutely necessary. Without them, post-war France was at the point of economic strangulation.

The bold devaluation was calculated to make French prices attractive to buyers abroad and to tourists. As an example, when Secretary-General Trygve Lie was looking for a meeting place for the United Nations General Assembly next September, he inquired about hotel prices in Paris. He was told rooms could be found between 120 and 1600 francs daily. At the old rate, that meant about $1 to $13. At the new free rate, the price became 40 cents to $5. Devaluation was one consideration that won

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the assembly for Paris. The French expect that meeting alone to bring them eight to ten million dollars of foreign exchange.

The march of francs

The French are notorious hoarders. Some idea of their reaction to the cancellation of the 5000-franc notes can be gained by imagining what would happen in the United States if all twenty-dollar bills were declared invalid and called in, a few being repaid in five-dollar bills, the rest being held for restitution in some indefinite manner at some vague future date.

Modern legend has it that the Frenchman hides his money no longer in the small, old-fashioned sock, but in the big *lessiveuse*, the covered metal kettle in which clothes are boiled. Two young men, in fact, turned up at a post office in the Rue du Four, on the left bank in Paris, disconsolately carrying a *lessiveuse* supposedly full of 5000-franc notes. The people already waiting in the long queue to turn in their money felt so sorry for the young men that they let them pass to the head of the line. There the fellows opened the kettle, reached down to the bottom, extracted one note each, for which they received full payment, and went on their way, cheered by the good-natured victims of their hoax. But there were many other *lessiveuses* fuller than theirs, and emptied with animosity.

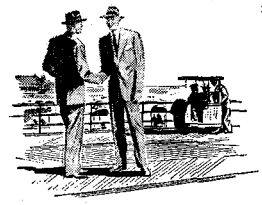
The unusual opportunity afforded by the banknote conversion to study French hoarding proved what had always been suspected: that the farmers were among the richest citizens. They turned in almost one third of the total number of 5000-franc bills, averaging more than ten per person. The national average was 1.43 per person.

Having adjusted the franc and reduced the currency, the government was confronted with the necessity of restraining price rises, lest they nullify the Mayer Plan. Here a neat combination of price control and free trade was adopted to meet the complex circumstances. As of December, the wholesale price index for food was 1432 and for industrial goods 1001, compared with 100 in 1938. By retaining the controls on food required by the short supply, but freeing products in more normal supply, the gap between prices was narrowed in January to 1566 for food and 1345 for industrial goods.

As long as demand exceeded supply, the government felt compelled to maintain artificial restrictions, but where freedom was possible, it was granted. The fundamental theory was that controls could not be fully effective in a non-police state. The objective was a normal market, guided by the law of supply and demand.

The criticism could be made that the Mayer Plan was neither one thing nor another, neither control nor liberty, but its hybrid nature could be justified. As long as the French state is free to conduct its own experiment, without foreign interference, the program will work toward eventual liberty.

I met New England



AT A LABOR CONVENTION IN ATLANTIC CITY"

I'd known Jim Andrews for some years. He wasn't one to blow his own horn, and I was curious to get his views on things. So one evening I started to sound him out.

"Well, Jim," I said, "how's the situation in New England? Not much activity up there, I suppose."

"Plenty of activity, Bill," he answered. "More business, and more production, than ever before. Our total production this year will be around 8 billion dollars. But you don't hear about it, because things go pretty smoothly, by and large. You see, New England labor and management are smart. They've always seen the wisdom of getting together and *talking things out.* That habit springs from way back, when most all New England industry was local, and the employees lived on the same village street as the boss, and called him by his first name. In lots of places they still do, for that matter.

"But that's only half the picture. The bulk of New England workers are *skilled* workers. They own their own homes. They're part of their communities—have their say at town meetings—and they have plenty of chance for amusement and pleasant relaxation. Then, too, our New England schools are the best in the country. And believe me, those are the things that make for *stability.*"

"You certainly make it sound good," I said—kind of enviously.

"It *is* good, Bill," Jim answered seriously. "And any organization looking for a factory location where skilled help is plentiful, and employee-management relations are *tops* ought to cast a mighty thoughtful eye on New England!"

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"This Thing Called Love"

SIR:

If Homer nods, so may a distinguished university authority on English literature. But when Professor Bergen Evans, in "This Thing Called Love" (February *Atlantic*), speaks of *Vanity Fair* as pointing a moral parallel with Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*, by having Becky Sharp end "in poverty, gin-soaked and miserable," one can only wonder at the trick memory has played him.

Far from being whipped by a moralistic Fate for her sins, the last we see of Becky Sharp in Thackeray's pages is Becky sunning herself in her hard-acquired wealth, living at Bath and Cheltenham, going to church, "never without her footman," busying herself in works of piety and charity. In short, the indomitable Becky, at the last, has achieved the ease, the security, and the respectability that her harsh beginnings had taught her to overvalue.

One other comment on this unfortunate paragraph of Professor Evans's. If Thackerayans hear mortuary murmurs rising from the grave, they can have no doubt that these result from the rapid revolutions of Thackeray's body as his spirit learns that an eminent professor of English literature has coupled *Vanity Fair* with Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*, viewing each book as a teacher of sugared morality! We can hear Thackeray murmur, "Any slander but that!" For, if ever a character was created by her author to be invulnerable to the simple moralities of Samuel Richardson, it is Becky Sharp, with her resourceful, unscrupulous will to succeed.

Let us hope that there will soon be an end to Professor Evans's tireless investigations among *Forever Amber*, the novels of James M. Cain, and other like trade goods. Such a termination could advantageously release him once more to the company of the great masters of the English novel.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

SIR:

Since the Middle West is notoriously uncultivated, it is probably all right for a Professor of English at Northwestern University not to know how *Vanity Fair* ended.

Gin-soaked and miserable, indeed!

DOROTHY DOW
Chicago, Ill.

The admiration which indignant readers of the *Atlantic* feel for Thackeray is obviously not so overmastering that it has ever led them to read *Vanity Fair*.

The only copy I have by me is an undated American edition; references are to that. It has 364 pages.

Thackeray commences Chapter 30 by saying that he must now treat of a part of Becky's life which the hypocrisy of Vanity Fair compels him to pass over "with lightness and delicacy," since the public, though it practices vice, has "an insuperable repugnance to hearing vice called by its proper name." That is certainly as plain a statement as can be that what follows is deliberate understatement.

We find Becky, "a hardened little reprobate" (p. 331), living in squalor among "the refuse and sediment of rascals" (p. 319), shabby, with torn lace collar and faded silks. With one of the rascals, Major Loder, she is drinking too freely of champagne.

In Chapter 31, we find her living most disreputably in a "miserable little room" "up four pair of stairs" at The Elephant, a "third-rate" hostelry in the principality of Pumpernickel. She is on scandalously intimate terms with some students, with whom, apparently, she is traipsing about the countryside. They buy her drinks, chiefly wine and cognac, but won't give her money. She occasionally gets a little money by gambling and advertises concerts but absconds with the proceeds of the advance sale. Her voice is no good, spoiled with heavy drinking. *Saufen* is the word her college boy-friend uses. When applied to humans this word equals our "boozing"(p. 335).

She has found that "the path of Avernus is very easy of descent" (p. 327). It has been a long time since she has known "pure kisses" (p. 331). Brandy-and-water is her "favorite" drink and she consumes it in copious "draughts" (p. 327). That was the drink of the heavy toper in the mid-C19.

When Jos Sedley finds her in her "nest" ("as dirty a little refuge as ever beauty lay hid in," p. 324), she hastily shoves the brandy bottle under the bedclothes and sits on it during the interview. Jos innocently assumes it was laudanum and that she was contemplating suicide because she was too good for this world.

And even when domiciled with Amelia — even when the "rouge-pot was suspended" and other exterior signs of degradation were removed — she goes on drinking on the sly. A

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great deal of Mr. Sedley's cognac disappears inexplicably (p. 351).

If *Atlantic* readers want me to emend to "brandy-soaked" I have no objection. I used "gin" partly as a symbol and partly because gin holds in the popular estimation today about the place that brandy then did.

It is true that in the *very last* two or three paragraphs, Becky is represented as living in a sort of disreputable respectability at Bath in her later years, engaged in snuffling pieties. But she is completely disowned by everyone, even her own son, is a remittance woman, and what money she has, has been gained by poisoning Jos Sedley (p. 363). At least that's what the insurance company and Dobbin believe. The insurance company call it "the blackest case that had ever come to their attention." And Dobbin won't take his share of the money.

What is there to retract or explain? For "gin" read "brandy." Beyond that I won't retract an inch — or, rather, I simply have no authority to change Thackeray. — BERGEN EVANS

Trade with Russia

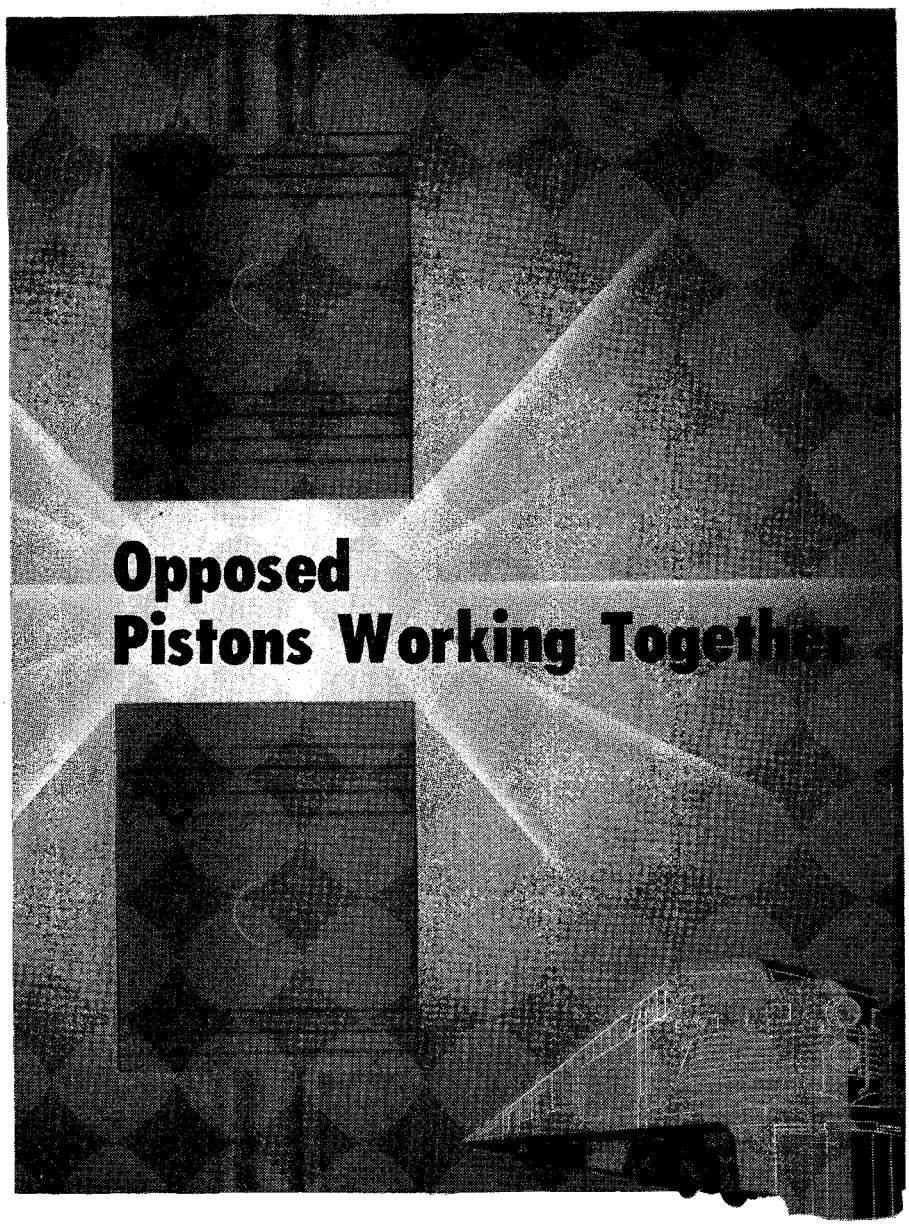
SIR:

In your January issue, in the Washington Report, under the caption "Why Trade with Russia?" you offer as an answer that we get manganese and chrome, critical materials in which we are deficient, from the Soviets in exchange for locomotives, machine tools, and so forth, which we are still shipping to them.

In the two years 1942 and 1943 — the latest for which official figures are available to me — the U.S.S.R. supplied little more than seven tenths of one per cent of the United States imports of manganese ore and 6.8 per cent of the United States imports of chrome ore. These small amounts could probably have been made available in the sterling areas, or from South America. I know of no reason to believe that the United States is, or is likely to be, dependent on the U.S.S.R. for these materials. It is wrong, therefore, in my judgment, to offer this as an excuse for continuing to trade with the Soviets.

I have information, as yet not officially compiled, that about one half of our manganese imports came from Russia in 1947. This begins to look more and more like our trading with Japan prior to Pearl Harbor.

In another paragraph of the Washington Report, the statement is made that the British like Lewis W. Doug-



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las as ambassador and friend "though they are sometimes irked by his gratuitous advice on mining, remembering that conditions in England are *sui generis* and that 'Lew's' knowledge of mining has nothing to do with coal."

As a member of the Harriman Mission and its successor, the Mission for Economic Affairs in London, among other duties I served as American member of the Combined Coal Committee in London and was joint author of two reports to Washington on the British coal position, the first of which resulted in the setting up of the Combined Committees in Washington and London, and the second in the sending of a special coal mission to London in the summer of 1944.

After forty-five years of close association with three generations of the Douglas family, starting with Lew's grandfather, Dr. James Douglas, who introduced the Phelps Dodge Corporation into the mining business in the 1880's, I can assure you it is wrong to assume that the ambassador knows nothing about coal mining.

ARTHUR NOTMAN
New York City

Our correspondent replies: —

I did not say that we got all our manganese and chrome from Russia. But we get some, as Mr. Notman shows, and the trade has possibilities of growth. The fact is that in total we get more from Russia than we send. Why embargo it? Mr. Notman seems to be arguing in favor of a ban. That is a political, not an economic, question, and I for one am not in favor of it. As for the analogy with Japan, war, of course, became a surety after our embargo. An embargo on trade with Russia, if this school of thought had its way, would imply an embargo on trade with the Soviet satellites, but the Harriman Committee would not agree, and, in fact, says that the satellites should be allowed to trade with Russia with goods processed from our materials. If this idea is sound, then I don't see the argument against direct trade.

The comment that the British are sometimes irked by Ambassador Douglas's counsel on coal was simply descriptive. I quite agree that the British are criticizable. Such criticism of their mining at home and abroad can be found in back issues of the *Atlantic's* Washington Report. Coal mining differs from country to country. It is news to me that Doug-

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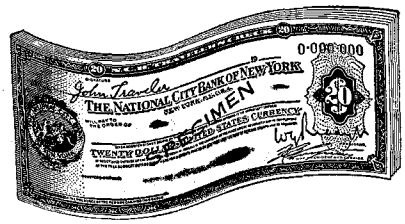

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las has the knowledge of British coal mining that Mr. Notman credits him with. I was simply reporting British reactions.

"The Busted Staff of Life"

SIR:

As a baker who learned his trade in Europe, I compliment you for printing the truth about our daily bread in Lee Anderson's piece, "The Busted Staff of Life" (December *Atlantic*). I regret that you did not go deeper into the matter.

During the war, bakers learned how to add about 6 per cent more water, and so make the bread much softer. The extra water will keep the bread soft from three to six days, and the housewife never knows she is buying stale bread. It may taste like bread if it is fresh from the oven, but a day or two old it has no taste.

Bread consumption in America is steadily declining. The bigger the bakeries and the farther they have to reach out to get volume, the staler the bread.

E. G.
Bozeman, Mont.

Correction

SIR:

It was extremely distressing to me to find today in Daniel Catton Rich's comprehensive article on modern art, "Freedom of the Brush" (February *Atlantic*), a complete misquotation and therefore a misinterpretation of my attitude towards modern art.

The original misquotation appeared in the New York *Journal American*, November 26, 1946, and was followed by a derogatory paragraph about me in the December issue of the *Art News* by Alfred Frankfurter. In January, however, Mr. Frankfurter made a complete retraction of this paragraph, printed my own statement in full, and wrote me a personal letter of apology.

EUGENE SPEICHER
New York City

I am sorry not to have seen Mr. Speicher's letter to the *Art News* and Mr. Frankfurter's correction. All of us can be relieved that the narrow remarks attributed to Mr. Speicher in the New York *Journal American* were a misquotation and that his usual tolerance and sympathetic reaction to contemporary invention include an interest in abstract and surrealist form. Too many artists suffer from what Charlie McCarthy recently referred to as "hardening of the art galleries." — DANIEL CATTON RICH

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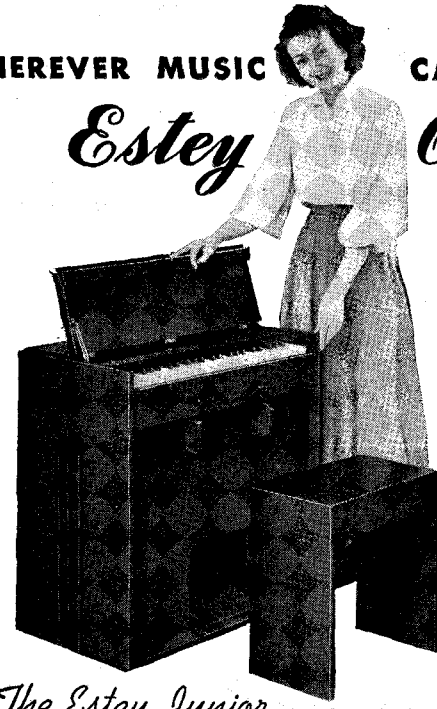

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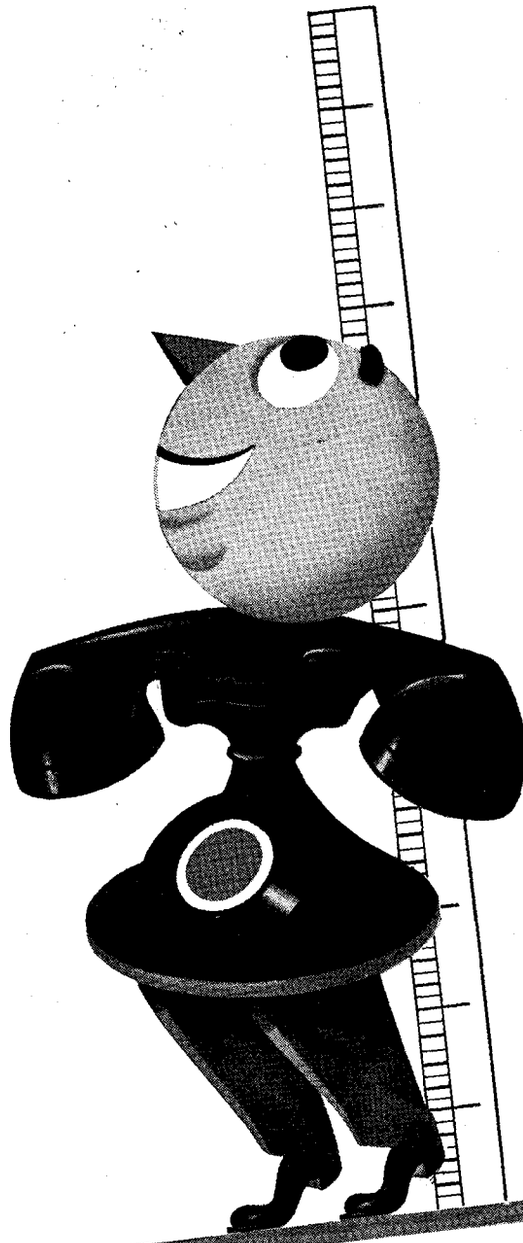

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In July of last year, THOMAS K. FINLETTER *was appointed by President Truman chairman of a temporary five-man commission to inquire into all phases of aviation and to aid in the drafting of a national air policy. The report of that commission, entitled "Survival in the Air Age," is must reading for any conscientious citizen. Part of it, the belligerent part, has been played up in the press, but the recommendations looking towards peace, says the chairman, have been almost ignored. A New York lawyer, partner in Coudert Brothers, Mr. Finletter served as a special assistant to the Secretary of State from 1941 to 1944.*

AIR POWER AND WORLD PEACE

by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

ANYONE reading about the Report by the President's Air Policy Commission in the newspapers might get the impression that this was a warmongering document — that the Air Commission liked the idea of great armaments, that it looked with relish on the idea of great American air armadas poised and ready to drop atomic bombs on Russian cities at the earliest possible moment.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Air Commission did consider the military situation of the country, and especially its ability to defend itself in the air; for such were our instructions from the President. We recommended that our air strength be greatly and immediately increased. We looked to the future and found that the present scientific revolution in applied science for destruction will soon make it possible for other nations to attack us by way of the air with atomic and other comparable weapons. We said also that we had to start now to create an air force able to meet such an attack and to strike back immediately and silence it.

But we also said that we did not like this preparedness program which we recommended. This is only a second-best way of doing things, forced on us by the international situation and by the current fantastic developments in the military art — especially in the fields of atomic energy and biological agents, of aircraft and guided missiles. We said that real security for this country lies only in the abolition of war, under a regime of world law, and that it is high time that the United States got busy to create such a world of peace. I wish to elaborate on this latter part of our report, which I am sorry to say was not stressed in the press.

It is my faith that the number one foreign policy of the United States must be to establish world peace.

If anyone wants some idea of what the next war will be, let him spend six months studying the things that will be used in it. Let him try to understand what preparations will have to be made in peacetime by the United States to be ready for such a war. Let him try to figure out whether it will be possible to maintain an adequate military establishment in the atomic age without bankrupting the country and making deep inroads on our civil liberties. He will end, I think, with the conclusion that we must speed up our foreign policy for peace. He will reach the further conclusion that considerably more can be done in this respect than is being done.

We must have a strong military policy. Whether we like it or not, the United States is the leader of Western Society and from Western Society must come the leadership for peace. A United States which is determined to be strong militarily will

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compel the respect of a world in which force is still the final way of solving international disputes.

Only a strong United States can have any chance of persuading the rest of the world to give up force. Perhaps, if the world were not as it is, a spiritual leadership by the United States — a turning of the other cheek by a complete demobilization of all our instruments of war — might show the world the way to peace by the sheer force of our moral example. But that is not the way things are.

We must have in peacetime a force sufficient to command the respect of any nation which may take into its head the idea that war could be a profitable business. Our military establishment must be a shield behind which we can carry on a vigorous and positive policy for peace. And the shield must be of steel, not of straw.

Our military policy is, however, only the negative side of our foreign policy for peace. And by its nature it can be only a temporary policy. It will give us only a short time to do the positive things which will produce peace; for it is inflammatory. Time is running out, and we must make haste with our politics for peace. For we cannot long endure a world racing with itself in building new ways of destroying itself. Some day the weapons we build will go off, if we have not first created the institutions which will let us put these weapons away and use their power for other purposes.

2

How are we getting on with our policy of seeking peace behind the shield of these armaments?

We are, as I see it, following two lanes in our foreign policy for peace. The first is economic. We realize that Western Europe and Asia cannot remain on our side if they are starving. We therefore have decided to send to these areas food and the materials that will help them build up their ability to produce.

The purpose of this economic policy is in part charitable. It is part of the tradition of the United States to help those who are in distress. There is also of course a political purpose. It is to keep Western Europe and China on our side in the cold war.

Now this statement of the case should be enough to dispose of the argument that the Marshall Plan and the strong military establishment which the Air Policy Commission recommended are to some extent alternatives — that if you have one, you don't need the other. They are not. They are complementary. A strong military establishment will not of itself produce peace. A Marshall Plan will not of itself produce peace. Nor will the two of them together produce peace. But they will help. And both must be carried out fully. If a second-best Air Force is almost as bad as none, so a second-best reconstruction program is almost as bad as none. It is not much of a solution to let Europe half starve.

On the other hand, our military expenditures are in a measure dependent on the success or failure of the Marshall Plan. The recommendations in our air report were on the assumption that the Marshall Plan would be accepted at its full 6.8 billion dollars for the period through June 30, 1949. If the Marshall Plan were to be rejected, the rate of build-up of the Air Establishment which we recommended would have to be sharply increased.

I agree with the recent statement of the Secretary of Defense before the House Foreign Affairs Committee that without some program to aid European recovery we should have to spend at least as much for the national defense in a single year as the Marshall Plan is expected to cost in the full four years of its existence.

A Western Europe hungry and unable to produce enough for its needs, as would be the situation if the Marshall Plan were rejected, would greatly weaken our strategic military position and cannot be tolerated.

We have to spend this 6.8 billion dollars for the Marshall Plan one way or another — either by putting it to work to build up Western Europe and Asia, or by increased military appropriations over and above those which have been recommended by our Commission.

But on the other hand, the voting of the Marshall Plan appropriations will not justify us in reducing our military appropriations. The Marshall Plan is not of itself a solution to the problem of peace. It is only one side of a many-sided attack on the problem.

Let us accept one fundamental fact which so often is neglected. The only final solution to the problem of peace anywhere must be a political solution. Economic policies and military policies may help or hinder, but it is the political policies which are decisive. And above all, let us understand that until there is a political solution, any reduction in our military establishment would be folly.

It is particularly depressing to find that, in the search for a political solution of the world's ills, we have made the least progress. We are doing about a half job in our military policies. We are doing quite well indeed — assuming the success of the Marshall Plan — in our economic policy. But in our political efforts we have made no steps forward since V-J Day. Indeed, we have slipped back. We are further away from political solutions now than we were in August, 1945. This is by no means all the fault of the Russians. We in the United States simply are not putting our backs into this phase of our work.

If we want to understand how all-controlling is the political part of foreign policy, let us look at what is happening in Western Europe. In large part the reason why Western Europe is not producing

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enough to supply itself is the unstable political situation in each of the various countries.

Continental Europe does not yet know on which side it is going to end up. It knows the side it prefers. But it does not know whether the leadership of the West — which must come mainly from the United States — will be strong enough to hold it on that side.

Obviously this is no condition in which to work. How can France, for example, play its part in building a decent Europe with a Communist Party of the numbers and power of the French Communist Party constantly working against any rehabilitation of the French economy, and against any form of political stability? Before France can be stable economically, she must be stable politically; and she will never be stable politically until Europe is organized as a single political unit which will be a part of and will be defended by all the members of Western Society, and in particular by the United States.

The same is even more true of Germany. Germany will never play her part economically until a political solution is reached which will integrate her politically into Western Society and will make her feel safe in being a part of that Society.

Fortunately the political issues in Germany are so critical that they may force us to find this political solution for all of Europe. One immediate question that has to be answered very soon is: How can we withdraw the Allied forces of occupation and turn Germany over to an independent German government without running the risk that Germany will again go on the warpath or, almost as bad, fall under the domination of the Soviets?

Now for the first time — nearly three years after V-E Day — we are beginning to face up to this question. The simple truth is that we dare not turn Germany loose as an independent state. The risk is too great. Only if Germany were part of a larger political unit which she would not be able to dominate would it be safe for us or our allies to withdraw the troops of occupation. In short, nothing less than European union — a United States of Europe — can make it safe for us to withdraw our troops from Germany.

This is gradually becoming accepted policy. With the failure of the London Conference of Foreign Ministers and the final rejection of the Four-Power Treaty as the keystone of United States policy toward Germany, the statesmen are looking for a new policy to take its place. And more and more we are hearing — in speeches from Mr. Bevin and Mr. Churchill, in the pending Benelux negotiations, and even in hints from this side of the water — about a United States of Europe as the only political solution for that unsettled and critical area.

If this may seem impossible to you — because of the old traditions and historical antagonisms of Europe — then the answer is that we have to choose between impossibilities. For to leave Europe united and subject to being bitten off piece by piece by Russia is — if it can be said — even more impossible.

3

But even a political solution of Europe would not solve the problem of peace. It would be a regional solution — not a world solution to the problem of war. A political solution of Western Europe would still recognize and continue the balance of power as the controlling principle of international relations. And the balance of power, because of the very fact that it recognizes power and not law as the final authority, perpetuates war as the final way of settling international disputes. By very definition, as long as the balance of power is the governing principle of relations between nations, the United States will have to keep the strongest kind of military establishment — to be sure that the balance of power leans toward the West.

The inescapable fact is that the United States must keep an increasingly powerful military establishment until a world-wide rule of law administered by the United Nations is established. And the future of the United Nations is now hanging in the balance of events that must be decided within the next few months.

Too often have we carried out our foreign policy outside of the United Nations. We pay lip service to UN, but when we want to get something done we refuse to put our trust in it. It is, of course, harder to get things done through the United Nations than by the usual methods of Foreign Office diplomacy. But we shall have to meet the issue. Either we use UN and put our confidence and hopes in it, or we shall, by by-passing it, kill it.

Two immediate issues will put our attitude toward the United Nations to an early test. The northern borders of Greece are being violated by the neighbors of Greece in open defiance of the United Nations. It will be a heavy blow to the prestige of the United Nations if this lawlessness is not immediately suppressed by armed forces of the UN — not armed forces of the United States, but armed forces of the United Nations.

And soon the British will withdraw from Palestine, leaving that area open to civil war. Again, unless the United Nations can build up an armed force to preserve law and order in that area, its prestige will be hurt beyond repair.

These are the test cases which will forecast the direction in which the United Nations will go. If it handles these, there will be ground to hope that UN, with the United States taking the lead, as it must, will go on to become the guardian of world peace under a regime of law administered by it.

If these hopes seem Utopian, let me point out that precisely such a development is contemplated by the United Nations Charter. The machinery is all there. What is needed is that the United States ask

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that a general conference of the members of the UN be called under Article 109 of the Charter. At this conference the United States should propose a general treaty covering (1) the armament of the United Nations and the corresponding disarmament of the member states, (2) the elimination of the veto in the Security Council, and (3) amendments to the statute of the International Court of Justice which will enable the United Nations to enforce a world law against war and against national armaments directly on individuals throughout the world.

I know all the arguments against these recommendations. I shall deal with only one of them — namely, that all this is impractical because Russia will not go along.

My answer is that it is time for a showdown on this business of organizing the world for peace. We have too long avoided facing up to the question whether or not UN is going to work. We have been so tender of UN that we have already nearly killed it by keeping most of the great issues away from it. We have let Russia block every effort to give UN the military force which Article 43 of the Charter says it must have. We have gotten precisely nowhere in the matter of atomic or any other kind of disarmament. We have not been willing to push these and many other issues because we feared that if we did, Russia would pull out of UN.

But it does no good to have Russia a member of a UN which does nothing. Now is the time — before the damage is irreparable — to find out whether or not Russia and the West are going to work together in an international organization whose purpose is world peace. Moreover, it is better to have this showdown on a matter of principle — such as the future of the United Nations and the survival of civilization — rather than on something like a boundary dispute.

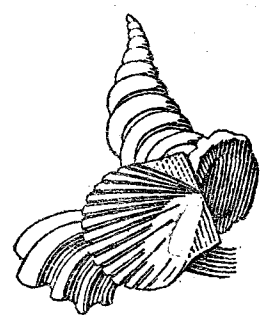
And when I say a showdown, I mean a showdown with ourselves as well as with Russia. For there is the devil within as well as the devil without. We ourselves have not made up our minds that we want peace so badly that we will give up our tradition of strict nationalism and put all the chips on the international way of doing things, of which the United Nations is the symbol and the instrument.

We must take a chance and try the United Nations way. The worst we can do is to fail — and then only in part. For, even if Russia will not come along, the outcome of any such general conference, if the United States really means business, would be to organize the Western world into a solid political bloc for peace. We could not, in such a case of partial failure, be able to disband or even reduce our military establishment. That we cannot do until all the world is united under one regime of law. But we would be able to use our air power and the rest of our military establishment as part of a total force for peace of the Western world, in aid of a great principle.

But let us stop talking of the possibility of failure.

The lesson that the current political and military scene teaches is not merely that we must be ready to make the sacrifices, in money and perhaps civil liberties, necessary to maintain a great military establishment, but also that we must really seek a political solution to war. This must be the primary plank of our foreign policy. All other policies must be subordinate to and in aid of this great political objective.

If our Air Report is to be of any service to the country, it will, I hope, make it doubly clear that present world political institutions and relationships are completely intolerable; that the United States must stop thinking in terms of what cannot be done; and that it must instead focus its entire foreign political policy on eliminating war as an institution of human affairs.



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A native of New York City, son of Italian immigrants, FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA *spent his boyhood in Arizona, where his father was bandmaster of the 11th U.S. Infantry, and his early manhood in Fiume, where as our Consular Agent he continued the self-education which was to make him one of the most creative statesmen of our time. In this, the first of three installments drawn from his autobiography, which he did not live to finish, we see the unforgettable interaction between his youthful experience and his mature legislation. The autobiography, edited by M. R. Werner, will be published by Lippincott in May.*

AMERICAN IN THE MAKING

by FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

1

MY PARENTS were immigrants. Mother was born in Trieste, and Father was born in Foggia, Italy. I came along some three or four years after their passage through Castle Garden. Father was a musician. From what I learned later, the family had a modest but comfortable apartment in New York when I was born. Mother was a pretty little immigrant girl and had made friends in the neighborhood.

Two of these friends my mother had made by the time I came along were the mothers of sons who became associated with my activities in New York City. Mrs. Charles Kohler's son Charlie became a Tammany leader and a great influence in that organization. We always remained good friends, though I did put Charlie out of business. My mother's other friend was the mother of Dr. John Wade, who became during my administration Superintendent of Schools in New York, the greatest school system in the entire world. I had nothing to do with his promotion, but we developed a sentimental feeling for each other, though I did not meet him until I became President of the Board of Aldermen in 1920.

Mrs. Kohler was a sweet lady of Swiss origin. She was most kind to me at a time when I needed it. When I was a clerk in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in 1906, at $10 a week, Mrs. Kohler managed to feed and house me within my modest income during the three months that I held that job. She also took up the cudgels in my behalf politically and otherwise. When I was running for Congress in 1916 from a district in Greenwich Village, Charlie Kohler was a Tammany big shot in that Congressional district. One Saturday night when nearly every corner was covered with a truck and red lights and a campaign meeting, Mother Kohler was coming home from her Saturday night shopping, loaded with bundles, bags, and baskets. She stopped at one of the street corner meetings to listen and heard a Tammany orator lambaste me, telling the people that I was an immigrant just arrived, nothing but a "wop," and not fit to represent the great Fourteenth Congressional District in Washington. My opponent, then representing that great district in Congress, was President of the National Liquor Dealers' Association. Mother Kohler shouted out: "That's not so, that's a lie! Fiorello was born right in this district! And you wait till Charlie gets home, I'll fix him! Cut that out and tell the truth!" And did Charlie get it when he came home!

I was only a few months old when my father joined the Army. He was the leader of the 11th U.S. Infantry Band. We went through South Dakota, but of course I have very little recollection of our time there, just one hazy childhood memory of a prairie fire. From there the regiment was moved to Madison Barracks, Sackets Harbor, New York, and then to Arizona.

All my boyhood memories are of those Arizona days. To me that is truly God's country — I love everything about it. Perhaps my memories of Arizona are so pleasant because I had a happy, wholesome boyhood. My parents were of the doting kind — too much love for their children and not the best of judgment in guiding their education; something for which I paid dearly in later years when I had to make up the deficiencies.

Our first Army station in Arizona was at Fort Huachuca, where we arrived in the late eighties. Its location, miles and miles from urban civilization, its barren hills and bleak surroundings, made it exceedingly unpleasant and undesirable for grown-

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ups but a paradise for a little boy. We could ride burros. Our playground was not measured in acres or city blocks, but in miles and miles. We could do just about everything a little boy dreams of. We talked with miners and Indians. We associated with soldiers and we learned to shoot even when we were so small the gun had to be held for us by an elder. My family had a two-room dobe house, with a detached kitchen. The kitchen had a canvas roof, and the house had plank sides and flooring. It sure looked great to a small boy.

From Fort Huachuca our regiment was moved to Whipple Barracks, near Prescott, Arizona. My memories of Prescott are that it was the greatest, the most comfortable, and the most wonderful city in the whole world, whatever anybody might say about New York or Paris. People were so nice. Father was popular in the town, and as children of the Army bandmaster, my sister and I, though little kids, performed for all sorts of benefits. I played the cornet and Gemma the violin, while Father accompanied us on the piano.

Army life was quite different in the eighteen eighties and nineties from what it is today. The pay of an enlisted man was $9 a month. The food was real, honest-to-goodness he-man Army food. Soldiers were tough. They had to be to survive existing conditions. All the officers were West Point men. A first lieutenant was 'way past middle age before he was in line for promotion to a captaincy. The distinction between commissioned officers and enlisted men was great. And that distinction went all the way down to the kids on the Post. It never bothered me very much because I did not adhere to such rules. I would just as soon fight with an officer's kid as I would with anyone else. Many of my experiences as an Army brat were useful to me when as a legislator I had to study bills affecting our Army and could apply this firsthand knowledge.

I attended the public school in Prescott. I thought it was a grand school. At first we had three or four teachers and later on a staff of five or six. They came from various parts of the United States. From what I heard later, I was a headache to every one of them. I have had a great deal to do with teachers since then: twelve years as Mayor, with 36,000 of them in our school system. Maybe it is sentiment, but that bunch of Arizona public school teachers still seems to me about the best in the whole world. That does not mean that I was not walloped by them.

Lena Coover was my favorite, and I was taunted by the kids for being teacher's pet. She was the prettiest little thing. She looked so young. She came from Iowa Normal, and as the Prescott job was her first, she was jittery about it. We were quick to catch her nervousness. We made the most of it. She learned a lot from us, and I used to tell her in later years that we, and not the Iowa Normal School, made her a teacher. On the first day she corrected my arithmetic paper. Some of the examples were wrong, and she did not notice them. The next day I purposely gave some wrong answers. Again the paper came back marked correct. Like the fresh kid I was, I went up to her desk the next day and said, "Look here, teacher, you better learn arithmetic if you are going to teach us," and I pointed out the mistakes to her. Was her pretty little face red!

Well, she did learn arithmetic, and by the time we were through with her she could put us through the mathematical ropes. Miss Lena lives in Los Angeles, and I have seen her from time to time. The same mutual affection that existed during the time when I was the bane of her life exists today. She thinks I am a great statesman, and I think she is a great teacher, which just about makes us even.

2

What I saw and heard and learned in my boyhood days in Arizona made lasting impressions on me. Many of the things on which I have such strong feelings — feelings which some of my opponents have regarded as unreasonable obsessions — were first impressed on my mind during those early days, and the knowledge I acquired then never left me. On some of those things I believe I am so right in my attitude that I remain uncompromising.

For instance, there is the professional politician. Though I have been in politics for well over forty years, I loathe the professional politician. I have never been a regular. I have fought political machines and party politics at every opportunity. This attitude had its origin in the loudly dressed, slick and sly Indian agents, political appointees, I saw come into Arizona. The first time I ever heard the word politician was at Fort Huachuca, when I was still a small child. The word was applied to those Indian agents. I learned afterwards that they got the jobs because they were small-fry ward heelers. I saw hungry Indians, and the little Indian kids watched us while we munched a Kansas apple or ate a cooky Mother baked. I knew, even as a child, that the government in Washington provided food for all these Indians but that the "politicians" sold the rations to miners and even to general stores, robbing the Indians of the food the government provided for them. That was my first contact with "politicians."

My Arizona days made a lasting impression on me of the tinhorn and his ways. Professional gamblers in the West were known as tinhorns. To me they have been tinhorns ever since. But there is one thing that could be said about the professional gambler of over half a century ago in the West: if he was alive, it was a fair assumption that he had not been caught gypping. Gamblers and saloonkeepers were an important part of pioneer Western life, but they were never a reputable part of the

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community. I remember very well how it used to be said that a gambler or a saloonkeeper could not join the Masons or the Elks. Gamblers were tolerated and patronized but not accepted. If a tinhorn in the West was caught cheating, he would never play another game — and there was no coroner's inquest. When I became Mayor of New York, I did my best to make life difficult for tinhorns. They did not have to worry about being shot when caught red-handed, but they were made to fear the law.

My first attempt at applied mathematics — I must have been fourteen or fifteen then — was to figure out the percentage against the player in a crap game, a faro game, and what was then called "policy," now known as "the numbers," "bingo," and other fancy names as well as the old name "policy." Nearly every saloon in Prescott had its gambling department, mainly crap, faro, and some Chinese game. There was, of course, a good deal of poker played — not under professional auspices. These games must have been exciting, according to the stories we kids would hear: the guns were laid on the table at easy reach, and of course the games were on the level.

Policy came to town. I remember Mother telling me that it was the same as lotto, which was sponsored in her native Trieste by the city or the state. Mother would play a 10 cent policy slip almost every week. If she had an exceptional dream, she would risk a quarter. She never won. No one else I knew ever won. The game did not last very long in Prescott and folded up after a few months. I figured it out then as nothing but petty larceny from the pockets of the poor, and showed Mother how she couldn't win.

I was astounded when I finally returned to New York to live, in 1906, to find the great influence there of professional gamblers, numbers monarchs, and big bookies, with their close political and judicial connections. They also had many, many friends among the press. I do not mean the reporters. It is easy for this scum of society, these economic vermin, to make friends when they are able to take bets and pay cash if the influential one "happens" to win, and to give unlimited credit if Mr. Big Shot "happens" to lose. They are no good. They never were any good in Prescott or New York, and they never will be any good anywhere.

Another early impression that made its mark on my mind was gained from watching the railroad being built between Ashfork, Prescott, and Phoenix. There was no machinery used then. It was all manpower and draft animals. The laborers were all immigrants, mostly Mexicans and Italians. If a laborer was injured, he lost his job. If he was killed, no one was notified, because there was no record of his name, address, or family. He just had a number. As construction moved on, it left in its wake the injured, the jobless, the stranded victims. Even as a young boy, this struck me as all wrong, and I thought about it a great deal. The more I thought about it, the less able I was to make sense out of that kind of situation.

Years later, when I studied law, I learned about such things as "assumed risk," "the fellow servant rule," "contributory negligence," and other similar principles of law, all for the benefit of the employer. I still thought they were all wrong, and later, as a legislator, I did what little I could to have these antiquated eighteenth-century rules of law changed. None of them are in use today. Employers' liability, workmen's compensation laws for injury, safeguards against accidents, sanitary and safety laws in factories and for other jobs, unemployment insurance, have taken their place. It was this early glimpse of the condition of working people, of their exploitation and their utter lack of protection under the law, which prompted me to take an interest on their side in society. I hope I have made a contribution to progress in this respect.

I remember when the troops were called out to guard the property of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad during the great Pullman strike of 1894. I was twelve years old then, and it was the first strike I ever knew. I was deeply interested. The whole thing had started with a small group of workers in the bedding department of the Pullman Company, and it spread until it became a general railroad strike throughout the country. Even then, as a boy, it occurred to me that surely there should be some way of settling labor disputes of this kind, and that the law should afford equal protection to both sides. I recognized the necessity for President Cleveland's order that there should be no interference with transportation of the United States mail. But I did not quite understand why it was unlawful for employees to inform other employees of grievances, or why they should be kept away from one another by a court mandate, enforced by bayonets of United States soldiers.

These memories were very helpful. It was nearly a lifetime later, as a member of Congress, that I had the opportunity of taking part in preparing the Railway Labor Act and in the passage of the Norris-La Guardia Anti-injunction Act. The job is not yet completed. Satisfactory machinery for equitable and just settlement of labor disputes is still required. I do hope some day to see that job completed.

3

Out there in Arizona I also got my first glimpse of racial feeling born of ignorance. I must have been about ten when a street organ-grinder with a monkey blew into town. He, and particularly the monkey, attracted a great deal of attention. I can still hear the cries of the kids: "A dago with a monkey! Hey, Fiorello, you're a dago too. Where's your monkey?" It hurt. And what made it worse, along

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came Dad, and he started to chatter Neapolitan with the organ-grinder. He hadn't spoken Italian in many years, and he seemed to enjoy it. Perhaps, too, he considered the organ-grinder a fellow musician. At any rate, he promptly invited him to our house for a macaroni dinner. The kids taunted me for a long time after that. I couldn't understand it. What difference was there between us? Some of their families hadn't been in the country any longer than mine.

I have heard Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore* in almost every language, in many countries, and in the rendition of the song, "For He Is an Englishman," the traditional gesture mimicking the organ-grinder and the word "Eyetalian" have always annoyed me.

Early in my first administration as Mayor, a traffic report by the Police Department showed that among the obstacles to free traffic was the nuisance of the street organ-grinder. It was with a great deal of gusto that I banned the organ-grinder from the streets of the city of New York. I caused some resentment among those who were sentimental about organ-grinders. One woman came up to me at a social function and berated me mildly for depriving her of her favorite organ-grinder. "Where do you live?" I asked. "Park Avenue," she said. "What floor?" "The fourteenth," she answered.

In addition to the fact that I never did like organ-grinders ever since my days of ridicule in Prescott when that one organ-grinder came to town, I felt that they made our traffic problem in New York more difficult. I was accused by some New Yorkers who liked them of having no sentimental feelings about organ-grinders, of having no soul, of oppressing the poor, of neglecting more important things to deprive old residents and young children of their pleasure. Some of my correspondents were genial and some were angry. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Beatrice Kaufman, Viola Irene Cooper, were among the literary defenders of the hurdy-gurdy.

Petitions were got up urging me to rescind the order. My answer to my critics was that there had been a time when the hurdy-gurdy was the only means of bringing music to many people. That was also the time before automobiles filled our streets. With the advent of the phonograph and the radio that time had passed. Free public concerts in parks, libraries, museums, and other public places had given ample opportunity to hear music. But, more important, traffic conditions had changed. Children were endangered by trucks and other automobiles when they gathered in the middle of streets to hear and watch the organ-grinders. Also, the simple, sentimental hurdy-gurdy man had become a victim of a racket. My sentimental correspondents did not realize that the Italians' instruments were rented to them by *padrones* at exorbitant fees. Their licenses from the city were in reality licenses to beg. About a year before I banned the organ-grinders, I had terminated the contracts with musicians on city ferryboats, on the grounds that these were merely licenses to beg issued by the city. Despite these reasons, which I gave to my correspondents in answer to their protests, the defenders of the hurdy-gurdy men kept on writing to me for over a year, and some of them warned me that they wouldn't vote again for a man without a soul.

4

It was during my boyhood in Arizona that I first learned about corrupt local government, and I got my political education from Pulitzer's New York *World*. We had two newspapers in Prescott, the *Journal Miner* and the Prescott *Courier*. These were typical Bret Harte Western newspapers, devoted mostly to local news. When the Sunday edition of the New York *World* arrived in Prescott on the following Friday or Saturday, I would rush to Ross's drugstore, where it was on display. There I had looked at the first funny sections I had ever seen, featuring the Yellow Kid. From that comic strip came the expression "yellow journalism." I have enjoyed the comics ever since.

When I got home with the Sunday *World*, I would carefully read every word of the *World's* fight against the corrupt Tammany machine in New York. That was the period of the lurid disclosures of corruption in the Police Department made by the Lexow investigations — corruption that extended throughout the political structure of the city. The papers then were filled with stories of startling crookedness of the police and the politicians in New York. Unlike boys who grow up in the city and who hear from childhood about such things as graft and corruption, the amazing disclosures hit me like a shock. I could not understand how the people of the greatest city in the country could put up with the vice and crime that existed there. A resentment against Tammany was created in me at that time, which I admit is to this day almost an obsession. But I did not become cynical or lose faith in government. I was certain that good people could eliminate bad people from public office. But as I grew older, my hatred of corrupt politicians and my feeling against dishonest and inefficient government increased with the years in proportion with my experience of it.

When I went to live in New York again after my return from Europe in 1906, Tammany was once more all-powerful. It was the era of "honest graft." When I had to choose a political party, my choice was easy. I joined the Republican Party. I was young and innocent. A party in the minority cannot help being good and pure. That seemed the only avenue I could choose at the time in order to carry out my boyhood dreams of going to work against corrupt government.

There was, of course, great excitement at Whipple

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Barracks in Prescott when the news reached us that the U.S. Battleship *Maine* had been blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on February 15, 1898. The Postal Telegraph operator in Prescott pasted up Associated Press bulletins on the *Maine* disaster as soon as they came in, and along with the other children of Army men, as well as the parents, I watched and waited eagerly for the latest news. We expected war momentarily, especially after the news came that two hundred and fifty American lives had been lost.

In about ten days, orders came for our regiment to get itself ready for war. Inventories were taken. The equipment of some other regiments and of National Guard units was not up to date, but our regiment had the modern Krag-Jorgensen rifles. Some of our noncommissioned officers had seen service in the Civil War.

As the weeks passed and there was still no declaration of war, there was a feeling in our military circles that President McKinley was hesitating too long. But it finally came on April 25, and our regiment was soon sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri. It remained there for a few days and then went into camp at Mobile, Alabama, but the families of the officers and enlisted men remained in quarters at Jefferson Barracks.

Though I was only fifteen years old, I was restless and wanted to join the Army. My age, and the fact that I was short and under the required weight, made that impossible. But I persuaded the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to pay my fare to the camp at Mobile where my father was stationed. I did a couple of articles for the *Post-Dispatch* from the camp.

As an Army child I was familiar with drill and other training courses. I noticed at that time that it was very difficult to train Army officers quickly, though it was easy to train a large body of men in a hurry once you had the officers to do the job. This knowledge was very useful to me later when I was a legislator, and particularly when I became a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs. I also noticed at that time that the Medical Corps was both inefficient and insufficient in the Spanish-American War. During the First World War the Medical Corps brought its technique and efficiency almost to perfection. In the Second World War it surpassed anything that had been attained previously in this or perhaps any other country. But the government's record as a whole during the Spanish-American War was not up to the heroism of our men who took part in that war.

One of the worst scandals of our entire military history occurred during this short Spanish-American War and made a lasting impression upon me, for my father was one of its victims. Corrupt contractors supplied the Army with diseased beef. My father became so ill as a result of eating some of this beef that he had to be discharged from the service on account of disability. Though we did not know it then, he had only a few years to live because of the work of crooked Army contractors.

That experience never left my mind. When I became a Congressman during World War I, the first measure I introduced in the House was a bill providing the death penalty for contractors who supplied defective food or other supplies and equipment in time of war, and a heavy jail sentence if they sold such stuff in time of peace. I introduced that measure on April 3, 1917, a few days before Congress declared war on Germany. It was referred to the Committee on Judiciary, where it was allowed to languish. But I still think it is a good idea. It might prevent other families from losing their fathers.

After Father's discharge from the Army, our family returned to New York City, where we renewed old acquaintances. Then the family went to Trieste, to live with my mother's family. It was while we were in Trieste that my father died in 1901, a victim of condemned Army meat.

5

After my family moved to Trieste, all we had to live on was my father's small pension from the Army. I had to get a job. Raymond Willey, American Consular Agent in Fiume, got me a job as clerk in the American Consulate in Budapest. Although the government did not pay me much of a salary, it was a good opportunity to learn useful things and gain valuable experience.

Frank Dyer Chester, of Boston, was the Consul General at Budapest. He was most helpful in guiding me in my studies, particularly in the study of languages. My ears were accustomed to Italian, and the smattering of Latin I had picked up in school made the Italian language comparatively easy, but I began to study it and German systematically. Mr. Chester did me a good turn by sending me to Croatia one summer for four months for the express purpose of studying Croatian. Croatian was tough, with its seven cases, all of them used, and its many conjugations of verbs. While I never pretended to be expert in this language, I did learn enough of it to pass a Civil Service examination later, which enabled me to get a job as interpreter at Ellis Island when I was working my way through law school.

I devoted a good deal of my spare time while in the consular service to the study of history as well as languages. I laid a groundwork then that was very useful to me later. I kept informed about current events at home by reading every newspaper and magazine I could lay my hands on.

When Raymond Willey went back to the United States to become associated with the Harbison-Walker Refractories Company, he got me his post as Consular Agent in Fiume. Since I was not yet twenty-one, I could serve only as Acting Consular

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Agent until February, 1904, when my commission, signed by Secretary of State John Hay, was sent to me.

When I took over the office in Fiume, I had no assistance and acted as boss, clerk, and my own messenger. On several occasions I had to make decisions which would have got me into trouble had I guessed wrong. My salary was the munificent sum of $800 a year. The law provided that certain posts were to be paid out of the consular fees collected. But if my fees at the minor post in Fiume ever exceeded $1000 in any one year, the government took the balance. But at least I was sure of my $66 a month. I got along all right financially. My $800 was equal to 4000 crowns, and I managed to hold my own socially with the local government officials and junior army officers with whom I associated. That was all that was expected of me. Of course, I could not afford to gamble or indulge in many of the popular vices — an indulgence which got many of our young foreign service officers into trouble. When it was all over, I just about broke even. I had no debts and I had no cash.

During my three years in Fiume, I not only met many interesting people, but I had a chance to observe situations, locally troublesome then, which later became matters of international importance. The Croatians with whom I came into contact at this time hated the Hungarian government passionately. They had every reason to do so. The Hapsburg policy was the age-old one of divide and conquer. It was put into practice every day before my eyes. Antagonisms and hatreds were carefully and systematically engendered. The Croatians were brought up to hate the Serbians and trained and aided by the government in that hatred. All of the South Slavic groups were kept at one another's throats. Any sensible person could see the devastating effect of this unchristian, inhuman system of teaching people to hate one another.

The Serbians, Croatians, Dalmatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Slovenes, all similarly exploited, all kept in the same abject poverty, were stimulated to take their hatreds out on one another instead of their exploiters. Their only real difference was that some of them were communicants of the Roman Catholic Church and others of the Greek Orthodox Church. Both these churches had practically the same beliefs and dogmas. And the Hapsburg politicians kept up a constant instigation among all of them to hate their neighbors, the Italians. It is no wonder that after centuries of such influences there are misunderstanding and lack of harmony among these people, who have finally been brought together under one government.

The same tactics, the same intrigues, were practiced by larger nations, I have since noticed. For reasons I could never understand, some nations would like to see internecine strife continue in the Balkans. The people of the United States have never been familiar with the political background of these unhappy peoples of southeastern Europe. Even with some knowledge of their history and past sufferings, it is difficult enough to understand these complex relationships and the conditions existing in these countries.

The various Slavic elements in this part of the world where I gained my first practical experience of foreign affairs will get along after hereditary memories are dimmed. But these people must be given a chance and time to forget as well as to learn. It took about seventy years to soften the feeling between the North and the South in these United States after the Civil War, and there are still a few scars that have not been fully healed. We were at odds for only four years. In the old Austro-Hungarian Empire a series of wars down through the last three centuries heightened racial antagonisms and increased national prejudices.

6

When I went to Fiume in the autumn of 1903, the Cunard Line had just opened a semimonthly passenger service between Fiume and New York. Four slow-speed steamers were put into this service. As no one in the Budapest office had had any experience with immigrants to America, I had to start from scratch. I read everything we had about immigration, including the quarantine regulations and the duties required of consular officers dealing with immigrants. The laws, rules, and regulations were not annotated, and there was very little in our limited library on the subject. But I did gather that I had to certify to the health of all passengers and crews and give the ship a certificate that it had cleared from a port free from contagious diseases or illnesses subject to quarantine regulations and that bedding and other household goods had been properly fumigated. I learned that the passengers were required to go aboard ship as late as possible before actual sailing time. But the rules and regulations made no mention of specific duties of consular officers stationed at ports of embarkation and placed on them no definite responsibilities in connection with immigrants and the process of immigration. Only in the quarantine regulations was it suggested that consular officers should "ascertain" the facts concerning the health of the passengers and crews of departing ships and should be "satisfied" that conditions and facts were in keeping with the certificates they issued.

It occurred to me that with so many causes for exclusion of immigrants and so many restrictions on their entry into the United States, it was strange that there should be no definite provision for inquiry, investigation, and checkup in the country of origin or at the port of embarkation, where accurate information was available. I discussed this situation with my immediate superior, the Consul

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General, who agreed with me that I could retain physicians to inspect immigrants at the time of their embarkation. He also agreed that since anyone afflicted with a contagious or loathsome disease was inadmissible under our immigration laws, such persons could be prevented from sailing under the more explicit regulations of the Quarantine Law.

Being new at Fiume, I took a look around and decided to retain a certain resident practicing physician who had a good reputation and took an interest in public health matters. I found him to be much interested in the subject and that he had given it a great deal of thought. He told me that he had been particularly concerned about the local health of a small community like Fiume in relation to the constant flow of large numbers of transients into the town, on their way to America. The population of Fiume in 1903–1906 was only about 30,000, and the estimated number of immigrants was 2500 a month.

The day of the sailing of an emigrant ship arrived soon after I became Acting Consular Agent. About eighty emigrants were to embark, and I was invited to "tea" on board ship. I cannot describe the surprise and consternation of the Cunard officials when I arrived with my doctor and inquired about the health of the passengers. To say that the representatives of the steamship company were horrified is putting it mildly. The local Hungarian authorities were just confused. They, like myself, had had no previous experience in these matters.

The Cunard officials insisted vigorously that I had no authority to inspect emigrants, told me that they had been carrying passengers to America since before I was born, and stated flatly that they would not permit either my doctor or myself to "look at an emigrant." The Hungarian officials said that if it were possible to detect anyone who would be inadmissible before he sailed, they could not see why it was not the humane thing to do.

I left the ship, and a few minutes after I got back to my office on the Corso, a clerk came for the bill of health with the five-dollar fee required for it. I refused to issue the bill of health. The Cunard officials soon realized, for the first time apparently, that I meant business. The captain of the ship was worried. He came to the Consulate personally to protest, but he remained to plead with me. I told him that if he would disembark the emigrants and permit me to examine them, I would be glad to do so, but that if he did not consent to that, I would insist on disinfecting the entire ship. He asked for an hour's time, and we went back to the ship together.

The emigrants were all on deck. I examined each one of them with my doctor and stamped their cards, while the Cunard representative and the British Consul filed a formal protest against my action. They paid the fee for the bill of health but refused to pay my doctor's fee. They claimed that for me to demand that they pay the doctor was "adding insult to injury." I was not worried about that. I knew that another ship was coming along soon. When that ship arrived, I made the line pay the doctor's fee for the previous ship, the *Aurania*, and deposit enough money to pay for the doctor's fee on the second ship. They had to do it to get clearance, but they did it all under protest, pending a decision from Washington on my ruling.

Before long there was complete coöperation on the part of the steamship line, and we had a smaller percentage of rejections for health at Ellis Island than any other port in the world. The routine became well established. Inspection was speedy and efficient, and we saved many hundreds of innocent people from the expense of taking a trip all the way to New York only to be found inadmissible on health grounds and sent back.

Fiume was the only port where emigrants were inspected before embarkation. During my time there, from 1903 to 1906, we must have inspected at least eighty to ninety thousand of them.

Twenty-five years later it was a source of great satisfaction to me to see a bill presented to Congress by the Department of Labor asking that such examinations as I had instituted be made mandatory all over the world. Public Health Service doctors were assigned to ports of embarkation to give the examinations. The system should have been a source of satisfaction to the steamship line, too, and was of great importance to the poor emigrants, for in the three years of my service at Fiume we had only forty-five emigrants rejected for trachoma, while the average rejection for that disease from other ports was about twenty-five for each ship reaching the United States.

The examination of emigrants and the scenes when they boarded ship were picturesque and created quite a lot of interest and excitement in the small port city of Fiume. Each emigrant carried his bag, crammed with all his worldly goods; the children tagged along behind their parents. They all walked up to a platform, stepped up to a doctor, who examined them for physical defects, took their temperature by feeling them, and then passed them on to the next doctor for examination of their eyes for trachoma, which was the most prevalent infectious disease at the time. The thousands of emigrants rejected every year at Ellis Island because of trachoma went back to their native lands disappointed, heartbroken, broke, for they had sold all their property and taken all their savings to pay for their passage to the land of hope.

(*To be continued*)

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An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

COURTENAY (*Brick*) TERRETT *won his spurs as one of the great reporters and rewrite men on the New York* Post, *the* Telegram, *and the old* World. *His reports on the Snyder-Gray executions and the S-4 disaster at Provincetown are newspaper classics. From New York he went to Hollywood, then to Europe to write films and cover the war for International News Service. Now he has broken into the clear as a free lance. This is his first piece of fiction, and he is currently at work on a book on the Vigilante movement in Montana.*

THE SADDLE

by COURTENAY TERRETT

JIM sat up there, on the side of the hill, and tried to reckon the number of days to his birthday. His slicker was slung along the ridgepole of his horse, keeping the cold pre-dawn rain off Cricket's loins and off the saddle.

Cricket was fourteen, and not a patch on Jim's other horse, Snip, but he could still get sixty-five dollars, or maybe even ten better for Cricket. There wasn't a smarter cutting pony anywhere on that range where the TL and the SH and the BUG and Quarter-circle S ran their stock between the Badlands which tapered off the Black Hills and the buttes beyond the Tongue. He put the thought of Snip out of his mind; he didn't own the big horse, not yet . . . couldn't until he drew his fall wages . . . might not, even then, if Charlie . . . no . . .

No. But he could think of the saddle. It was his saddle, the saddle he'd had Furstnow, in Miles City, make for him, the saddle he'd paid for from his own wages. It wasn't one of those hundred-pound double rigs with silver corners on the square skirts and a rawhide-covered horn you could spread a family Bible on and a thin black *reata* tied fast and forever, Texas style.

Nor yet was it center-fired, like the men from Colorado and Idaho and the Yakima country rode. His was three-quarter rigged, with the cinch far enough back from the withers so the horse couldn't be galled, but not too far back so the saddle wouldn't hold almost anything he dabbed a rope on. And no fancy work except the beading and his brand worked on the back of the cantle, J-bar-O.

It didn't matter about the rain, really; he'd been alternately dripping and steaming for three weeks. It had been the longest rainy spell in that part of Montana and Wyoming and the West Dakotas that even the Cheyennes could recall for any late summertime. His blue chambray shirt was filthy and commencing to rot away along the shoulder seams and the armpits. His bluejean pants weren't much better — all worn through in the seat with sweat and rain and saddle dirt.

The calluses inside his thighs didn't matter, either.

No, that wasn't the truth. They did mean something. He'd got those calluses the same way Bill Link had got his twisted leg and the same way the yellow-legs at Fort Keogh got their hash marks and the same way old Ivory Jones lost the finger tips on his right hand. It was the way you got to be a man.

Those calluses didn't bother him. You could stick a saddler's awl in them now and you wouldn't get any more wince out of them than you'd get from a boot sole. But he could remember when, in the spring, the time of the first horse roundup, before the calf roundup, when he'd been fresh out of a winter at school and soft on the insides of his legs, when they'd been nothing less than two big blisters that broke and widened and formed again and broke again with blood all around them. But, now, hell. . . .

When he stood up and stretched his long, too thin body and stamped his feet in their run-over

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boots he was conscious that he was the only creature stirring. The horses were huddled under the dripping pines on the hill slope or under the cottonwoods marking the narrow line of the Rosebud. The coyotes he had heard at sundown were dry in one of the sandstone caves up above in the rimrock. Even Cricket only lifted his dripping head a few inches and lowered it again.

He walked over to the cow pony and felt in a pocket of the slicker and fished out a corncob pipe and a tin of tobacco. These — and the saddle — were the emblems of his manhood, as yet unproclaimed, unperceived, but to him as real as the rain that soaked his shoulders and the shaly soil that crunched beneath his feet.

Soon he would be a man. Fifteen wasn't too young. Maybe on his birthday they'd see that he had grown up, not just to his ludicrous, stoop-shouldered six feet, but to the full estate of a top hand who could ride, rope, and tie with all but the best of the fifty-odd riders sleeping down there by the chuck wagon.

Presently he saw a flare of light on the camp space down below. Old Lee Fong Yu had started his breakfast fire. It was time to round up the horse herd — the cavvy; *remuda*, the Texans called it — and move them down. He stripped his slicker back from the beautiful new saddle and swung astride Cricket, not bothering to slip into the oilskin, but shaking it like a blanket as he nudged Cricket's ribs, and started yelling to rouse the drowsy cow ponies, to set them snorting down the hillside.

2

He was always half ashamed of the theatrical thrill he got from driving those rebellious, kicking, squealing horses — five hundred and twelve of them — into the camp of sleepy cow pokes, into the flimsy enclosure rigged simply of stakes and ropes. Always he was surprised that they accepted that ridiculous restraint: one surge against the ropes and the stakes would have gone down and the cavvy could have spread to hell-and-gone; but invariably they recoiled from the touch of rope against hide, for they had learned bitterly that the rope was the symbol of their enslavement.

Quickly he unsaddled Cricket, slipped off his bridle, and gave the old horse a dismissive, affectionate slap. He picked up the saddle with one hand — it was forty pounds, by his own specifications — and the bridle and the blanket and the slick in the other and toted them toward the campfire and laid the heavy Navajo saddle blanket over the gear, and the slicker over all. Then he joined the men, who already were sluicing down their dollops of fried steak, their fried potatoes, canned tomatoes, and soda biscuits, with big tin mugs of blindingly hot coffee.

A whipcord man, tall in the saddle under his ankle-length slicker, jogged up on a leggy gray and looked down on him with contemptuous appraisal. The boy was conscious of the shirt plastered to his back and ribby chest, of the levis wetted back to their original dark blue, of the squelch of his socks inside the run-over boots.

The tall man grunted, and reined his horse with a jerk that dug the savage spade bit against the tender roof of the gray's mouth. "I suppose," he said — loudly, top-boss style, so that the words would carry — "you put more store on that precious God damn saddle than a dry skin."

The boy said nothing. His Uncle Charlie grunted again, with what passed for a laugh. "You put on more airs with your first made saddle than most grown men do with their first woman." Four or five men laughed, but Lee Fong didn't, nor Big Tex, the range boss, and the boy stood motionless and silent as Uncle Charlie wheeled the gray around with another jerk at the spade bit and a casually savage dig of his stave-point rowels, and loped off into the thinning drizzle.

The other hands hastily roped their horses and saddled and headed off after Charlie Hysham toward the ridge from which the first circle would be launched. Even the first to join him would be greeted with a "G' afternoon, Frankie. Glad you could make it," and the last, no matter if his horse had spooked all over the flat and damn near dumped him, would come in for one of Charlie's carbolic jests, "You're too big a boy, Luke, for that sort of dreamin'. I wait till I get back to a real feather bed and a real woman to get it warmed up."

Some of them would snigger, and some would give a wry smile, and then one of the riding bosses from another outfit would say abruptly, "Reckon this is my circle," and set out with the others stringing behind, some of them still ashamed of themselves for laughing to oblige a man who always boasted that he had the best horseflesh and the best womanflesh, and treated them both like he was a combination of a greaser *vaquero* and God Almighty.

Young Jim, standing by the dying cook-fire, was shivering naked in a blanket as the old Chinaman pressed the water out of his shirt and pants and rigged a cunning X-shaped clothes rope to dry them a bit.

"You cold," said Lee. "Eat hot. Drink coffee." It was then he realized that he was shivering not with cold, not with weariness, but with the rage that lately had seemed to come over him every time his Uncle Charlie made jokes about women, and made him think of his Aunt Helen, and why she'd ever married Charlie, and why she'd stayed with him . . . Helen. . . . He felt that his fifteenth birthday was unbearably distant.

Presently he was eating, alone, squatted under the tail of the chuck wagon while the old Chinaman benevolently loaded his tin plate with slices of liver and poured lashings of blackstrap syrup over his hot biscuits.

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Stuffed and drowsy, he hauled down his tarp-covered bedroll and spread it under the chuck wagon. Lee would wake him to help harness the four big broncs to the wagon; meantime he would get a couple of hours' sleep, maybe three, before the outfit moved on to the site of the next gather.

3

When he woke the rain was nothing but a ground haze, and the sun felt warm against his naked back when Lee fed him another cup of coffee and a steak cut away from the T-bone and stuck between two oversized biscuits fried in gravy fat.

Tex McCarren — Little Tex, the day wrangler, not Big Tex, the range boss — had picketed down Snip for him; as he pulled on his boots, still wet but steaming now, and retrieved his dried levis from a stake near the fire where Lee had hung them, he noticed with a curious pleasure that Snip was restless. The big bay was not trying to pull out his rope peg, but his ears were up and he couldn't stand still and he didn't graze.

Snip had never had a saddle on him until two months before, and the boy was the only one he'd ever let fork him — and they always had a brief battle, even so — but the big gelding had learned already to swing round sharply at the end of a rope and take a two-hundred-pound calf off his legs with a thump, and hold the rope taut while the branding irons smoked and the big bull calf writhed briefly under the deft strokes of the man with the knife.

He liked it; the boy knew it. Snip had even learned the art of cutting a cow and calf, or a big steer, or even a herd bull, out of the clamorous gather; a steady push of the shoulder, a patient pressure toward the outside, a sudden surge to thrust the blocky, stubborn, white-and-red opponent away from the protection of the herd and into the open where either a rope could be laid on him or he could be hazed off into the "cut."

Snip, the boy thought eagerly, had the makings of being — was, almost, already — the best cow pony in the whole Powder River-Tongue River country. Another year and there wouldn't be another like him. And he was the only one Snip would let throw a leg across his back without trying to kill. For Snip was a killer: he'd killed two men.

The first had been Tom Lecky, the first man to try to break him. In the squeeze gate, Tom had got a hackamore on Snip, then a saddle, and he'd lowered himself down on the plunging big bay with the white snip on the end of his muzzle, and had yelled to the flunks to open the gate, and Snip had corkscrewed out into the round corral, brushed Tom off against a gatepost, and then turned around and trampled him with his unshod front hooves.

Tom was the first.

Then Uncle Charlie had said, "That's a horse!" and they'd dragged Snip into the horse barn and put him into a big box stall with chain hobbles on his forelegs and no hay in the manger and no water in the bucket. Uncle Charlie had watched him for three days, watched until Snip's eyes were red and his hind legs seemed to be folding a little, and then he'd sent Fred Gantt into the stall to sweat him out.

The boy hadn't been able to watch that, for Fred had carried a quirt — one of those Mexican quirts — with half a pound of lead in the butt and little globules of lead melted onto the end of the thongs. Standing on the gate, he'd cleverly slugged Snip between the eyes with the lead-loaded butt and then, while the big horse was still on his knees, had climbed over into the stall and had started cutting him up with the metal-tipped quirt. The boy hadn't seen it; Little Tex had told him how Snip staggered up and, with his chain-shackled forefeet, had reared up and torn the front of Fred's head away.

They were going to kill Snip then, after they'd dragged Fred's body out, going to shoot him right there in the stall.

Jim had wanted to say something, yell it, scream it, but he couldn't.

But then Uncle Charlie told the men he wasn't going to have Snip killed; it was the second year of the First World War, and the British and French were paying up to $250 for big strong horses for their cavalry and field artillery, and Snip might fetch as much as $300 if Uncle Charlie could show the officer buyers that he was broken to lead, broken to handle and saddle, and broken to mount and ride.

Uncle Charlie had set his heart on that, selling him to the British or the French. He'd offered two of the top hands fifty dollars if they could wear Snip down enough so he'd lead at the tail of a hackamore rope, stand for a saddle, and take them once around the round corral. Snip had been sweated down to the hackamore; he'd even stood, sweating, while the saddle was slapped on and off, on and off, on and off, and the cinch pulled a little tighter each time. But he'd never stood for a man stepping aboard him; then he'd exploded, and if it hadn't been for the hobbles and the snubbing ropes, he'd have trampled them to death the same as he did Tom and Fred. As it was, they'd been mauled more than a-plenty before the other hands jumped down from the corral rails and hind-legged the big bay.

The boy watched while Uncle Charlie used to go, three times every day, to try to talk to the big horse in his box stall, his front feet still hobbled, and try to sweeten him up and feed him winter beets or a pan of oats and bran, or lean over gingerly with a pail of water and cunningly flick a few drops on his muzzle until he'd come up and take a few gulps — and then he'd take the pail away and say, "I'll see you tomorrow, you big bay bastard!" And he'd sort of chuckle, but it wasn't a good chuckle. It was

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the way he had sounded last September, at paying-off time, when he had called the boy into the ranch office and had paid him twenty-five dollars a month instead of the thirty-five he'd been told he was getting.

4

The boy was warm, now, in the hot early morning sun, and he was fed, and Lee had said, oddly, almost roughly, "You Jim-boy, t'at Snip-horse. . . . Cha'hlie som-beetch." He didn't answer the old Chinaman, for he didn't know whether an answer was expected, or if it was, what answer. Instead, he walked over to Snip, and pulled the picket rope free and went up it toward the big horse's head and talked to him all the while, and slapped his chest, and rubbed his muzzle, and stroked his big strong neck, and finally edged him over toward his saddle, and threw on the damp saddle blanket, and then the saddle, and slowly pulled up the cinch.

Snip didn't seem to mind much. He'd learned the trick of swelling out his chest and belly when the cinch was pulled around, but the boy walked him out a few paces and jerked it up tighter, and Snip seemed to take it as part of a game. But still he didn't climb on the horse. He walked him over to the chuck wagon, where Lee was lashing on the last of the bedrolls, and opened the tail gate and poured a cupful of black syrup into a tin plate and held it up to the big horse.

Snip sniffed at it. That was just pretending, just play. Then he lowered his pink muzzle, with its white snip, into the pan and licked it clean in long sweeping swipes of his pink tongue.

The boy gave him a slap along the jaw, plucked a clump of grass and wiped the plate, and walked him off a few paces.

"Don't get spooky with me, you big bastard," he said, and put his left foot in the stirrup and quickly swung astride.

Snip quivered for a moment, then stepped out quickly. The boy stuck a heel into his flank and they exploded into a dash down the river bottom, then a quick haul-up and a sprint back to the trampled ground where the rope corral had stood.

Lee had the harness on his double span, but he was waiting for the boy; it was a quick and dangerous job to hook on the trace chains and thread the reins and then climb onto the high spring seat and kick off the brake while the four broncs plunged in their harness.

The boy came over, leaving Snip's reins dragging. (He'd taught him that, too; to stay hitched to a nonexistent hitching rail.) He grabbed the bridles of the wheel team and held them steady while Lee hooked them to the doubletrees and then hiked them to the pole. Then he did the same with the leaders, and was thrashed about for a moment while Lee mounted to his seat and gathered the reins.

Lee put his foot on the brake, but before he kicked it free he settled his wide, low-crowned black hat firmly atop his coiled pigtail and gave the boy a shrewd look.

"'Member, Jim-boy, Cha'hlie left foot no good."

He freed the brake, yelled "Hik'!" to the four broncs, and thundered down into the gully and up the other bank.

The boy stared after him; what did Lee mean about Charlie's left foot? Charlie had busted his ankle a couple of years ago, he hobbled a bit sometimes, but he seemed to move as quickly as he ever had. As quickly and as unpredictably as a shedding rattler. Jim picked up Snip's reins and put his foot in the stirrup and the big horse stepped forward with a rush that slammed him into the saddle, and broke into a fast, deceptively easy lope.

The cantle was high against the boy's buttocks, and the swell of the pommel was just half an inch above the flat, hard beginning of his thigh muscles. Furstnow had built this saddle just the way he'd ordered it: a three-quarter rig, rounded skirts, a rawhide-wrapped steel horn, and a thirteen-inch seat. A working saddle, a top hand's saddle, easy on a horse's back, strong enough to hold anything he tied onto, and snug enough so that nothing but dynamite could blast him loose once he cramped his long thighs and dug in his spurs. And except for the beading around the edges of the skirts and down the stirrup leathers — and his initials on the back of the cantle — it had no fancy work, no stamping, no tooling. Maybe it had been sort of a kid stunt to have "J–O" tooled into the cantle back, but (he reiterated in secret assertion) they were his initials and this was his saddle, and God help anyone who ever tried to ride it away from him.

5

Snip had followed the left bank of the little river; he'd smelled — or heard, maybe — the cavvy up ahead, the boy thought. And presently they picked up the trail roughly plowed by four-times-six-one-o horses. By the time he'd added that up (for addition was simpler than multiplication, only the teachers wouldn't see it that way) he caught sight of Little Tex trailing the horse herd, and soon he was up with him.

"First change at the fork of Otter Creek," said the day wrangler. "Dinner at Elder's Flats. Last circle down by McDowell's."

"That's a day's riding," said the boy.

"Charlie's got cactus in his britches," said Little Tex. "Or somethin'. . . . When a man don't get married until he's long in the tooth he don't give a damn about anything . . . men, horses or cattle . . . anything except . . ."

But the boy was away, his spurs in Snip's outraged ribs. He was being a damn fool kid again, but he couldn't help it. He couldn't help it if that

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was the way he always acted when anyone mentioned Charlie — and Helen.

Snip's angry run modified to a poco-poco as they hit an old rutted buffalo trail, and the boy's fury slowed to the horse's pace, but although he kept his left hand light and easy on the reins he could not help beating the pommel with the fist of his right.

Why did Helen have to be married to Charlie? Put it the other way around, first: Why did Charlie have to make it Helen, of all the millions of women in the world? He'd had plenty others, if he'd wanted. And he never let anyone forget that.

But Helen? Maybe some day he'd understand, but not yet. Hell! she'd known lots of men back East richer than Charlie, probably just as good-looking. And she wasn't any silly little tip-over; she was, he puzzled, the wisest woman he'd ever known. Certainly the wisest since his mother died, and he was eight years old.

But Charlie had fooled her. Fooled her like he'd fooled a lot. Fooled her until he let slip, and all the ugliness changed him in a second.

Jim had seen him take his mask off and throw it in her face. It was the third day after their arrival at the ranch after the honeymoon. Little Tex had brought two saddle horses up to the house; they were going to ride over part of the ranch, Charlie's ranch, Charlie's kingdom.

Charlie gave Helen a leg up into the saddle, then gave his cinch a pull. It was tight, but he'd had a saddle slip under him once and he never took chances afterwards. He had kicked the horse in the belly in case he'd puffed up, and the horse reached round and bit his shoulder.

It didn't amount to much — his shirt was ripped, but the skin was barely broken. But Charlie's face had gone black under its Indian tan and he'd snatched up an axe handle and had grabbed the reins close to the bit and had beaten the horse until the blood poured from its mouth and nostrils.

When his rage was spent he found Helen had slipped from her horse and gone back into the house. He'd gone after her, looking as ashamed as a man of Charlie's stripe could ever manage, and had come out in a frozen fury.

Helen had never ridden with him. Often with Jim, yes, and often with Big Tex or Little Tex or one of the other hands, or with the house guests Charlie frequently invited to try to ease the loneliness of one woman in an entirely masculine world. But never with Charlie.

They never quarreled, for when Charlie would go into a quick rage, or — it was the one-eighth Indian in him, Jim thought — would smilingly try to goad her into a row, Helen would merely walk away wordlessly. She never spoke of her marriage to anyone, not even Jim, but he knew that it was a failure — and that she'd stick it out.

Only once had she interfered. That was when Jim had demanded his full pay and Charlie had mocked, "Prove you're a man and I'll give you man's pay," and he'd lashed out wildly and Charlie had promptly knocked him down.

Helen had been in the next room and pushed Charlie back after he'd got one solid kick into the boy's thin-muscled side. She didn't say a word, but that day she moved her dressing table into one of the guest rooms. And Charlie hated Jim, made him move to the bunkhouse, and watched narrowly the rare conversations he had with Helen.

6

His thoughts had carried him to the flat on Otter Creek where the first gather was to be made. He slipped the bit out of Snip's mouth, dropped the reins, and went gathering broken wood for Lee's noonday fire. The sun had gone again; likely the men would gulp their dinner in the rain.

Soon the cattle started flowing onto the flat, driven down the draws and coulees and creeks by the riders, and by eleven o'clock — the rain was coming down dismally again by then — the fat steers had been cut from the gather, the cows and calves and bulls and young steers driven off, and the beef herd held by three or four men while the others came in for food and fresh horses.

Little Tex had driven the cavvy into the rope corral Jim had staked up, and after the men had roped their remounts and ridden off, Jim headed them in the direction of Cedar Creek, where the second circle would rendezvous, and then came back, took down the ropes, pulled up the stakes, piled them atop the bedrolls, and helped Lee hook up his four broncs again.

They were ready to start when Uncle Charlie came in. His horse was limping badly.

"Tore a frog goin' down a shale bank," he explained briefly, and swung down and dropped the reins. He strode over to Snip, who snorted and backed away, although the boy had taught him to stand "tied" when his reins were down.

"Stand still, you big bastard," snapped Charlie, and grabbed the reins.

Jim was not conscious of leaping at the tall man, of screaming "Leave my horse alone!", of swinging wildly and crashing his big bony fist into Charlie's face, but Charlie's blow shook him into awareness, and suddenly he remembered Lee's curious remark that morning . . . about Charlie's left foot.

Charlie had dropped Snip's reins and was coming toward him. The boy instinctively waited until Charlie had stung him with a left and then took another step forward to drive home his right. He managed to step back just the two inches necessary and Charlie went off balance, and the boy plunged both fists into the man's face again, and Charlie fell forward, clutching him, throwing him back upon the ground.

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After the first three or four punches Jim was stunned. Later, when Lee had dumped a hatful of water in his face and dosed him from his hidden whiskey bottle, he realized that his uncle had kicked him, kicked him hard and more than once, for every breath was as if a mowing machine were chewing into his right side.

Lee put a hackamore on Charlie's horse, tied him to the tail gate of the wagon, and helped Jim up to the seat. The boy was grateful that the little Chinaman said nothing.

"I've got to get out now," he said to himself. "Charlie'll haze me ragged after this." He foresaw with sickening clarity that one day, if his fists failed again, he might very likely kill Charlie, snatch up a shotgun or a rifle and blast his face off, wipe away forever that contemptuous half-smile. "I've got to get out," he said again, but aloud this time.

Lee spoke, keeping his eyes on the double span. "Mo' betta ask pay suppa time." The boy understood: all the riders would know, from his face — and Charlie's — that they'd tied it on, and wolfish as they were they wouldn't let Charlie savage him out of his wages.

When they came upon Little Tex and the miserably dripping horse herd, Jim swung off the wagon, untied Charlie's horse, and roped another mount. Tex eyed him knowledgeably, but said nothing when he slung Charlie's saddle atop the chuck wagon and rode his fresh horse bareback.

At the alder-fringed flats the gather had commenced — a steady trickle of steers and cows and bawling calves and skittish young stuff and lowering, heavy-headed range bulls, down from the pine-and-shale slopes, the lava-spattered hillsides, the dry gulches, the draws and creeks.

The cutting pairs rode through the herd, easing out the big grass-fat steers, and a few more latecomers were thrown in upon the main gather, but Charlie had not come in — only a couple of dozen scary steers that looked as if they'd run all the way down Boxelder Creek. But no Charlie.

It was when the cutting was finished that Big Tex said quietly, "Seem's if we better make a cast for Charlie. Ain't likely he stopped in out of the rain with them honyockers up Boxelder."

Jim blurted, "He took Snip."

Big Tex looked at him, as if seeing for the first time the boy's purpling eyes, his swollen nose, the clumsy way he kept his elbow pressed in against his ribs. Wordlessly he put his spurs in and headed up Boxelder, the crew silent behind him, and the boy among them.

At the ridge he waved his arm. "Don't fan out more'n twenty-five-thutty yards apart," he ordered. "Take it slow, don't spook up the horse, and don't yell until you find him."

Tim Horkan it was who loosed a brief shout. No one did anything until almost all had gathered at the steep edges of the gravelly cut, some eight or nine feet deep, where the big bay stood panting and sweating despite the rain, but with his head up in challenge.

Big Tex took down his rope, but the boy slipped off his barebacked horse and slipped down into the cut. The big bay horse shifted restlessly, and the tattered bundle which depended by one imprisoned boot heel dragged a few inches, but the boy was talking horse-talk, muttered and low and steady and reassuring, and in a minute or two he had the lead stall in his hands.

Other men slithered down, and freed the horse from his dragging burden, and hoisted what had been Charlie up onto the bank, where he was wrapped in some hand's slicker, and roped him across a saddle with a diamond hitch.

The boy led Snip afoot down the cut to a place low enough for him to scrabble out.

Big Tex and Old Man Corbin, who'd been one of the boy's grandfather's oldest friends, were waiting for him.

He mounted the horse. Snip was still quivering, but he put his feet down steadily and surely. The saddle was scraped and scarred: the saddle rope had been torn loose from its buckle strap, the skirts were incised from rubbing against the rocky walls of the cut, the stirrup leathers were partly torn from the rig.

"Big stirrups," said Old Man Corbin. "You got big feet, son."

The boy said, "Yeah. It's a made saddle. Made for me."

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I Personally

In answer to the anonymous article, "I Changed My Name," in the February Atlantic, *comes this forthright rebuttal. It takes a Southerner to stand up so indignantly on an issue as touchy as this.* DAVID L. COHN *is a Mississippian who studied at the University of Virginia and at Yale, and whose books on the Negro* (God Shakes Creation), *on American industry* (The Good Old Days), *and on matrimony* (Love in America) *mark him as a very versatile writer indeed.*

I'VE KEPT MY NAME

by DAVID L. COHN

1

NAME-CHANGING, as H. L. Mencken has exhaustively shown, is a widespread phenomenon among members of all the racial stocks who compose our population, including the Anglo-Saxon. The most frequent reason for name-changing among Jews is to get jobs in areas where there is marked economic discrimination against them. Others change their names as a prop to their teetering little souls; because they are socially insecure or are ashamed of their birthright. It is not for me to pass judgment upon them. One remembers, in this context, that during the nineteenth century several European travelers succeeded in penetrating to the sacred Moslem city of Mecca disguised as Moslems. Yet Doughty traveled for two years as a Christian in the Arabian peninsula, every moment in peril of his life, as he records; for to slit the throat of an infidel is to store up merit for oneself in the Moslem heaven. But Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* is the greatest of all travel books in the English language, for the reason, perhaps, that Doughty was personally the greatest of all among travelers.

I find that keeping my name, far from complicating my life, simplifies it. I was born an American and a Jew, as you were born an American and a Gentile. I am what I am, as you are what you are. "Jews," wrote Mark Twain, "are members of the human race. Worse than that I cannot say of them." But it would not be wholly admirable if I should, by changing my name, reject the fifty centuries' history and tradition of my people in order to gain a hotel room at Newport.

Nor is this all. Bearing an unmistakably Jewish name, I am spared the crude comments of virulent anti-Semites, for even they retain a modicum of manners in my presence; and, there being no possibility of mistake, I am not asked to join groups that do not "take" Jews. I am accepted by my fellows as a human being, or I am rejected as a Jew, and while I have no apparatus for measuring hatred and love as they move the hearts of millions of non-Jews, I do know this: that Gentiles, knowing me to be a Jew, have all my life taken me into their hearts and homes, with no self-consciousness on their part or mine, with no abrogation of dignity on either side, without condescension by them and without obsequiousness by me.

The fact that I have been free of most of the blatant prejudices that often run against so many of my coreligionists does not make me insensitive to their plight, nor do I detach myself from them as though I lived upon a private planet of my own. The war between good and evil never ceases. It was once suggested to Luigi Luzzatti, a Prime Minister of Italy and a Jew, that he change his faith. "I do not think of myself as a Jew or a Gentile," he replied, "but only as an Italian. But when Jews are attacked, then the voice of Isaiah rises in my soul." Here it would seem meet to do battle under true colors rather than false.

If I should resort to the plastic surgery of the courts, it would be only because I should like to pass myself off on the community as a synthetic Plantagenet. This, conceivably, could bring me certain dubious "advantages," such as eligibility for clubs that reject me because I am a Jew, or admission to hotels in "restricted" resorts that refuse me for the same reason. With a new name — preferably one suggesting kinship with a high-church bishop — I might even be asked to dine with some newly minted family that, having gouged the government during the First World War, is now almost as pedigreed as a grand champion bull. These considerations leave me cold.

We already have an overproduction of social climbers in this country; folks who, in the telling and contemptuous rural Negro phrase, have "got above their raisin'." There is no reason why I should add to their number; I can derive a sufficient knowledge of their obscene antics, without closer relationship, by reading the considerable American literature that deals with them.

Yet it is not surprising that there should be so many of them among us — Gentile and Jew —

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seeing that, paradoxically, snobbery reaches its ultimate in a shirt-sleeve democracy such as ours. For snobbery, generally speaking, flows from social insecurity and only two groups are free of it. The one is the tiny group of aristocrats at the top who feel that no matter what they do, they cannot lose their social position. The other is the group of men at the bottom who have no social position to lose. One finds, therefore, few snobs among true aristocrats and truck drivers. The place to look for them is among large numbers of the American middle class — especially its women. Corroded by a sense of social insecurity, they are almost pathologically concerned with the "right thing"— the right friends, schools, resorts, clothes, clubs, addresses. Nothing stops them in their search for social position.

Socially insecure Gentiles do not automatically rule out all Jews. Among them, the social penalty of being a Jew is not Jewishness. What is unforgivable is to be a poor and obscure Jew — or, even, a rich and obscure Jew. Consequently, a Lehman, a Schiff, a Warburg, a Baruch, who are neither poor nor obscure, are forgiven their lack of prenatal wisdom. The welcome extended to men of this kind is of fascinating interest to the cultural anthropologist — revealing, as it does, some of the magnificently absurd taboos of our society. While they may be "good" enough to marry a man's daughter, they are often not good enough for membership in his clubs, nor can they be permitted to swim in the miraculous waters of exclusive beaches.

So, too, socially insecure Gentiles may welcome Jews who are Famous Names — distinguished artists, musicians, playwrights, actors, movie producers. But the Names, by a tacit conspiracy of manners, are expected to sing for their supper while their hosts, whether or no they are bemused by the singing, enjoy the pleasures of vicarious association with the famous.

One also finds in this country "pet Jews" and their Gentile keepers. The latter derive from the association an exotic touch of the fashionable, as certain English families of the eighteenth century found it exotically fashionable to adorn their households with a liveried blackamoor or two. The former derive from the association, one assumes, a certain masochistic pleasure, knowing that the attitude of their keepers toward Jews in general is that of the Duke of Dorset (in Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson*) toward Americans. The Duke granted that Americans had a right to live, but he wished that it had not been made so easy for them to live at Oxford.

These are worlds to which I might presumably gain access by changing my name. Do you blame me if I reject them?

2

There are, happily, other worlds in this kindliest of countries. I was born and raised in a good world. It was far more Gentile than Jewish, but I never felt alien there, nor was any attempt made to make me feel alien. I have found that being a Jew has been no deterrent either to my happiness or to my career whether, as formerly, in business or, as latterly, in writing. My rewards, or lack of them, have been, I feel, in proportion to my merits except, embarrassingly, that I have been dowered with kindness quite beyond my deserts.

Shortly after the Civil War my relatives, European immigrants, became cotton planters in the Mississippi Delta, and my parents soon followed them to the then tiny pioneer town of Greenville. There they met with unaffected kindness in an atmosphere hostile to bigotry. There I was born and raised. For as long as I can remember, the Roman Catholic Church, the First Baptist Church, and the Synagogue have stood within a stone's throw of one another. Over them all was the benison of God and the grateful shade, in summer, of leafy oaks and magnolias. Living, their communicants got on well together. Dead, they were buried in adjoining grounds where weeping willows flow and mockingbirds make mimic song.

In that town there walked saints. Whiskey-drinking, poker-playing, quail-hunting, pleasure-loving saints. Sinners hate. Saints hate, too. But they hate injustice. Greenville has always had men who were saints in this respect. Let me tell you about one of them.

In the early 1920's, the Ku Klux Klan came to the town as it came to so many communities of the South and the Middle West. But it did not go far. There were two reasons, among others, for this. First, Leroy Percy, a virile aristocrat and the county's most eminent citizen, together with his son Will, called upon the district attorney, who was a lifelong friend and an eminent Klansman. The Percys quietly told him that if the Klan touched the hair of a single person in the community — whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Negro — they would kill him since the burden of responsibility rested with the district attorney. He knew they were as good as their word, and under the circumstances it may be believed that his influence was not incendiary.

Second, Leroy Percy singlehandedly chased an imported Klan organizer out of town. A "Colonel" Camp was speaking in the Washington County courthouse for the purpose of forming a local branch of the Klan. At this meeting, writes William Alexander Percy in *Lanterns on the Levee*, "the Klan organizer made an artful speech to a tense crowd that packed every cranny of the room; and every man was armed. . . . Who had recently bought a huge tract of land opposite West Point and another overlooking Washington? The Pope. Convents were brothels, the confessional a place of seduction, the basement of every Catholic church an arsenal. The Pope was about to seize the government. To

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the rescue, Klansmen! . . . It was an example of Nazi propaganda before the Nazis. The very enormity and insolence of the lie carried conviction to the simple and the credulous. . . ."

(Similar lies about Jews have been told, and believed, for centuries. They range from the canard that Jews drink the blood of Christian children in religious rituals to stories now current here that Jews — and this is a most extraordinary feat — "own" the country and are also communist.)

When the speaker sat down, Leroy Percy, hated, uninvited, and hating, arose. Shaking his finger at Camp, his first words were: "Who is this itinerant scoundrel that comes here to set brother against brother?" He told how Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and Negro had struggled together against floods of the great river; against yellow fever, malaria, and all the ills of a struggling pioneer area. He said that together they had conquered wilderness and swamps; had built homes, schools, roads, railroads, levees, courthouses, and cotton gins. They had helped one another in hard times and had managed to live on amicable terms. And now this "itinerant scoundrel" had come to set them apart. He asked upon what field of honor "Colonel" Camp had won his spurs. Whence did he come? Who had besought his presence?

As his anger mounted, ridicule and invective poured from his mouth searing and burning all that they touched. He spoke to a hostile, sullen crowd, but when Leroy Percy sat down, a wildly cheering throng passed a resolution *condemning* the Klan, while a badly frightened "Colonel" Camp scuttled out of a side door.

In Greenville neither I nor any of my coreligionists, to my knowledge, suffered any indignity or lack of opportunity because of being Jewish. Gentiles and Jews rejoiced together in happiness and mourned together in sorrow. There were bigots in the town, it is true — Jews as well as Gentiles — but they were a tiny minority looked upon commiseratingly by the majority as unhappy aberrants.

There were affectionate relations between many Gentile and Jewish families in Greenville. I shall content myself with one example. My brother Joel, never wealthy, was in the latter part of his life poor. He and his wife lived in a little house in a street of little houses. Once they went out of town, and upon their return were amazed to find that the frayed curtains of their living room had been replaced by new ones. It was not until much later, and then by chance, that they learned how this had happened. Their next-door Gentile neighbors, themselves of small means, had taken down their own curtains and hung them in my brother's house.

The good-neighbor tradition of the town lives on. In 1946 Hodding Carter, publisher and editor of the Greenville *Democrat-Times*, won the Pulitzer Prize for editorials on racial and religious tolerance. Last year he published an editorial saying that he had had five crises in his life, and on each occasion he had been rescued by a Jew. A few days later, Gentile leaders of the community quietly collected a considerable sum of money for the relief of distressed Jews overseas.

There are many American Jews who could bear testimony to Gentile kindness, as Carter has borne it with respect to Jewish kindness. My own gratitude to the Gentile friends, neighbors, and teachers of the formative years of my youth is immense. I am deeply and especially indebted to William Alexander Percy. Cultivated and compassionate; a cosmopolitan and an enlightened provincial; writer, soldier, lawyer, and planter, this fellow townsman, older than I, befriended me in my youth. It was a relationship, richly fruitful for me, that endured until his death.

I remember with photographic vividness a present he made me when I was about fourteen years old; a raw country youth filled with furious, inchoate longings. The gift was a number of volumes of translations by Gilbert Murray of Greek plays. They made a profound and lasting impression upon me, for from them I got my first glimpses of truth and beauty; so profound an impression indeed that, years later, I found myself making a sudden decision to retire from business as I stood one day upon the hill of the Parthenon looking down upon the golden structure of the Temple of Theseus.

Long afterward when I returned to Greenville to write my first book, my parents were dead and my brother had no room for me in his house. William Alexander Percy took me into his own home, where I remained for over two years, as much at ease in his hospitable house teeming with friends and relatives as I could ever have been underneath my own roof, while he gave me, a frightened beginner at writing, his counsel and encouragement. Nor was this the end of my good fortune. For when Percy, shortly before his death, sat down to write his superb autobiographical *Lanterns on the Levee*, he who had hitherto written only verse had small faith in his ability to write prose. Then it was my privilege to do a little for him in the field where he had done so much for me.

I have, for all these reasons, kept my name. The United States is, I repeat, the kindliest of countries; how kindly only those can know whose history is nearly all somber tragedy. But if, unhappily, the United States should ever change, my course would remain unchanged. It is not only that I can do no other. It is also that the upright posture of man, though it is a biological disadvantage, is a great psychological triumph. Speaking for myself alone, it would be too high a price for survival to abdicate that posture which raises man toward the rising sun.

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The son of an Ohio farmer, LOUIS BROMFIELD *went to Cornell in 1914 to study agriculture. It was the First World War, in which he served as ambulance driver and liaison officer, which turned his thoughts to literature. His first four novels were written in France from his lovely place at Senlis. But in 1933, his book* The Farm *showed that his thoughts were returning to his home country in Ohio, and when in 1939 he bought his family home, it was with the incentive of revivifying the run-down, eroded acres which he has transformed into the fertile fields of Malabar Farm today. This is the first of two installments from his forthcoming book.*

SYLVESTER THE BULL

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

1

SYLVESTER is a Guernsey bull. He is the biggest Guernsey bull I have ever known and one of the handsomest. He is also the biggest baby I have ever known.

He came to us from George von Penen who has a farm near Kalamazoo, accompanied by a harem of thirty-four lady friends, of all ages from six months to an old girl of thirteen. At Malabar he found another twenty-seven ladies awaiting him. From then on he occupied as Lord and Master the big stall and bull pen in the dairy barn at the Big House save for occasional periods when he was allowed a holiday in lush pasture with the cows and young heifers.

On his arrival he was a young fellow, not quite two years old, and he continued to grow and put on weight and muscle for almost another year, but from the first he revealed the fact that there was a broad streak of ham actor in him. He was always a poseur, and as if aware of his own good looks, he spent a great deal of time in the bull pen, striking attitudes and showing his profile to anyone who cared to stop and look at him. Occasionally, the plastic pose would be interrupted by pawing and snorting and playing with the big iron oil drum which was given him as a plaything.

I think he made up stories about the oil drum, converting it most often into a rival, when he would give it an unearthly drubbing. At times he would butt it uphill on the slope of the bull pen. When it struck the wall of the barn it would rebound and start rolling downward back toward him. At just the right point he would give it another almighty butt so that it repeated the action. This game would go on for sometimes as long as an hour. It began, I think, as his own idea of fun and exercise but gradually, like all his other actions, it took a show-off form. The spectacle was exactly like that of a middle-aged businessman playing handball and showing anyone concerned or interested that he was just as young as he ever was.

In the meanwhile he developed as well some of the characteristics of a spoiled Persian cat. Unlike most bulls, he appeared to enjoy petting. Inside his stall he would come and thrust his head over the edge of the barrier to be petted and talked to. I think it was the sound of my voice he liked more than the petting. You'd say to him, "Well, how's the old stinker today?" and there would be a kind of answering deep rumble from his throat. And then "Want some attention, do you?" and again a rumble. The eyes which a moment before had been showing the whites, in his performance in the role of the big, bad bull, would half-close with pleasure. Usually the petting and conversation were accompanied by a treat of some kind — a handful of grain or a fresh ear of sweet corn or an apple. He knew perfectly well what "Do you want an apple?" meant.

Only one thing tempted him away from the pleasure of being petted and talked to and that was the presence of ladies, who frequently took a timorous attitude toward him. The moment they would start back and, in a feminine way, cry out, "But aren't you afraid of that big brute?" all the ham in him would come to the surface and he would begin at once to arch his neck, to snort, show the whites of his eyes, and to flex all the great muscles of his handsome neck. The performance was so impressive that I once had a letter from a lady visitor on her return home begging me "not to trust that ferocious bull" for a moment.

Of course I didn't trust him, nor did Al or Jim, because no sensible farmer ever trusts a bull. Many a farmer has been killed by a playful and friendly

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bull who wasn't ferocious at all but "simply didn't know his strength." Any farmer knows the playfulness of a bull calf and how he will put his head against you and push. A lot of calf remains in a lot of bulls after they are grown, only by that time the pushing is no fun any longer, at least for the farmer. Sylvester has a lot of play in him but I wouldn't want to play with him if I were sandwiched between the wall of his stall and his big head.

He carries his clowning, his hamming, and his posing with him into the lush green ladino and bluegrass pasture. I think he realizes that here, in grass up to his knees, the blue sky and the woods for a background, he is at his best, and certainly he is a handsome beast. As if he knew it, he plays the Lord to all the cows and heifers. When you first turn him out he does not, like many an eager, unwise male, run wildly to join the cows and heifers. Instead, he steps inside the gate and, striking a pose like the Bull Durham advertisement, lets out two or three ungodly bellows and waits. There are both lordliness and assurance in his manner and he has never had reason to change his tactics, for within two or three minutes the silly cows and heifers all appear out of a clump of bushes or over a hill, high-tailing it toward him.

2

Sylvester has an infallible instinct for those who are afraid of him and bullies them unmercifully. Only last autumn he discovered he could bully Jesse. Now Jesse, who is himself a character, is sixty-five and a man of all jobs with all the raciness and profanity of the Tennessee hills, and an account of his encounter and feud with Sylvester cannot be set down here with any degree of literalness.

Jesse and Sylvester occupied the same pasture while Jesse was engaged with the Ford tractor in ripping it up for reseeding and Sylvester took to leaving his harem and following Jesse about. So long as the tractor was moving, it was all right, but once it stopped, Sylvester closed in on him. I doubt that he meant any real harm but he knew he could rouse from Jesse a fine stream of Tennessee four-letter words and he also knew that he could keep Jesse on the move. So for Jesse there was no peace. He had to keep on the move from the time he entered the field until he left.

But worst of all, Sylvester wouldn't let Jesse get a drink at the spring. It was unseasonably hot October weather and Jesse got thirsty but during the week he worked in the field he never once had a drink from the spring. Each time that Jesse turned the tractor in that direction Sylvester, as if divining his purpose, got there first. He even went further than that; when he tired of following Jesse about, he simply went back to the spring and lay down beside it. He knew perfectly well, all the time, that Jesse was scared of him.

But his behavior with Al and Jim and myself was quite different. If we encountered him in the field from the safety of the jeep or on the opposite side of the fence, he would begin his best Bull Durham performance. After you had watched with amusement for a time, all you needed say was "Aw, Nutz! Come over here and get your head scratched!" And at once the snorting, the pawing, and the eye-rolling stopped and he would walk over to the fence or the jeep and have his head rubbed like a pet calf.

Sylvester has never quite understood the jeep. He dislikes all machinery and puts on a terrific show whenever a truck or a tractor comes into the barnyard. I think trucks and tractors and jeeps puzzle him because he cannot figure out why Al and Jim and I can be his good friends on foot and then suddenly become part of a noisy chugging behemoth. In the pasture he will come up to the jeep and after his usual show-off performance smell it, regard it from all sides, clearly and profoundly puzzled. He could of course demolish it if he chose and once or twice he has put his big head against the radiator with every intention of doing so, but a single blast of the horn sets him back on his feet and back again into his chronic state of bewilderment.

His pasture behavior eventually resulted in a climax, however, when he went berserk and apparently decided that the only sublimation of his dislike for machinery was to break it up. There came the day when Sylvester actually *attacked* two tractors and chased Jesse and Kenneth from the field. Both were small-sized Ford tractors and Sylvester, instead of merely following them about bellowing and pawing, actually went for them. With his tail high in the air, the whites of his eyes showing, and with tremulous bellows he put his head under the back end of the field cultivator and lifted it off the ground. Jesse, seeing himself and the tractor rolling down the hill, jumped free and took to the woods.

Flushed with his victory, Sylvester set out after Kenneth and repeated the performance with the same results. Then while Jesse and Kenneth watched from the safety of the woods on the opposite side of the fence, he put on a show of regal triumph, posing, arching his neck, pawing the earth and bellowing; and at last when he felt he had shown off sufficiently, he rushed up the hill and out of sight to rejoin his harem, leaving Kenneth and Jesse to return sheepishly and rescue their tractors.

It is a pity that Sylvester could not hear Jesse's subsequent account of "The Battle of the Tractors." With each retelling, it grew in detail and horror until Sylvester had attained the size of an African elephant and the ferocity of a saber-toothed tiger. Fire came from his nostrils and sparks from his eyes. The tractor, in Jesse's later versions, was lifted in the air so high that he had to jump several feet to the ground, just in time to save himself. Indeed, Jesse's account of the Battle has reached such proportions

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that beside Sylvester, Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox is no more than a sucking calf.

Sylvester developed a lot of idiosyncrasies in his stall and bull pen. The one thing he cannot bear is lack of attention or being ignored. If you pass him without rubbing his nose or at least speaking to him, he will put down his head and pout and grumble like a small child. And at some period and for some reason no one has been able to divine, he took a dislike to the top bar of the gate to his bull pen. At first this was a plank which he proceeded to break in two. When it was replaced he broke the second one, and when a steel pipe was substituted he proceeded to bend it and force it out of position. Finally Al left the top bar off altogether and there remained only the lower bar less than three feet from the ground.

Despite the fact that he could step over the remaining bar he has never attempted to do so nor made any effort to leave the pen, even though the cows pass him on their way from the milk parlor. It is useless to replace the top bar, for he proceeds at once to smash or bend it. Apparently the top bar seems to present what psychiatrists refer to as a "psychological obstacle," which appears to be all that is necessary. Visitors, seeing him with nothing between him and the outside world, take alarm and say, "Aren't you afraid he'll get out?" He never does. Perhaps some day he will and we shall have to take other measures.

The day finally came, however, when Sylvester got his comeuppance and made a complete fool of himself. My first knowledge of his predicament came when I began to hear the most prodigious bellows coming from the dairy barn as I was working in my office. He has a good voice, Sylvester, and is never hesitant about using it, but on this occasion the bellows were more like those of a bull elephant ringing from hill to hill in the jungle. Realizing something terrific must be happening, I went toward the barn, and as I reached the corner in sight of the bull pen, I discovered a spectacle which set me laughing so much that I could not act.

The head of the oil drum which Sylvester used in his version of handball had apparently rusted out, and in some way he had got his head inside the drum, where it became firmly stuck. Blind and helpless, he grew madder and madder, and the madder he got the more he bawled, with variations basso profundo, tenor, and even coloratura. No bull — not even the Bull of Bashan — ever bellowed louder.

It was no use trying to get the oil drum off without aid. It was really stuck over his horns. It finally took two of us half an hour to free Sylvester.

Once freed, he appeared momentarily dazed. Then he gave us both one of the most baleful looks I have ever received from an animal, grumbled once or twice, turned his back, and went into his stall, where he sulked the remainder of the day.

Since then, although I have not relaxed my caution, I feel that I have Sylvester under control. I need only say, "Remember the oil drum!" to cover him with confusion.

One of the most remarkable things about animals is the variety of their personalities and the fantastic tricks which, untaught, they will develop. To the average town dweller and even to some farmers all cows or hogs or horses appear to be alike and indistinguishable in characteristics and behavior, but nothing could be less true. A good stockman must have, it seems to me, three characteristics: (1) He must know and love his animals and divine the fact that they are sick or off their feed and what is the matter with them. (2) He must have a "feeling" for them so strong that he can virtually divine what they are thinking and what they are up to. (3) And in a broad sense he must treat them as companions.

The 4-H Club boy showing his prize steer or lamb or hog in Kansas City or Chicago or Omaha or Cleveland will know what I mean. Many a time I have seen a boy sound asleep in the clean straw of the cattle pen beside the prize steer which he will not leave, and twice at least I have seen tears in the eyes of a farm boy when the moment came to put the steer up for auction. Any good dairyman knows every cow in his herd and knows that each one of them is different in personality from all the others and that the understanding of this fact and treatment based upon it mean money in the milk pail.

The forty-cow dairy at Malabar is located only a hundred feet from the Big House and I spend a good deal of time there, so that I have come to know all the cows pretty well, although nowhere nearly so well as Al and Jim, who milk and care for them. In some remarkable way, beyond my own powers, Al and Jim know by sight all the forty milking cows and the twenty-odd which in rotation are dry and awaiting calves. They know them by name and personality, and when the boys open the door of the loafing shed many of the cows will come forward at the calling of their names.

There is Irene who will take on the milking machine peacefully until she is three-quarters milked and then begin to let fly with rabbit punches which could break your leg. And Essie, a big Holstein, who outdoes even the other Holsteins in her greed and will rattle her stanchion violently until she gets an extra handful of grain. And Mary and Martha and Jean who will follow you about to be petted. Each one is capable of her own set of tricks. Some will not have their heads touched and others will rumble and purr like cats when you scratch their ears. Jean, who clearly has a sense of rhythm, will chew her cud in time to the music from the milk parlor radio, alternating waltz time with rhumbas and fox trots. I think she takes pride in entertaining visitors with her performance, for she gives occasional backward glances (without losing a beat) at a sudden outburst of mirth.

Ellen, my youngest daughter once put it, "The animals on this farm all think they're people."

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As Deputy U.S. Representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, FREDERICK H. OSBORN *has taken part in some of the most difficult deliberations since the war. He is well qualified for his responsibility. Graduating from Princeton in 1910, he entered an active business career which was interrupted by World War I. In 1928 he retired to devote himself to the advancement of the social sciences and became an authority on problems of population. In World War II he served as Chairman of the Civilian Committee on Selective Service, Brigadier General in Charge of Special Services, and Major General in Charge of Information and Education.*

THE SEARCH FOR ATOMIC CONTROL

by FREDERICK H. OSBORN

1

DURING 1947, the twelve delegates to the Atomic Energy Commission were subjected to a harsh process of education. It was an experience in which the satisfaction of warm cooperation among a group of sincere men in achieving a common agreement was offset by a deep sense of frustration. Where unanimous agreement was necessary, the year's work left the delegates of the Soviet Union and of Poland more opposed to the plan of the majority and more bitter in their denunciations than they had been at the start.

On the last day of 1946, a majority of ten of the twelve members of the Commission had submitted a Report to the Security Council which outlined the principles considered necessary for the control of atomic energy, that it might be used for peaceful purposes only. The delegates of the Soviet Union and Poland abstained from voting. But there was hope that the Soviet Union might be brought to understand the sincerity of, and the necessity for, the proposals put forward in the Report.

This hope suffered a heavy shock when, in February and March, Gromyko attacked the Report in a bitter propagandist speech, and submitted on behalf of the Soviet Union a series of amendments and additions which, if accepted, would have repudiated practically all the principles put forward by the majority. Notwithstanding this setback, the Commission proceeded with a twofold task: attempting to reconcile the Soviet views with those of the majority and, at the same time, expanding the general principles of the First Report.

The discussion of the Soviet amendments got us nowhere. The Soviet delegates stuck to their original positions taken a year before. They seemed unwilling or unable to face the facts on the basis of which the solution had to be found. Only with respect to inspection was their position somewhat modified, and this in an interesting way. At the start of the debate the Canadian delegation asked whether by inspection they meant inspection by national personnel reporting to the international agency, or inspection by international inspectors in the employ of the agency. Gromyko replied that the question was irrelevant, unfair, formed to put him in a hole, and that anyway he had already made his position clear.

For three whole sessions the same question was asked by one or another of the delegates orally, and finally in writing, and always elicited the same reply. Three months later, when we had long since passed on to other matters, the Soviet Union proposed "periodic" inspection by international personnel, but gave no details as to rights and limitations on such inspection. It is difficult to negotiate when replies take so long coming from headquarters.

In the elaboration of the First Report, the Soviet delegates were completely negative. The First Report had proposed that the international agency should control all atomic materials and all dangerous atomic activities, and should carry out inspections to prevent clandestine operations. It would conduct research in its own facilities and encourage non-dangerous research everywhere. Its control would go into effect by stages. At the appropriate time there would be a complete prohibition on the national possession, use, or manufacture of atomic weapons. There would be no veto to protect violators. When the agency was fully established, there would no longer be any secrecy concerning any aspect of atomic energy, or any need for secrecy, because all nations would have disposed of their atomic weapons and would be prohibited from making or using them.

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Such an imaginative and extensive plan was felt to be necessary because of the nature of the problem. Atomic energy is derived from any one of three unusual metals, which we call nuclear fuels. Their production requires great plants and expensive materials. These metals have a unique property in common. Under certain conditions they can be made to explode with an unprecedented violence. Under other conditions they can be made to give off heat which may some day be harnessed to produce power. The nation which used these nuclear fuels for atomic power would also have quantities of explosive for atomic weapons.

From the beginning, it was fully realized that the impact of these facts on previously held notions of international relations was tremendous, and that much time and thought would be required for the necessary readjustment of one's thinking. In the intensive study given by the majority of the delegates, the realities and the logic of the situation led them inexorably to the conclusions that were developed in the First and Second Reports. It was hoped by all of us that the Soviet delegates would take up the problem in the same objective way.

The Soviet Union, however, had never seemed willing to face these practical realities. The majority, who wrote and approved the First and Second Reports, saw no acceptable alternative. Nations could not be allowed to own or possess ores, plants for making nuclear fuels, or the fuels themselves, for that would simply encourage and, in a sense, legalize the national rivalries already developing so rapidly in this field. It seemed to the majority that if there were national ownership and operation of plants, any form of international inspection would inevitably break down in the face of the jealousies, suspicions, and rivalries of great national bureaucracies charged with developing atomic power and prodded by the military to be ready for retaliation with bombs.

But the Soviet delegation simply repeated their original position: national ownership of dangerous materials; national ownership, management, and operation of dangerous facilities; no relaxation of the veto on action against offenders. While the Soviet Union abstained on the First Report, it voted no on the Second.

In order to prepare the Second Report, small working groups were set up to write specific proposals covering the functions of the international agency. Delegates from various nations represented on the Commission were appointed group leaders for the several sections. In all this work, the Soviet delegates, when asked to accept membership on one or another of the working groups, refused. They announced at the start that since they did not agree with the principles of the First Report, they would sit in as observers only.

There were some remarkable aspects to their behavior as observers. They objected vigorously to the method of work, although this had been planned in detail at the start by the full membership and was closely adhered to. To the Soviets there was something sinister about the method. When they saw that it was producing results in the form of carefully thought-out proposals, they became much agitated.

As various working papers were completed in first draft and presented to the informal meetings of the committee, Dr. Skobeltzyn, the Russian scientist assigned to the Commission under Gromyko, would ask for the floor. After making sure that a stenographic record of the proceedings was being kept, he would launch into an attack on the honesty, fairness, and legality of the procedure under which the paper had been produced, making little reference to the actual content of the paper, but attacking motives and personalities, usually those of the U. S. delegates. These speeches did not seem to be appropriate to Skobeltzyn, who is a competent scientist.

What was this extraordinary performance about? These records were not made public. They were released only to the delegates for the use of their governments. These speeches went to the Kremlin and apparently constituted the only recorded comments by a Soviet — and therefore a trusted — observer on what went on in the committee. Is this the type of information on which the Kremlin is basing its political decisions?

2

Early in June, Gromyko called a meeting of the Commission so that he might present formal Soviet government proposals. The Soviet delegation were obviously pleased at this opportunity to present proposals of their own. Great emphasis was placed on them as having standing because they were the proposals of a nation, in contrast to the proposals of the majority, which Gromyko claimed had no real status because they were simply the views of individual delegates. Apparently the Soviet delegates are quite unaccustomed to the give-and-take of negotiations.

The Soviet Union proposed as a condition preceding any control system a convention prohibiting the production, possession, and use of atomic weapons. It proposed that nations should continue with the ownership and operation of dangerous activities. Following the prohibition of weapons, an international agency would be established which would make "periodic" inspection, lay down the "rules of exploitation," and make "recommendations to the national governments" and "recommendations to the Security Council," where the rule of unanimity prevails.

To the majority of delegates such a plan seemed naïvely inadequate — worse, indeed, than no plan at all. It would provide, first, for the unilateral

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disarmament of the United States; then for the full dissemination of scientific and engineering knowledge in the field of atomic energy; after that, it would legalize the national production by all nations of nuclear fuels easily transformed into explosives, subject to certain undefined "rules of exploitation," to an undefined system of inspection, and to recommendations by an international agency to the Security Council.

To the majority of delegates, able and sincere men who had spent twelve months wrestling with the problem of effective control, this was a frustrating experience. The proposal was so evidently inadequate that it was difficult to spend time debating it. Gromyko, however, appeared hurt and angry that his government's plan was so badly received. From that time on, his public addresses became increasingly bitter.

Any man who had spent a year debating the control of atomic energy would have known how inadequate the Soviet proposals were. But Gromyko had never debated the content of any plan of control; he had debated only the motives of those who worked out the majority plan. He paid little attention to the brilliant presentations of de Rose and of Parodi, with their clear French logic and intimate knowledge of the subject, or to the able and informed discussions by General McNaughton of Canada, the leading figure on the Commission, or by the Chinese delegate, Dr. Wei, or any of the other delegates. He did listen to the U.S. delegate, apparently in order to make notes for his next denunciation.

I have the impression that Gromyko has studied the Reports of the Commission only in the light of his own preconceptions. Nothing in his speeches indicates any objective appreciation of their content. How can one negotiate under such conditions? What kind of reports does he send back on the activities of the Atomic Energy Commission?

In brief summary, the behavior of the Soviets on the Atomic Energy Commission to date shows these features: —

1. An initial distrust of the proposals of other nations and presentation of the Soviet position in a series of counterproposals.

2. An effort to get concessions from other nations without yielding anything themselves.

3. Reversion to their original position.

These maneuvers were accompanied by bitter denunciation and propaganda, with attempts to sow discord and arouse suspicion, and apparently by a stream of misleading information to their own government.

4. Finally, steady firming of Soviet opposition, as though their own propaganda had a certain self-propagating quality.

This last feature is most disturbing. Yet the Soviet system seems to have this effect. Public statements from the Kremlin set the tone and give the cue to many organizations and publications throughout the world, which, in some form or other, repeat the Kremlin's ideas. These are then reported back as the sentiments of the peoples of the world. These reinforcing echoes of their own voices apparently solidify the original views of the Kremlin.

At the start of our negotiations, either from motives having to do with their internal situation or from suspicion of the motives of others, the Soviet representatives took the position that the majority plan was a hostile gesture. Failing to make an objective study of the elements essential to any real control, and with no informed body of public opinion which would cause them to reconsider their original position, the Kremlin has become increasingly committed to a course which is as dangerous to the Soviet Union as it is to the rest of the world.

Personally, I am forced to recognize that a change in the attitude of the Soviet government towards the control of atomic energy is unlikely unless the Kremlin changes its policy or the iron curtain is raised and there develops in the Soviet Union an informed and effective public opinion capable of bringing about a reappraisal of the Soviet position. All the lessons of history indicate that understanding and change are not the attributes of a ruling group which has successfully isolated itself from the main currents of popular thinking. And never has any government isolated its people more completely from world opinion or shown less respect for that opinion than the Soviet government.

Until this intellectual isolation is ended, there seems little hope for the establishment of that condition of world coöperation essential to the effective control of atomic energy.

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During the one hundred twenty-two sessions of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission it became clear to this foreign observer that the requirements of effective control are a threat to the maintenance of the Soviet regime and that the absence of control is a threat to the American way of life and economic structure as well as to the lives of millions. What is fundamental in this opposition, and how is it to be resolved?

RUSSIA, THE U.S., AND THE ATOM

by A FOREIGN OBSERVER

I

THERE seems to be some inability in the human mind to grasp more than a certain degree of horror: no one, for instance, could believe what took place in the German concentration camps until shown on the newsreel. We pretend we fully understand the world we live in by saying it is almost dead; almost we accept the new achievements of science by granting that they are going to destroy us. Yet those who jump to such a hopeless conclusion should realize that if universal destruction is to be the result of atomic warfare, then war becomes purposeless.

At the present moment atomic weapons confront us with new and unprecedented difficulties in the establishment of peace. The conditions of world security have been so greatly altered by this discovery that the problem raised is much more than one of disarmament: it is the problem, first, of knowing how security can be restored throughout the world; and, second, of finding the very shape of the peace to be established. What is new is that these questions should be raised in connection with one weapon, for so far, armaments have not been the fundamental causes of war. They were merely the means by which political, economic, ideological conflicts were settled.

Since there is no other defense against atomic warfare than dispersion, the absence of international control (which for the sake of this argument is equivalent to ineffective control) will force all to prepare for defensive warfare. According to the estimates given in Senate hearings, the dispersion of United States industries would cost some 300 billion dollars. Aside from money, the cost can be discussed only theoretically, for the opposition of the American people to being "regimented, uprooted, and forcibly moved" would be insurmountable. They would refuse to accept the inevitable loss of freedom that such a plan would bring about as an intolerable encroachment on their sovereignty.

Complete dispersion, cutting to a minimum the losses to be suffered from an atomic attack, would lower America's standard of living and destroy her economic structure. Most of all, it would be a threat to the freedom of her institutions. Limited dispersion would avoid these disastrous consequences, but it would involve the acceptance of considerable loss in human lives and wealth.

It is difficult to discuss this problem without putting the emphasis on the American aspect of the question. European nations emerged from the war in such a state of weakness that, for years to come, their main concern will be to put their economy back on its feet. They cannot even think of taking on the crippling cost of security.

According to the findings of the majority in the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, the dangers to be eliminated, so far as practicable, are those of diversion (that is, of diverting atomic material for war use from a plant ostensibly engaged in a peaceful activity), seizure, and clandestine operations. In its proposals for coping with these dangers, the Commission has adopted much of the U.S. scheme and has elaborated on it greatly. It recommends, first, that the dangers of diversion be obviated by granting to an international agency the exclusive right to keep, handle, process, and use dangerous quantities of uranium and thorium, which would be the property of the agency from the moment they are separated from the ground. Second, to lessen the dangers of seizure, the Commission recommends that all dangerous facilities and stocks be allocated in such a way as to make it impossible for one nation or group of nations to achieve potential military supremacy. Third, it recognizes that the dangers of clandestine activity can be met only if no nation can rightly bar any portion of its territory to the agency inspectorate.

The first two principles amount to depriving na-

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tions of the right to develop atomic energy according either to their resources or to their needs of power, for freedom in that field is actually freedom to prepare the nuclear fuel which is used in atomic armaments. It means that as soon as power reactors are in existence, one branch of power production in every country would have to be subordinated to a world program and operated by the international agency.

The third principle referring to inspection is just as far-reaching. It stems from the fact that if atomic weapons should be manufactured clandestinely by one nation while others have kept their word, there would be no chance for the latter to make up for lost time. The days are gone when one can wait to be attacked before preparing for defense. The only chance to get nations to agree to bind themselves not to manufacture atomic weapons is to give them as sure a guarantee as possible that no one else is likely to break that pledge. Such a guarantee means that any suspicion must be cleared on the spot, and tends to turn the world into a glass house.

As long as a nation believes that it is in danger of being attacked, there is little hope of any relaxation in the measures it takes for its own protection. That fear in the U.S.S.R. is expressed not only in words but in deeds. The new drive for the economic reconstruction and development of the country was put by Marshal Stalin himself under the heading of preparation for defense when he launched the new five-year plan in his February, 1946, speech. No loosening of the secrecy which prevails over Russian economic and military preparations can be expected until the Russians are certain that their security is no longer threatened, for the disclosure of the location of their main industries would greatly increase their vulnerability in the event of a conflict.

2

There is something even more fundamental than this problem of Soviet security, which really parallels the problem confronting the United States. Some observers of Russian affairs point out that the whole conception of the control of atomic energy as it has now been evolved by the majority of the Commission is in complete violation of Russia's traditional attitude towards the outside world, and they wonder whether such a highly centralized state (where everything moves according to orders issued from the infallible central organ of the Party) could tolerate freedom of ingress, egress, and movement of foreign inspectors whose duty it would be to be constantly on the watch for any breach of faith by the government.

Could a branch of Soviet economy from mining to power production be set up under a plan that would not be primarily Russian and could the management of those plants be assumed not by Soviet citizens but by foreigners responsible to an international organization? When the Soviet representative in the United Nations Commission has opposed these measures he has done so by invoking the principle of sovereignty.

If it is true that what is actually at stake is the very structure of the Soviet government, it is easier to understand that government's attitude. And there are some arguments to back up that opinion. It has been pointed out that the very policy of developing industries on a program of national defense is not compatible with any substantial improvement of the people's standard of living. Part of the success of such a plan is that the people believe that they are actually threatened and that their condition, poor as it is, is still a better one than that prevailing in the capitalist countries. The Soviet might well fear that those international agents working on their territory would bring along with them the information and evidence which the official propaganda has always shielded away about those countries where men are free and control their own governments.

In his study of "The Sources of Soviet Conduct" Mr. X analyzes the permanent reasons which have led the Soviet government to maintain the dictatorship character of its regime although all internal opposition has been blotted out. And he points out that "the rulers can no longer dream of parting with these organs of suppression."

If those assumptions are correct, it means that a plan to control atomic energy to the degree necessary to ensure security to other participating nations places before the Soviet government the greatest challenge that its regime has met in peacetime. Whether or not the Soviet leaders genuinely consider the United States plan simply a part of a political plot against the communist state, the implication of what the Commission considers a necessary set of safeguards is not likely to alleviate their distrust of the Western world.

The foregoing reasoning may appear much too logical to embrace political reality, which is often irrational and rebels at being shut in a dilemma. Yet to rely on the irrational in order to avoid thinking ahead on a problem, because logic throws on it an unpleasant light, is not always a successful way out. With every allowance made for the circumstances that might alter the situation for the better, the picture at the time of this writing looks as follows: the requirements of effective control are a threat to the maintenance of the Soviet regime; the absence of control is a threat to the American way of life and economic structure, as well as to the lives of millions.

Atomic energy brings to a climax the challenge that has confronted men since the Industrial Revolution began. Broadly speaking, this challenge has received two main answers: capitalism and com-

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munism. Whether it was inevitable that those two formulas had to be evolved in the two most powerful nations in the world or whether it was just a piece of ill luck, the fact remains that atomic energy, the latest development of the Industrial Revolution, places before the United States and the Soviet Union a security problem in which their interests are no less opposed than are their economic and social conceptions. It forces us all to meet squarely the issue that has been dodged for more than a century, and to find an answer to the problem not only in the economic and social fields but in that of international politics.

3

However desirable a prompt solution appears, it seems unlikely that one can be attained in the immediate future, for certain conditions have to be fulfilled first. The United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, which in its Second Report has said that there will be limitations on the extent to which proposals can be worked out in detail on the other topics which have still to be studied, will be confronted with quite a different set of difficulties from the one it has so far met if and when it tackles the political questions involved in a plan of control.

So far the majority of the Commission has worked on the assumption that technical matters owe no allegiance to international or national politics and that what the world wants to know is to what requirements it must adapt itself to be protected against the misuse of atomic energy. The Soviet Union has opposed that stand and holds that it is atomic energy which has to fit into the present pattern of international relations.

But there is on the agenda of the commission a set of questions which are primarily political and which can probably be solved only in conjunction with other problems of peacemaking. This applies to the geographical location of dangerous facilities, stockpiling, and the transition from the present situation to a system of international control. At that stage of its work the Commission will find itself in the same difficulties as the other organs of the United Nations which deal with the political questions that have so far stalled the work at Lake Success as well as in the Conferences of the Foreign Ministers. It is to be expected, therefore, that a complete settlement on atomic energy can take place only when the ground is laid for building a real peace.

The work of the United Nations Commission so far has been extremely valuable in helping governments and the public to understand what scientists have known for several years: that atomic energy makes obsolete the centuries-old recipe for establishing peace in the world — namely, the maintenance of a balance of power. It is true that, even without atomic weapons, a balance would probably be impossible to strike because there are only two super powers instead of four or five whose interplay could maintain the equilibrium of the system. It is equally true that balance of power has not wholly succeeded in keeping the peace. Efforts to establish some other basis are recorded in the Covenant of the League and in the Charter of the United Nations.

But it is even more true that if it had not been for atomic weapons the world would probably have found peace, if only through the exhaustion of Europe and the mutual invulnerability of the non-European powers. Nuclear fission has shortened the time left to find a settlement. A century hence the world may be as different from what it is now, as it is now from what it was a century ago. But atomic fission will still be there. It will have forced man to make a supreme effort to run the world in a sensible way so that people can live entirely free of fear. We must realize, when we think of war and peace today, that we have to start almost from scratch. There is no return ticket from the atomic age.

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The most eminent philosopher in the English-speaking world, GEORGE SANTAYANA, *now in his eighty-fifth year, is living in Rome and writing with vigor and sapience. This is the second of his three new Dialogues, which it is the* Atlantic's *privilege to publish in successive issues this spring. Each contains passages characteristic of Santayana at his best; each reflects his sense of detachment from his own time, or any particular time, and his critical and contemplative devotion to truth as he sees it, regardless of age, war, or climate.*

THE HIDDEN SOUL

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

I

SOCRATES. — Tell me, Alcibiades, in your best days were you ever possessed of all the faculties that you required or might have united to advantage?

ALCIBIADES. — No: I have always wished to swim and to sing, thinking I could have done so as well as anybody; but somehow fate never allowed me to become proficient in those arts.

SOCRATES. — Swimming and singing are trifles. If you had always been able to think and to speak the truth, that would have been an accomplishment worth having. But were you even in those best days at any moment without some blemish of soul or body, some weariness or surfeit, some ugly secret, or some superstitious fear?

ALCIBIADES. — A man is not a god, Socrates, to be always open and bold and at one with himself. While I lived in my own house and city I was like other young bloods, restless and oppressed, with the best in me unrecognized; and when I escaped and went to live among strangers my mastery over things seemed lost, and in all affairs of importance I was only a bystander and an inferior.

SOCRATES. — Even at your best moments, then, you needed some Socrates to distinguish what you might and should have been from what you were.

ALCIBIADES. — Perhaps.

SOCRATES. — If your friends had seen in you merely the defects and the excrescences — that you did not swim or sing or discern truth, and that you were a bit garrulous and a bit rash — do you think they would have been as much enraptured and benefited in your society as they said they were?

ALCIBIADES. — They did not notice those imperfections, for I was better than the other young men in Athens and better than any god ever dreamt of among the barbarians.

SOCRATES. — Quite so; your friends then were doing in their way what I was telling you the other day that I did in mine: they were seeing in Alcibiades an image of their own composition, one whom the same deity that created Alcibiades, or a much greater and subtler deity, had created in their minds. And this revelation they justly called, so long as they were in love and divinely inspired, the true Alcibiades, never stopping to dwell too curiously on the warts and pimples of its fleshly image. For while they perhaps attempted, in their innocent illusion, to embrace your body, what really charmed them was your still half-disembodied soul, as their warm imagination had conceived it; for they were like worshipers laying their offerings before the statues of the gods, but addressing, praising, and thanking the gods the while, and not the statues.

ALCIBIADES. — After all, Socrates, I believe you are right. When I hear you talk, though you abuse me as no man else ever dared, I feel that there is something better in me than I had supposed, and that you see it.

SOCRATES. — Is not that your true soul, Alcibiades? Is not that the ideal which you are ashamed I should compare with the exhibition of yourself that you may be making at some unhappy moment? Now you have no reason any longer for that shame. The gods that admit spirits to these regions strip them of all false trappings and restore to them all their natural gifts. Sometimes, when the trappings are off, nothing whatever appears under them, for in some people the circumstances of life have created everything and suppressed nothing; and since the souls they were imagined to have did not exist, and they were only wickerwork dummies dressed in the borrowed finery of their day, and hollow echoes of other men's words, they at once dissolve into the elements out of which they were patched together, and nothing of them remains to enter these shades. But you have been stripped and have remained standing, far fairer than you had become in the dust and clotted blood and rags of your adventures.

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ALCIBIADES. — What? Do you think that I am better-looking now?

SOCRATES. — Not better-looking in the eyes of ordinary sculptors or flute girls or crowds at the Olympian games, but more pleasing by far to my mind. For now you are ashamed of yourself, you hide, and you fear to give me pain. And although you cannot unmake or remake the past, you can judge it justly; and the light of your self-knowledge and humility gilds your image more becomingly than ever did the bloom of youth or flush of victory, when the agora cheered your fashionable opinions. Nor will this new unpretending and honest grace of yours ever desert you as did your earthly advantages, now that the gods have admitted you to share their eternity, not as Homer would describe such admission but as their divine essence implies. Therefore you have no occasion any longer to fear any contrast between what I find in you and what I love. And for me, too, there is no indignity now, as there was in your youth, in confessing publicly that I love you; for then it was inevitable that you and the other boys should mock and deride such a weakness, as you thought it, in an old man; nor could I, in such circumstances, be quite happy in my love. You misunderstood it when you rejected it, and you misunderstood it even more completely when you accepted it; for you thought to make a boast of it, to catch and enslave me. And you inevitably failed in that; for I was not so simple as to think you pure, or so vile as to wish to corrupt you, but loved you knowing you corrupt and wishing to save you.

I too seemed to fail; for you fled in your folly to the barbarians and appeared to outrage every virtue you had possessed; but it was only in desperation and in the love of freedom. For there was a seed of divine freedom within you, which the rare splendor and elegance of your guardian Pericles and of his Athens had smothered in vanity, but which the same god that inspired me to love you, himself loved and meant to foster and save. Your contamination with the barbarians had not killed that seed; and that guardian god, who I think must have been Hermes, rescued it and transplanted it here, being the impartial gardener of all scattered and exotic souls. — But there I spy the Stranger approaching without seeing us — for living eyes can see but a short distance — and I will leave you to carry on this subject with him, if you like, for he too is a friend of yours and curious, like me, about the multiple self-salvation of souls.

(*Exit* SOCRATES. *Enter* THE STRANGER.)

2

ALCIBIADES. — Socrates and I were just now talking of you, or rather of a subject which to me seems rather chimerical: namely, the preciousness of my own soul. He says you might tell me all about it, having studied psychology among the sophists of your absurd world — as if what they concoct could reveal anything about us. But you have heard him talk, and you understand his artifice in imagining a hidden soul beneath every young simpleton that he comes across and then scolding us all for falling short of the impossible beings that his daemon assures him we really are.

THE STRANGER. — Are you convinced that what he reads into you and thinks he admires is what actually charms him? If he loved the pure image of Greek perfection, why not find it in Hippolytus or Leonidas or Epaminondas or Dion? It is the looseness of your petals, my friend, that inebriates him; and the reason, if I may assign one, is that his own Hellenism is overblown and, frankly, gone to seed.

ALCIBIADES. — How so?

THE STRANGER. — I suspect, for instance, that what you did to the Hermae secretly delighted him.

ALCIBIADES. — What an extraordinary notion! He, so pious a man!

THE STRANGER. — I mean it seriously. That which was ribaldry and sacrilege in you fell in with the beginnings of iconoclasm and prudery in him; he thinks even old thrice-chastened Homer immoral; and knavery and vice, if only they confess that they are such, are more interesting to him and more congenial than an unconcerned and fearless liberty. He combines the illusions of a paederast with the self-immolating zeal of a missionary; and he loves you for being handsome and for needing so very obviously to be saved.

ALCIBIADES. — Overwrought fancies of yours.

THE STRANGER. — Could you have committed any crime that would have alienated him from you? And might not certain virtues have done so?

ALCIBIADES. — What virtues?

THE STRANGER. — All such as are impulsive or sacrificial, not reflective or useful: for example, freedom from moral superstition, which freedom is really necessary to discern justice and rational conduct. Or again, insight into the futility of dialectic, if you are looking for the truth, which can be gathered only from contact with facts.

ALCIBIADES. — His theory is that vice is ignorance of our own true nature and its true good; and I confess that stubbornness in not admitting that doctrine is the only crime he will never forgive. But that is the case with all philosophers, and I almost think that you are one of them. However, Socrates is not a prig, as most of them are, and for a Greek who has not traveled he is wonderfully free from prejudice. True, he is a strange monster himself, and that may render him more discreet. Yet monstrosity too has something divine in it.

Pan, though a god, has a round belly and a goat's legs and beard; Cassandra and Ajax and Orestes, who were heroes, were mad, and the madness in them was their diviner part; and it was a sacrilege in Pentheus to refuse homage to Bacchus, who was

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inciting disorders in the state, and in Hippolytus to refuse homage to Venus, who had inspired an incestuous passion in his stepmother, Phaedra, which would cause his own innocent death. Why should we, then, refuse to pay homage sometimes to the gods of the barbarians, who never prompted things worse than do our own gods? Have not all the Greeks, since our day, actually come to worship other gods, when their beautiful gods forsook them?

THE STRANGER. — Yes, long ago; only that on being received among the Greeks the new gods, too, became beautiful. Your heart, Alcibiades, is not shut against aliens, as I find to my own advantage. You are aware that different nations and ages breed different virtues and different types of beauty. It is for that reason that both the wisdom of Socrates and your independence are ideally justified in their way. The blemishes that Socrates affects to find in you, and you in Socrates, are not dramatically such, but elements, I am convinced, of what each of you secretly admires in the other.

In early laborious ages heroes are like Theseus, guilty of many rude excesses, proper to robber chieftains fresh from the forests yet with the dawn of order in their souls. In later times, when the civilization that those heroes established has begun to dissolve, heroes are like Socrates and you, in whose souls is breaking the dawn of romantic liberty or of spiritual *metanoia*. You are twilight natures. In you the enlightenment and graces of a mature culture are touched with a premonition of darkness and failure. At that conjunction arise your new virtues, humility, self-knowledge, and a radical contempt of the world, half despair and half mystic aspiration. To typify that transition it is natural that you, Alcibiades, should be brilliant and dissolute, and that Socrates should be ugly, sophistical, and apostolic. Virtue is hatched in many different nests: one is the beauty of the peacock, gorgeous and screeching, and another the magic of the nightingale, melodious and dark.

ALCIBIADES. — I knew that I really agreed with you and not with Socrates. The poetry of the barbarians, when once we are accustomed to it, is very beautiful; I have seen an ugly face grow beautiful in death; and outshining all marbles, I think a jeweled scimitar that a Persian once gave me quite the most beautiful thing in the world.

THE STRANGER. — The handle and the scabbard, I suppose, were exquisitely inlaid and designed?

ALCIBIADES. — Yes; but the curved and murderous blade was more beautiful still.

THE STRANGER. — Let us not argue any longer, Alcibiades. We understand each other.

3

ALCIBIADES. — What I do not understand is how Socrates can be so deeply in the wrong and yet compel us to confess that he is in the right.

THE STRANGER. — I should not say that he was in the wrong in his own art, of which he is a master; and perhaps he could never practice it so wholeheartedly, if he were not deceived in other matters. If we were pure spirits, beauty for us would be the tight well-knit harmony that Socrates says it is; but beauty in fact, even for him, in this loose, spontaneous, and variable world, is not that, because we are loose, spontaneous, and variable ourselves.

Suppose that instead of being the son of Clinias you had found yourself born the son of Xerxes or of Darius, would not all your natural gifts and virtues have taken a different color? You would not have attempted to look so much like a naked Apollo, but you might have acquired more of the magic beauty of that Persian scimitar of yours, in which subtle art and fatal power combine, as you and I might well feel, to form a more piercing and mysterious loveliness. Had you been a Persian prince, and heir to the Great King, your pose of being the first would have been legitimate, your coolness not arrogance but dignity, and your licentiousness a poetical freedom of soul. You might have been the perfection of an Oriental monarch, instead of failing rather sadly in being the imitation of a Greek god. Socrates would have thought you much less beautiful, but to an open mind would you not have seemed much more so? And morality and moral beauty have an even greater range than that.

Suppose you had been born in the modern world and in my Western parts of it, you might have aspired to nothing save to be a useful honest plebeian, doing your appointed work loyally and contentedly in the cycle of generation: a son, a soldier, a citizen, the faithful husband of one beloved wife, a father and in your brief turn perhaps a magistrate. In every phase you might have seen yourself as a happy link between two other similar links, supported and supporting, blest and beneficent. No one might have loved you poetically or philosophically, but you might have been the center of much simple affection and loyalty, so that even after your death pleasant traces of your passage might remain for some years in the world. Such is the beauty and sweetness of life as modern people understand it, whose religion comes from the Hebrews. They whirl dutifully round and round the vortex of existence, as Socrates does round the vortex of dialectic, both persistently and, as I think, both vainly.

Greeks in the tradition of Homer, Sophocles, and Pindar had another morality. They were not willing to be servants and to work for wages in the household of God. They insisted, as you and I insist, on being their own masters, free and having their justification in themselves. But they soon abandoned that effort, and became truants in the world rather than masters; butterflies fluttering because of an impulse to flutter. They preferred pleasure to riches, and knowledge to strength. In a

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word, they coveted the beautiful, and *there* is the end. When we have touched the beautiful, what can we stretch our hands to beyond? Beautiful unhappy mortals, having touched the end, they were obliged to move on notwithstanding. They could not stop at youth, like their gods; they could not arrest the perfection of their beauty. They were forced to descend sadly to worse things, to pomp, to voluptuousness, to cruelty, to sophistry, to superstition. They had simply to disappear, and yield to us Christians and moderns. How much better for them, if existence be the only goal of existence, not to have been or to have wished to be beautiful! They might then have continued to flow without repining round and round the vortex of natural life, blindly and perpetually, like the animals and like the stars.

ALCIBIADES. — Repeat all that to Socrates, if you wish to get a sound beating. I have a weakness for the barbarians myself, and in a manner what you say sounds to me barbarous and true. Men are creatures of circumstance, and must put up, like pigs and vermin, with the life that falls to their lot, even if it be ignoble. So now I willingly put up with the twilight here, although on earth I never flinched from the fiercest glory of the day. But when Socrates upbraids me, as he never stops doing, I cannot find words in which to defend myself. Nor will you be able to do so, unless you prove a better sophist than all the rest of them.

THE STRANGER. — I should never attempt to defend myself *against* Socrates. We are not talking of the same things. Rational beauty he describes perfectly, only he overlooks and even denies this little fact: that it is not reason that rules the world. What ought to be, according to human reason, never will be according to the course of nature. Nonetheless, to see and proclaim what ought to be according to human reason is of the greatest importance, not because we can make it happen except in trifles and ironically, but because thereby we uncover the heart and the mind of man, and enable him to live knowingly and undeceived. The gods made us, but Socrates reveals to us what the gods have made. That is why I say that he has taught us a more precious lesson than Prometheus, or any other material benefactor of mankind. He has taught us to distinguish arts that are truly profitable from those that are at once irksome and vain.

ALCIBIADES. — Why then was he unfortunate in being right, as I was unfortunate in being handsome?

THE STRANGER. — Because all true goods are not compatible in human life. Good fortune lies in having the gifts and virtues appropriate to your time and country, so that you need not pine for those that then and there are out of season. Both you and Socrates, it seems to me, though apparently very much in the fashion of your day, were at heart strangers in it, as I have been in mine: not spring flowers or summer fruits, but only autumn leaves. No chance for you to play the hero like Achilles or Theseus; no chance for Socrates to restore the virtues proper to an archaic city. Yet you each had an autumnal beauty or wisdom of your own. Autumn has its splendors, rich and deeply saturated with the variegated tints of life, as pure green budding virtue can never be. You are like the mellow damasks and tapestries and stained glass or like the poetic towers, all filigree in stone, of our own great days of religion and chivalry; for Christendom was never sane or young, but its particolored soul lived through an artificial drama of alternating sinful passions and rhetorical repentance: three days of Carnival to forty days of Lent. Yet here in this Limbo nothing is out of date. All beauties and all virtues are native here and coeval; and the liberated spirit can survey with almost equal interest the world that banished it from its chosen good, and that good in its own divine eternity.

ALCIBIADES. — I suspect you are inspired a second time, because to me what you say is not intelligible. But pray do not attempt to explain it. My experience teaches me that when an idea is obscure it turns out not to be worth disentangling. Socrates may be right in some sense which you think important. I think him sophistical in a very palpable way. Nonetheless I call him fortunate and not unfortunate as you do, apparently only because he did not anticipate your exact system of philosophy. To me he seems of all men the most admirable and most worthy of respect. The sophistical things he says and perhaps believes are only skin-deep, a cuticle of satirical humor to cover a goodness too tender and intimate to be laid bare to the rude touch of the world. It is an enviable thing to be a man like that; and his errors and failures are not due to defects in him, but to an evil fatality in things and, as they say, to the envy of the gods.

As to beauty, it is also worth having, whatever evils it may forebode. Beauty was the cause of Helen being carried away to Troy, which the narrow-minded Greeks called a barbarous city, though Helen found it, I dare say, far pleasanter than Sparta; and beauty was the cause of Ganymede being carried up into Olympus, which we may presume to be an even better place. I too was carried away, partly by beauty, partly by knavery, to my Troy and to this, my rather washed-out Olympus; and what I have done I have done, and I do not regret it. Often what is called degradation is the most honest and satisfying part of life. I prostituted my Hellenism to the brutal embraces of the world, which was and always will be prevailingly barbarous. Those lawless loves of ours were perturbed, but not, I suspect, unfruitful. Is not your own soul, Stranger, perhaps their child?

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An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

For decades children have been collecting cards — cards with the college seals, cards with baseball players and pugilists, or just ordinary playing cards. It is one of their forms of wealth, and what happens when these cards fall into the hands of a young monopolist is told in this story by DANIEL CURLEY, *who has worked as a welder in the Fore River and New Orleans shipyards and who is now teaching English at Syracuse University.*

A DEAL IN CARDS

by DANIEL CURLEY

THE first day John brought out the Man on Horseback, Mr. Roberts thought nothing of it. None of the other children that he drove to school every morning seemed to think anything of it. John himself didn't appear to have anything particular in mind. Mr. Roberts remembered the beginning because it was his first knowledge that old playing cards had trade value.

That morning he picked Elly up first as usual. She walked toward the car with all the prissy dignity of a four-year-old woman. She slid on a little patch of ice and then went back to slide again before resuming her progress to the car. As she came closer, Mr. Roberts saw that she was eating something — not, he hoped, peanut butter and toast, for he had been too rushed even for coffee before he left home. She stood by the open door. Mr. Roberts gagged — peanut butter.

Elly said something that contained the words "Mr. Roberts," and Mr. Roberts decided to assume she had said good morning.

"Good morning, Elly," he said. "How are you today?"

Elly ignored that sally and started winding the clock with a pair of pliers she had found in the glove compartment along with road maps, windshield scraper, repair links, whisk broom, Band-Aids, tissues, and, strangely enough, a pair of gloves. Mr. Roberts cleared his throat forcefully. Elly turned her soft velvet eyes full on him and tried the push-button tuning device on the radio, which fortunately didn't work and only went click, click, while a little muscle in Mr. Roberts's jaw went tic, tic.

Elly said, "Do we get Sophie next?"

"We always get Florence next," Mr. Roberts said. "Here we are at Florence's house." He honked his horn and Florence came running down the walk with her arms full of books. As soon as he saw her he felt relieved. Things were generally better with Florence in the car, at times almost on an adult level of irrationality, but not quite, for at twelve — or was it thirteen? — Florence herself was not quite.

"Good morning, Mr. Roberts," Florence said. "How are you today?"

"Fine," Mr. Roberts said.

Florence popped her bubble gum reflectively. "I don't suppose that horrid John is sick today, is he, Mr. Roberts?" she said.

"Not that I know of," Mr. Roberts said.

"He's awful," Florence said. "All he wants to do is pinch girls and kiss them. It would be a good thing if they didn't even let boys go to our school up to the sixth grade."

"Is John in the sixth grade?" Mr. Roberts said.

"Only the fourth," Florence said. "Two more years, worse luck." She laughed her strange cackling laugh that went with neither Florence the child nor Florence the young lady. "That crumb. I don't see what Sophie sees in him. She even sits next to him in school. Not that I'm in their grade but sometimes I go past the door."

"I'll bring a saw and saw his head off," Elly shrieked.

"Why, Elly," Florence said.

Mr. Roberts stopped in front of John's house. "It's about time," John said. He had been standing on the curb.

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Mr. Roberts was tempted to put his authority in jeopardy, a thing he never did, but Florence said, "Sit down and shut up." In the mirror he saw John sit down and nonchalantly blow a big bubble. Almost at once, however, John bounded out of his seat and leaned over Florence's shoulder. "Got your cards?" he said. "I got some that might be giveaways."

"Let me see," Florence said.

"Let me see yours," John said.

To Mr. Roberts's amazement Florence took from her pocket a bundle of playing cards about the thickness of two decks. "I don't carry my best ones with me," she said, "but if you promise to bring your best ones tomorrow, I'll bring mine."

"You better," John said, running through the cards, looking only at the backs but nevertheless coming to some mysterious conclusion. "These are mostly just giveaways." It was only when they stopped for Sophie that Mr. Roberts was able to see that every card was from a different deck.

"There may be a couple of giveaways there but the most of them are good trading cards," Florence said.

"Do you have any giveaways for me?" Sophie said. She took out a small bundle before she was well seated.

"Sit down here and we'll see what I've got for my old girl friend," John said. He patted the seat beside him. Sophie sat down primly. He threw himself on her hugging her fiercely.

Mr. Roberts couldn't believe his mirror. He turned around. "John," Florence shrieked, "you filthy boy." John sat back and snapped the rubber band off his pack of cards. Sophie smoothed her skirt with great deliberation. Her face in the mirror showed nothing. Certainly, thank God, not hysterics, Mr. Roberts thought.

"Where are your giveaways?" Florence said.

"Giveaways," Elly shrieked and fell over the back of the front seat onto the floor. She began to cry without great conviction.

"Be quiet," Florence said. "You aren't hurt."

"Here's a giveaway for you," John said.

She stopped crying at once and looked at the card. "Man on Horseback," she said. That was the way the trading cards were customarily designated, Mr. Roberts discovered: you traded a Windmill for a Sailboat, a Rosebush for a Horseshoe, an Airplane for a Puppy.

"That old Man on Horseback isn't very nice," Florence said, "but I'll trade her for it and throw in a giveaway."

Elly finally traded for a rather horrible Basket of Flowers and took as her giveaway an Old Darkie Playing a Banjo. She gave up the Man on Horseback and immediately began to cry to have it back.

"A trade is a trade," Florence said and shoved the card with finality into her pack, snapping the band for emphasis.

"It's good for her to learn," John said. "She doesn't have good opinions about cards, but after she trades for a couple of years, she'll begin to have good opinions." Elly went on crying. "Here," John said, "here's another Man on Horseback, crybaby." He took another card from his pocket and gave it to Elly.

Florence reddened. "You, John, I gave two cards for your old giveaway. Why didn't you say you had another one?"

"A trade is a trade," John said. Florence looked sullen and withdrew into her corner.

Sophie looked sideways at Florence and said, "Elly, let me see your old Man on Horseback." Elly held out the card, gripping it tightly. "Oh, come on," Sophie said, "I won't hurt it."

Sophie looked at the card carefully. "I'll trade you a Factory for it," she said.

"And a giveaway?" Elly said.

"No, indeed, you can't expect to get as much now that there are two of them."

"Factory," Elly said. She took the Factory and gave up the Man on Horseback. Immediately, however, she began to cry to have it back.

"All right," John shouted, "here's the last one." He gave Elly still another Man on Horseback. Florence and Sophie glowered at him. Elly fanned her four cards in front of Mr. Roberts, who fortunately had just stopped in front of the school.

Nothing much happened that afternoon on the way home from school. For some reason John sat on the front seat with Elly and Mr. Roberts, and paid no attention to Florence and Sophie, who were trading eagerly in the back seat. He asked Elly to show him her cards, and Elly, ecstatic at receiving attention from such a big boy, passed him her small pack and sat watching him, her mouth open and her whole body intent and quiet as Mr. Roberts had never before seen it.

John looked carefully at the cards and put aside the Man on Horseback for another look. "You know," he said, "I think maybe I made a mistake giving up this card. I tell you what. If I bring you two good cards tomorrow will you let me have it back?"

"Okay," Elly said, holding out her card.

"Not now, tomorrow," John said. He got up to open the door, for the car had stopped in front of his house.

"Remember to bring your good cards tomorrow," Florence said.

Barter, trade, values, Mr. Roberts thought, smiling inwardly at the childish simplicity and trust, a very school in life.

2

The next morning John got in back and leaned over the seat to talk to Elly. They quickly effected the prearranged trade of the Man on Horseback. Then

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John said, "If you promise something, I'll give you another one."

"Promise," Elly said.

"If anyone asks you about the Man on Horseback, say you lost it."

"Lost it," Elly said.

John gave her an Old Clown with torn corners, and she laughed and sat down to talk to the clown.

"What were you doing with Elly?" Florence said as John sat down beside her. She barely looked up from sorting her cards.

"Giving her a couple of old giveaways."

The duplicity that had begun to creep into the trading made Mr. Roberts more than usually watchful; otherwise he might have missed the unfolding of the coup which began so innocuously.

"Let me see your good cards," John said.

"Now these," Florence said, "are my very best cards. I wouldn't trade them for anything. They're Rembrandts and stuff."

"Nuts," John said, "let's see some of the cards you will trade." He shuffled through her pack, occasionally stopping to inspect a card and very occasionally laying aside a card for further consideration. When he came to the Man on Horseback, he stopped. "My old Man on Horseback. I might like that back," he said. When he was through he had narrowed his choice down to a towering craggy Castle, a Kitten in Bed, and the Man on Horseback. "Yes," he said, "I think I would like that back."

Florence began to go through his pack. For the Castle, she selected a Cottage with Rose Garden. For the Kitten in Bed, a Waterfall. "I think," she said, "that because you cheated me yesterday I'm going to charge you two for the Man on Horseback."

Mr. Roberts smiled, thinking that whatever John had had in mind he had met his match in Florence. The car stopped in front of Sophie's house, and Sophie came running down the walk.

"Okay," John said. "Pick two but don't tell Sophie."

"And why not?" Florence said.

"Remember she got stung too." He winked at Florence. She winked back. She took an Automobile and a Telephone for the Man on Horseback.

"Let's trade," Sophie said as she bounced into the seat.

For the remainder of the trip there was much talk but little trading and, Mr. Roberts thought, a noticeable constraint when Sophie tried to trade her Man on Horseback.

On the way home there were only John and Sophie. Elly's mother called at the school for her, and Florence went for her music lesson. Mr. Roberts was amazed when John, despite his deal with Florence, appeared interested in Sophie's Man on Horseback.

"You got a swindle on that old Man on Horseback," John said, "but I'll take it off your hands." Sophie gave it to him and took a prize B-29. "I'll even give you some other good trades if you want."

"No, you'll trick me again," Sophie said.

"Listen, would I tell you I swindled you if I was going to swindle you again?"

"I guess not."

(It sounded reasonable to Mr. Roberts as well.)

"Here's what to do," John said. "I made a mistake when I gave away those cards. They're really worth a lot."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Sophie said.

"And have you rob me? Nix. But Florence is mad with me and won't trade for anything. If you can get her card away from her, I'll give you five for it."

"Five good cards?"

"Five of my best cards. You should be able to get it for two at the most. But don't tell her it's for me, or she'll never trade."

"Okay. You promise five."

"Five good ones and the same deal if you get Elly's. But I think Florence has got it already. Now what do you say, babe?" He threw his arms around her. She sat with her hands in her lap and looked straight ahead. John sat back and popped his bubble gum. Mr. Roberts clung to the wheel.

3

The next morning the action moved rapidly toward its conclusion. John got in and sat in the back seat with Florence. "You know," he said, "something funny is going on. Sophie has been trying to collect those Man on Horsebacks that I had. She's been offering three and four for them. But I think I know what it is. She found out that the Polack kids on the back of her block will go as high as ten for one Man on Horseback."

"I shouldn't have let you get back that one I had," Florence said.

"Maybe we can find some way of getting around her," John said. "She hasn't been very nice to me and I'd like to fix her good. I think she's got Elly's card already."

"May we see your Man on Horseback, Elly?" Florence said sweetly, holding out her hand.

"Lost it," Elly said.

John and Florence exchanged significant glances in the manner of melodrama conspirators. "I'll get in front with Elly," John said, "and you see what you can find out from Sophie."

"Okay," Florence said.

When Sophie got in, Florence said, "Let me look at your cards, Sophie. I feel like trading." Sophie passed over the cards and Florence shuffled through them, remembering from time to time to stop and appear to consider cards for trading. With great casualness she said, "Where is your old Man on Horseback? I lost mine, and I'd rather like a new one."

"I lost mine too," Sophie said.

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"Well," Florence said, "if you happen to find it I might give you a couple for it."

"I might give you three for yours if you find it," Sophie said. "It's not very good but I kinda like it."

Mr. Roberts followed the cautious bidding avidly. At all events John stood to make a clear profit of twelve cards on his three. Elly said, "Get in back." And because Mr. Roberts was woolgathering and not quick to distract her, she promptly began to howl. He stopped the car and let her change seats.

Sophie said, "I'll get in front and trade with John."

She got in and crouched down as if to hide from Florence. "Florence really wants those cards," she said in a whisper.

John said, leaning his head close to hers, "I think she's found some kids who'll go as high as ten for those cards. If I knew who they were I'd trade myself. But I don't know."

"Why don't you trade her the cards for eight or nine?" Sophie said.

"I hate her too much to have anything to do with her," John said. "She's too bossy. But I'll trade you the cards and let you trade her."

"Okay," Sophie said. "How much?"

"I'll want five for each card," John said.

"Wow."

"But look here. You'll be making three or four on each card if you trade at eight or nine."

"Okay," Sophie said.

John took from his pocket the three Man on Horsebacks that Mr. Roberts knew he had. He gave them to Sophie. Mr. Roberts's eyes bugged out as he saw her laying it on the line: six Mills, three Towns, two Rivers, one New York Skyline, one Oil Derrick, one U.S. President, one Great Author.

"Back, back, no trade-backs," John shouted. "Just in case you might want to back out of the deal. Anyway we're at school now; so wait and get her this afternoon."

That afternoon Mr. Roberts got to the school early in his anxiety to see the pay-off, but he was not prepared for what happened. John, Florence, and Elly came out and said that Sophie was rehearsing a pageant but would be out very soon. "Did you see how much Sophie wanted those old cards?" John said to Florence while Mr. Roberts stood by the car window looking in. There was no doubt that Florence did see and regretted the loss of a chance to make Sophie pay the limit.

"Well, look, I've got all three of them here." Mr. Roberts stared at the cards John spread out. "I tricked her to get them out of her, and I'd like to trick her again. I'm mad at her."

"Give them to me and I'll get her good," Florence said, holding out her hand.

"No," John said, "I wouldn't feel I was really getting at her unless I made a good profit on the deal. I don't want the whole eight or nine, but I do want something good."

"I'll give you five for each card," Florence said. "Is that enough?"

"Well, I guess so," John said.

And Mr. Roberts watched Florence pay off: six Rembrandts, two Raphaels, two Botticellis, one Michelangelo, one Hals, one Breughel, one King of England in full court dress with jewels, one illuminated Bible.

"Back, back, no trade-backs," John chanted, closing the deal. "Now I'll get in back and let you go to work on Sophie when she comes out." He got in back and it seemed to Mr. Roberts that his pockets bulged with his twenty-four-card profit.

Sophie came out and Mr. Roberts started for home expecting the inevitable. The trading opened light on the back seat with the Man on Horseback not even mentioned. John in front was studying Elly's cards. "I'll tell you what, Elly," he said. "Florence and Sophie will give ten cards for every one of the Man on Horseback. I've got three here and I'll only take six cards for them. You've only got six cards; so I'm letting you off light." But Elly could see no sense in giving more than she got. And there it stood when Sophie and Florence confronted each other with their Man on Horsebacks.

"You, John, you cheat, give me back my cards," Florence screamed.

"I said back, back, no trade-backs," John said in the peculiarly confident manner of a man who knows the law.

Sophie began to cry.

"You're nothing but a — a cheat," Florence said.

"I'm rubber, you're glue, everything you say sticks right back to you," John said calmly, complete master with all the answers. "Who'd like some giveaways?" He took from his pocket the remainder of the deck of the Man on Horseback.

"Giveaways," Florence sputtered.

Sophie cried louder.

"Me, me!" Elly shrieked.

"Here, take the whole pack."

"See all my cards," Elly said. "Florence give ten for one?"

"They aren't worth anything," Florence shouted. "They're all alike."

"All alike, all pretty," Elly said. She looked admiringly at all her Man on Horsebacks. She turned them over. "Men and ladies," she said.

"And lots more, too, if you look at it that way," John said. He began careful inspection of the cards he had taken from Florence and Sophie. "Some of these are pretty crumby, Florence. I ought to make you give me better ones. You swindled me on a couple of these."

Florence glowered out the window.

Sophie sobbed quietly.

Elly said, "Men and ladies, men and ladies."

Mr. Roberts thought he would call his broker and have him buy something good, perhaps Tel and Tel or something safe.

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A member of a Massachusetts family long identified with Boston and Cape Cod, WYMAN RICHARDSON *with his wife and children has spent many of his happiest hours in the rustic Farm House which gives them access to the sea and the Nauset Marsh and Beach. Expeditions in the open depend on weather, and Dr. Richardson knows the wind as a weather-breeder, as a stimulant, and as an almost personal adversary.*

WINDS ALONG THE DUNES

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

1

MY ELDEST son, Wyman, Jr., considers me a very good long-range weather prophet — "long" taken to mean a prophecy covering the next day's weather. Whenever I make such a forecast, he plans on exactly the opposite conditions.

Be that as it may, in our doings at the Farm House, at Eastham on outer Cape Cod, we do not need to know the next day's weather. We may lie awake planning what we will do in our forecasted weather; but should it turn out differently, our plans can easily be shifted. It is, however, important, when we plan our expeditions, to know what the weather is going to do in the next four to six hours. I do claim to be an expert for this interval.

Here, on the Nauset Marsh, our short-range forecasts depend on a knowledge of local weather habits; observation of wind and cloud changes — the "trend," as we call it; the set to a little barometer we have, which, though it records readings about eight tenths of an inch too high, rises and falls as does any other barometer, sometimes with great celerity.

In winter, it is fairly easy. The weather tends to go in cycles. With a high glass, the day will dawn clear. There is either a flat calm, or there are light and variable airs. Visibility is good. Objects stand out in sharp profile. Even the wires on the poles on the East Orleans headland can be seen with the naked eye. Sounds seem to be magnified. Hermie Dill's banging on a tire rim comes sharply across the bay below the hill, and the whistle of the up freight sounds complainingly clear, even from South Wellfleet. As the surf begins to make up, its ceaseless roar seems to come from close aboard the house.

Shortly the sun's brilliance becomes slightly dulled. An almost invisible "smur" spreads over the sky from the southwest. A ring appears about the sun. What wind there was, dies out. Gradually the "smur" thickens; a light air comes in from the east, and the barometer starts to drop. Such a day, known as a "weather-breeder" on Cape Cod, means a real easterly is in the offing.

I can, while in bed, tell by the sound from which direction the wind is blowing — that is, if it has any force. An easterly or northeasterly makes only a loud rushing noise. There is very little banging, and the windows do not rattle. A nor'wester roars steadily through the cedar at the southwest corner of the house. It roars hard and it roars loud, but it has a clean sound, and when I try to take a sip of water from the glass by my bed, I bump my nose on a skim of ice. A summer sou'wester, that horrid hot blast, rattles and shakes, bangs and batters, blows through the windows and screens, covers sheets and table with dirt, and makes life miserable. This is the "smoky sou'wester," the thinnest wind there is. A good, solid southeaster, on the other hand, smacks the windows with pelting rain, while their loud rattling interferes with sleep.

Let me tell you of one December nor'wester.

The previous day's northeast gale, splashing rain and slush into our faces, drove the tide 'way over the marsh and flooded our cover just as the ducks started to fly. We came home wet, cold, tired, and discouraged, with very little to show for our efforts. But during the night the wind backed into the northwest. From time to time, between our dreams, the steady roar from the cedars proclaimed its presence, as did also the cold toes and the cold nose.

The alarms, two of them just for safety, start their clatter at four-fifteen. The wise one, who has slept in his woolly underwear, builds a quick fire in the fireplace, before which he bundles up for the coming ordeal. A quick breakfast of coffee, bacon, and eggs is prepared on the oil stove. The coal stove is also started, to keep the pump from freezing. Come to think of it, better trip the pump anyway. The thermometer outside the kitchen window records 18 degrees.

Then we stumble down the hill, burdened with

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gun, shells, water (which will freeze), and lunch (which will also freeze). The wind blows stark from the northwest, so strong that to look into it numbs the face and waters the eyes. Anticipatory excitement is tempered by a real feeling of fear. Can we make it and get back safely? Already a red dawn begins to show, and fast-scurrying purple clouds become salmon-tinted. Quickly we stow away our gear and push off into the dark water.

It is a simple trip down the marsh — that is, if the tide is either up or down. But beware the half tide. Under such conditions, it takes long experience, real knowledge, and a considerable amount of luck to find your way out to the main channel through the winding run from the Salt Pond Creek. Otherwise, it's a fair wind, and only your left arm gets tired trying to keep your gunning float from yawing.

Likely it's Byzoon Cove you are heading for, a spot little appreciated by the rank and file. Incidentally, a Farm House byzoon is the ideal duck day: the wind from the nor'west, at 32 miles per hour; the temperature 28.5 degrees Fahrenheit; snow squalls every twenty minutes, lasting for four minutes. Many neophytes make the mistake of calling all-out gales or storms, especially if from the northwest, byzoons. This is greatly to be deplored, as such storms lead to much suffering and usually little game.

Byzoon Cove is the place to be in a typical byzoon, for it is one of the few places on the Nauset Marsh where one can shoot black ducks on a lee shore. This is very desirable, as otherwise, if there is a fly of birds, many shots will be lost when you are out in the boat to retrieve your game.

Daylight comes. Your shooting is highly inaccurate. (Why shouldn't it be, you say, when you are facing into a gale of wind, when you are bundled up to the ears, and when your fingers, even inside your mittens, are so numb you cannot tell thumb from forefinger?) Still and all, you have accumulated several days' supply of dinner. Many ducks have come fighting up the main channel, have seen your decoys, and have come sliding in on stiff wings. When really close, the light streak about the face looks almost white. How could you miss such an easy shot? Did you allow for windage?

Comes lunchtime. The cold chicken is really cold, so cold it has to be thawed in the mouth before it can be eaten. The water bottle is half frozen, but not broken. Fortunately, one does not need much water under such conditions. The thermos bottle of once hot coffee turns out only a lukewarm brew.

Meanwhile, ice is forming all the time. The decoys' heads get so iced that they capsize. Slur begins to change to cake ice. You wonder about the upper channels. Are they getting plugged? The day wanes; as the sun drops, the cold increases. And all of a sudden, the thought of the cozy Farm House becomes irresistible.

Then starts the long fight home against the ebb. You watch a clam shell on the bottom, where the tide runs strong by Pull-devil Corner. You see it first just forward of the forward oar-post. You pull and pull, and then you see it amidships. Pull, pull some more, and finally it disappears astern. After a long, long while you get under the lee of the hill, and coast back to the boathouse.

Finally the last, long, weary trudge up the hill; the "clumpf" of boots on the platform, the breaking open of guns to make sure that they are unloaded, and, as the door is opened, that indescribable, delicious Farm House smell. The house seems warm at first. But no sooner are one's outer layers peeled than it becomes apparent that it is not warm. There is ice in the water pitcher. Before long, fires are roaring, and warming drinks forthcoming. It wasn't so bad, after all, down there on the marsh.

I make no apologies for shooting ducks, and no excuses. Nature in many respects seems very cruel. I remember watching a garter snake trying to swallow a wood frog. The snake had the frog by one leg, and the frog was trying to hop away by means of the other. My sympathies were with the frog; but I did not interfere. It seemed to me that the snake had as much right on his side as did the frog on his. (As it happened, the frog won out.) Man is an omnivorous animal and, to satisfy his carnivorous needs, destroys countless other animals.

So it is that Farm House Rule 1 reads that anything shot must be eaten. (A later ammendment excepted rats, mice, and fur-bearing animals.) Consequently, especially when a boy, I came to eat many strange things, including hawk, gull, grebe, night heron, and crow. (If properly prepared, they are all good except crow.)

2

A NOR'WESTER is a fighting man's wind. It blows clean and strong. It knows the rules and plays the game. It may lick you in a fair fight, but at least you know what you are dealing with.

Not so with one of those cussed smoky sou'westers. It's the sneakiest wind there is. Suppose you are out sailing a light boat. With some pride, by leaning 'way out to windward, you go through the strongest puff with full sail, only to capsize to windward as the breeze suddenly quits.

It's a fussy wind, a complaining wind. It shrieks through the screens one minute and heaves a subsiding sigh the next. It's a humid wind. It cakes the salt shakers and mildews the sails. It's a lasting wind. It's a horrid wind.

For days on end, sometimes for nearly two weeks, the canoe will stay land-bound. Each day, more and more scud clouds make up, the haze thickens, and you think a good rain will clear things up. But not so. This is just one of the sou'wester's tricks. It makes you think it is bringing on a good rain that

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will freshen the crops and fill the well; but just as it becomes darkest, a ray of sunshine streaks across the southern sky, and it is hazy and hot again.

About all a sou'wester is good for, here at the Farm House, is fishing off the beach. One must admit that a good fresh southwest breeze will carry an eel a long way out to sea; not that it matters much, but somehow it makes you feel that your fishing has become more important, if not more dignified. Trouble is, these sou'westers frequently blow so hard that they blow the sand. Have you ever been on the Nauset Beach when the sand was blowing? Well, you don't want to be.

Fishing, as we do, with bare feet and bare legs, the sand stings like a thousand biting ants. We perforce take to the water, where we become thoroughly soaked, by underestimating the "swoosh-ers." (There may be an easterly swell, even in a southwester.) You learn to figure the big seas. They pile up higher and higher, pound down, not far from your feet, and sweep up the rise with a regularity that is easily dealt with. But beware the swoosher. It does not look like much. It is not a high wave, and frequently follows docilely the path of its bigger brother, but it carries a lot of power. Without noise or fuss, it comes welling up the rise and, catching you completely off guard, soaks you from fore to aft, mostly aft.

If you figured on supper on the beach, and dumped a basket of food, extra clothing, and extra reel, better leave it there. Neither food nor clothing nor reel will ever be any good again. Unless you have a gizzard, you cannot use the food; your great-grandchildren will still find sand in their inherited clothing; and the reel will squeak and grind forever after.

Smoky sou'westers are most frequent in July and August. If you plan on coming down to the Farm House, better wait until September. Even then, you may not escape.

3

Unless it be a question of beach fishing, a "dry northeaster" is one of our best winds. In late March or early April, likely you will run into one.

This is a wonderful time of year to stay at the Farm House. There are no activities which require a huge amount of thought and effort, such as duck shooting or bass fishing. Though the flounders may run large (my wife caught one of 4¼ pounds) it is ordinarily very cold sport; and the thought of filleting tempers the fun.

There comes a morning in late March when the brightness of the rising sun, shining through your south window, wakes you at six-thirty. The floor is cold; the house is cold. You build a quick fire in the fireplace, having remembered to get the firewood and kindling ready the night before. Your first weather observation comes only after you have fully, but not too warmly, dressed before the fire. The thermometer reads 38 degrees, the wind is fresh from the northeast, the sky is clear, and the air is full of the finest champagne.

The best thing to do on such a day is to walk down the beach to the Inlet and back. At ten o'clock you start off, full of energy, blowing all the dust-laden, worry-burdened city air out of your system, and replacing it with the clean, fresh, salt-tangy breeze from the sea.

First you skirt the Cedar Bank. So high it is, that you can see the whole marsh laid out before you. You will find six Canada geese on the Minister's Flat, the old gander standing erect, neck outstretched, only occasionally taking time out to find some succulent root. You will find black ducks, mostly in pairs, darker blobs on the dark sedge, which has been cropped short by the winter's ice. You will see whistlers (goldeneyes) fly up the channel, stop, turn, and light with unbelievable suddenness; and if the wind is not too strong, you may hear the musical winnowing of the cock whistler's wings.

Further along, by Clam Diggers Headquarters, you will find a flock of about twenty-five bufflheads, those tiny fast-flying ducks, the male with a pie-shaped piece of white transecting his lovely iridescent purple head. In the pines by Little Creek you will start out eight or ten hardy night herons that have spent the winter there, unless that fierce marauder, the great horned owl, has cleaned them out. By the marsh shore, you skirt the cliff, atop which is perched the Nauset Coast Guard Station, and start your walk down the beach.

It is best to go down the beach on the inside, that is, on the marsh side — just why I do not know. You may see various kinds of fowl on the way down, and surely many black ducks. Horned larks will fly past in loose flocks, uttering their curious thin little note. ("Pippy-birds" we used to call them.) If you are lucky, you will see on the top of a Coast Guard telephone pole a snowy owl. As you approach fairly close, his neckless head appears to turn around and around, while his baleful brassy eye glares menacingly at you.

When you get to the Inlet Run, a deep pool that comes up to a sandy beach will tempt you, and you may take a "swim" — or more accurately, a dip — and dry off in the lee of a high dune, where the wind has undercut a "hen-bank."

Finally you reach the Inlet, where a fast ebb is boiling out through a deep channel. Further out, where the channel shoals, the current meets the surge of oncoming seas, carried by the force of the fresh northeast breeze. From bar to bar, all the way across the mouth, is a smother of white, and only the experienced eye can tell where the channel runs.

Then comes the turn back on the outer beach, the Great Beach, that stretches from the tip of

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Monomoy to Race Point at Provincetown. As you gaze north and south, the beach gives you a feeling of infinity; it seems as if it must go on and on, as it disappears into the haze of breaking surf. Not so the horizon, sharp and clear, broken only by the lumpiness of the sea. It seems shaped like the edge of a saucer, and appears to curve comfortingly back to land.

The sting of the breeze off the sea gives you fresh energy, as first you try walking the soft sand at the top of the rise, and then the wet sand at the bottom, where you have to be nimble to avoid a wetting. Stunning white gannets, their black wingtips often not noticeable, glide to windward over wave crest and into trough with almost no effort. A curious seal will pop his doglike head out of the water at 40 yards and, reappearing every 100 yards or so, will follow you along all the way to the Coast Guard. And if again you are lucky, you will hear a sweet little whistle, and if you look sharp, you will see a light-colored stone suddenly start to run on twinkling feet. It's a piping plover, whose cheery note and beady black eye tender you a wary welcome.

It's a long walk up the beach but the invigorating air has sustained you. Now comes the hard part. You have left the beach at the Coast Guard cut-through, and again have reached the pines at Little Creek, known to us as the "Quawkery," where the night herons were. Better stop for ten minutes' rest and look over the marsh with the glasses. You *might* see a European widgeon; and you will very likely see eight or ten of the big pond sheldrake, or goosanders, for they seem to like the region of Little Creek.

It's hard to heave your bulk off the mossy sand at the Quawkery and start the last lap back. No skirting the Cedar Bank now. It is a straight course to the Farm House. You pass that pond, and for the twenty-first time put the glasses on the dark object on the further shore, and discover it to be a stump. Then down by the little pondhole back of the barn, where once we saw a pair of wood ducks, and once a single scaup, and often a black duck or two. And so up the last long hill to that gray, cocky little Farm House that looks as if it had been standing there for centuries. Who knows? Perhaps it has.

NOW THAT LOST APRIL . . .

by WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

Now that lost April returns with the sky
The roads are all dizzied in puddles awry,
The pastures in surf where the bluets are sown;
O the warning my mother would make to me once:
Put something over you when you lie down.

No matter how stilled stands the summery air
The thin threads of east wind shudder somewhere,
Deep in hot daisies cool smell of the ground;
O the warning my mother would make to me once:
Don't fall asleep without some cover on.

Though autumn is slumbrous in umber and high
The forests break open at weight of the sky,
The leaves shred the blood-red, the dry-shaken brown;
O the warning my mother would make to me once:
Have something over you when you lie down.

So in all seasons all lovers beware
Of the cold drill of darkness which spins in the air,
The whisper of spring saying *Winter has come* —
Of the warning my mother would make to me once:
Keep cover over you — keep cover over you —
Keep cover over you when you lie down.

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Under Cover

Does this country need a highly trained and skillfully integrated Intelligence Service in peace as in war? Does such an Intelligence Service exist? Or has the mood of economy, of relaxation, and the "now it can be told" gossip reduced us to that vulnerable state in which we went to sleep before Pearl Harbor? These are a few of the pointed questions answered by a writer who served in Intelligence during the war.

HAVE WE AN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE?

ANONYMOUS

1

THE American people are being led to believe that they now have an adequate peacetime intelligence service. No one can question the need for such a service, and it is the repeated contention of the Administration that it exists.

This reassuring statement, made in numerous official releases, does not square with the facts. A review of the public statements and official orders regarding intelligence since the end of the war shows that essential assets of the coördinated system which was built up at great expense during the fighting have been scattered to the winds, and that the present agencies operate under handicaps which may have dangerous consequences for this country.

It is not necessary to pry into state secrets to see what is wrong. The public record contains testimony enough that intelligence has been treated as a political football and that the United States again has inadequate sources of information from abroad and inadequate means of handling what it does receive. It begins to look as if events in Europe in the thirties and the shock of Pearl Harbor have taught us little. We are now lapsing into a muddled program which, for all the effort being expended on it, is not effectively better than that which prevailed before the war.

In the late 1930's Army and Navy Intelligence functioned as best they could on very limited budgets with very limited objectives. "Spying" was generally considered un-American. Neither service considered intelligence a career requiring special talents, and prestige and promotions did not accrue to those few cranks who took it seriously.

Similar indifference marked the attitude of the Foreign Service toward anything touching on strategic intelligence or any clandestine efforts to obtain it. Documents beginning "I have the honor to inform the Department . . . " discreetly reported routine information but were not often designed to go beyond that.

The result of all this indifference and gentility was that by the time of Pearl Harbor the large gaps in our information about Japan were so glaring that the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) and Army Intelligence (G-2) were openly dismayed and embarrassed. Other equally large gaps had meanwhile become apparent to a few preparedness-minded citizens, and it was as a preparedness measure — to fill these gaps — that a new agency, the Office of Coördinator of Information, was established in July, 1941, with the primary responsibility of collecting and correlating such information as already was at hand.

In this office the highly experimental efforts of a few men, both military and civilian, leaning heavily on British example, pioneered the beginnings of three distinct innovations for this country which have relevance to peacetime intelligence. These were: (1) the gathering of political as well as military information by unorthodox means; (2) the coördination and analysis of this material by experts on specific areas and subjects; and (3) the presentation of the strategic intelligence so obtained by certain new and highly graphic methods. As the war progressed, the office assumed a more active role in combined sabotage and intelligence-gathering operations. It also took on the job of initiating the first American overseas broadcasting under government auspices. Its assumption of a number of sidelines was questioned when they were undertaken, and the office has since been the target of much criticism, both for its excessive cost among the conspicuously costly efforts of the war and for its empire-building tendencies. Nevertheless, its original and effective function as a clearinghouse should be studied by those now charged with our national security.

The job of Coördinator was assigned to that perennially controversial and dynamic figure, William J. Donovan of New York; and with his appointment there began a struggle for control of the new system, which has not ended to this day. Donovan's appointment seems to have come about through his long-time friend, Colonel Frank Knox, President

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Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy. Knox brought Donovan to Roosevelt's attention during the winter of 1940–1941. Shortly afterward Donovan went on his famous tour of the Balkans and the Middle East for the President. It was from this trip, taken necessarily as the guest of the British, that Donovan gained his insight into British methods of intelligence and combined operations, including the newer types of psychological warfare then being waged while Britain forged heavier weapons.

Donovan visited the training schools for these operations, and his conviction grew that these methods of desperation being devised by the British would in time help the United States, then almost totally unprepared for war and unaware of the ordeal ahead. His reports to the President on his return convinced the latter that the beginnings of an up-to-date intelligence system could be made without endangering American "neutrality." Quietly, for him, and with a purposely vague title, the new Coördinator set to work.

2

Taking its cue from British Intelligence, COI set up shop in the State Department. The first job was to recruit men who, by pooling their knowledge of different areas and by analyzing such information as was already available in this country, could produce coördinated intelligence reports. This immense job of sifting and analyzing was given to what was shortly set up as the Research and Analysis Division of COI. President James Phinney Baxter of Williams College took on the organization of this branch and built up the original staff, including such outstanding scholars as Guy Stanton Ford, Edward Meade Earle, R. T. Crane, W. L. Langer, Douglas Miller, Charles F. Remer, Geroid T. Robinson, Richard Hartshorne, Joseph R. Hayden, Conyers Read, Crane Brinton, Edward S. Mason, Calvin B. Hoover, and Burton Fahs.

The professors volunteered for this work enthusiastically; they worked long hours, recruited their ablest students as assistants, and brought into being an organization dedicated to the idea that knowledge is power.

At the same time an inspired group of propagandists began working for COI under Robert Sherwood. They set up our first Foreign Information Service, forerunner of OWI's Overseas Branch. In 1941–1942 this COI branch played an important part in shaping a new adjunct to the intelligence service. Men like Edmond Taylor, Wallace Deuel, Frederick Oeschsner, John Whitaker, James Warburg, Edd Johnson, and James Barnes were the moving spirits in this office. Their journalistic experience and firsthand knowledge of the psychological warfare then being directed against this country by the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda enabled COI to pioneer intelligently the first American attempt to keep the world informed as to the American position and American aims.

As was to be expected, there were differences of opinion among the members of this galaxy. The eventual split came in the spring of 1942. Sherwood wanted to broadcast only the literal truth and to emphasize only the positive aspects of the American attitude toward fascism. Donovan, and many of the men around him, saw the possibility of using broadcasts based on foreign intelligence for propaganda of a subtler sort.

There were other points of difference. This was the essential one. The upshot of it all was that broadcasting was taken entirely out of COI in June, 1942, and put into the new Office of War Information. At the same time COI became the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and was placed under the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Many of its top men were then in uniform, and from this time on, it initiated the variety of paramilitary operations which gave it its cloak-and-dagger reputation. But it also began to develop a service which has been less generally understood. This was its fresh approach to the collection of political intelligence by tapping many new sources, and its increasingly expert integration of a mass of stray items into strategic studies in which their relevance and importance became clear. It is this undertaking, so vital even in peace, which has broken down under our system today.

For this situation there seem to be two reasons. One is that the task of analysis is at present assigned to two rival organizations; the other, that most of our war-trained specialists in the work have been allowed to get away and few as competent have been recruited to take their places. These curable defects contrast sadly with the situation during the war, when, in spite of many acknowledged mistakes, our wartime service made a successful beginning in professional intelligence collection and processing. Its successes were possible because the problem had imaginative appeal and because an unorthodox and rather freewheeling agency could attract talent not likely to gravitate toward the military or old-line offices.

The personnel who assembled within the sprawling environs of Temporary Que Building were bizarre enough to become the object of ridicule and suspicion at awkward moments during the war. But they were to prove their worth. People with foreign backgrounds and languages were essential, and fortunately this country had many of them. Social scientists, anthropologists, geographers, psychologists, were needed to evaluate information in their fields which related to intelligence in a total war. It was also necessary to find recruits with talents for such diverse operations as pipe fitting, typesetting, watchmaking, camouflage design.

There began to be a series of recruiting trips to Army training centers, where the lists were combed

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for men who could, for example, speak fluent French, learn to operate radio transmitters, and be tough enough to drop behind enemy lines to help organize resistance groups and send out information. These volunteers appeared in Washington and thence were spirited away to special training schools. There they learned the various dark arts of their new trade. They were also put through an elaborate psychological screening process. Those who might break down under stress were sifted out in most cases; those with special aptitudes were directed to special work. Later, as the Far Eastern theaters called for more operators, an orientation course taught by experts on the area was developed.

The story of how intelligence operations were carried on has been told — in my opinion much too frankly — in the various reports of OSS missions in the films, the press, and books during the past two years. We have been presented with a series of thrillers on the screen attesting to the undeniable courage and enterprise of OSS agents abroad. The press was bombarded for a time with choice items from the files describing heroic feats of saboteurs, air rescue teams, and parachutists. *Cloak and Dagger*, *Into Siam*, *Undercover Girl*, among other volumes, compete with the whodunits in conveying the sense of excitement and mystery surrounding OSS operations around the globe. But what it is important to recall today is not the thrill of successful bridge-blowing and lock-picking, but the fact that in such widely different spots as the Middle East, the Balkans, China, and the northern fastnesses of Assam and Burma, Sweden, and finally in Germany, American agents made their way, established their own chains of information, and were able to signal to their respective headquarters some of the most pertinent items of intelligence obtained during the war.

Their achievements are significant in the story of American Intelligence for several reasons. One is that amateurs could be turned into reliable and productive agents. Another is that imaginative methods often tapped sources not available to military or orthodox operators. A third is that for the first time in many areas our intelligence was obtained firsthand and communicated directly through American channels. In the Middle East, long considered a British preserve, OSS fought and won a long battle to establish the right to send its own signals to its own headquarters in Cairo and Italy. Similarly, in the Far East and Southeast Asia, Americans invaded what had heretofore been almost an exclusively British and Dutch area. The repercussions were rapid and loud. But there, also, the foundations of a wholly independent American intelligence system were laid.

In Washington the findings of all such outposts were the raw but indispensable ingredient of the daily and weekly reports compiled by the analysts and researchers for the war planners. However much might be gleaned and pieced together from library files, from the foreign press and foreign broadcasts, it was this fresh information which gave life and relevance to the strategic studies. By analyzing spot information in conjunction with known geographical, economic, and political facts, it became possible to make reliable evaluations and to develop a body of information on which the planners could rely and on which policy could be based.

3

This outline of some of the more obscure achievements of our wartime intelligence omits the spectacular successes of guerrilla and sabotage operations which accompanied it. It is perhaps time to point out that public emphasis on these essentially wartime activities has clouded the long-range value of much of the less sensational work which was accomplished. It seems clear, moreover, that in opening the books so long stamped "secret," and revealing the more dramatic doings at the front, the wartime intelligence agency signed its own death warrant. It became in the public mind a sabotage organization for which no provision need be made in time of peace.

More serious still, the revelations "blew the cover" of everyone in the agency, to the intense embarrassment of many conscientious members. From the time of the first public releases on OSS exploits it was plain, to the uneasy dissenters from the publicity program, that those identified with the agency would lose their value in any similar service in the future, and that if public recognition of brave achievements must be given, it would be at the future cost of the service.

This is precisely what happened. It does not wholly explain the frantic dispersal of the OSS assets; yet there is no question that the promotional quality of the publicity which flooded the country in late 1945 heralded not only the organization's successes but also its end. Beyond this there was and is the undeniable political factor which continues to dominate decisions affecting intelligence activity in this country. Traditional rivalries between the services, jealousy on the part of the FBI, entrenched conservatism in the Department of State, have all played a role during the post-war struggle for control of the sources and evaluation mechanism of our intelligence.

Now it is true that in a democracy such as ours public support for an integrated intelligence system is essential. But in spite of the rather regular output of news on the subject during the last two years, it is still not clear to many citizens what peacetime intelligence should attempt to include or which of several approaches to this coverage will best protect this country and possibly prevent a future war. From a perusal of press releases, one

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gets a picture of confusion reflecting much behind-the-scenes pressure to keep intelligence gathering and evaluation under military control, and a losing battle on the part of veterans of the war experience in this field to husband all the assets possible from the war agency. A calendar of a few important dates tells the story.

In November, 1944, General Donovan addressed to President Roosevelt a memorandum outlining a basic plan for post-war intelligence. In February, 1945, the Washington *Times Herald* published a verbatim copy of this top-secret document, of which only fifteen copies existed. The comments of the *Times Herald* were highly critical, charging Donovan with wanting to set up an American Gestapo.

The battle in the press was on. Roosevelt died. The war ended. Donovan, hoping to impress the importance of the cause on the public, let his publicity men go to work. But the handwriting was on the wall. The OSS high command had neglected to take important government officials into their confidence. And they had not built up support — or even an understanding of their primary functions — in Congress. An appropriation for the rest of 1945 hung in the balance. Donovan's offer, on September 4, to liquidate the agency in orderly fashion and resign by January, 1946, was answered by an announcement on September 20 that the major functions of the organization would be transferred at once to the Department of State. President Truman's statement said that he was doing this as a step toward setting up a "comprehensive and integrated" peacetime foreign intelligence program. Yet the order explicitly *divided* the existing integrated agency, putting Presentation and Research and Analysis, the two former processing divisions of OSS, under Secretary Byrnes, and the intelligence-gathering units under the War Department. So much for the first move toward "integration."

4

The battle of the press continued, high-lighted in October by a reported statement from General Marshall before the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Marshall stressed the importance of intelligence to a unified military command, which he favored. Asserting that such information as could be picked up "by attachés over coffee cups" was not sufficient, he stated the essentials of a peacetime service very clearly: "We should know as much as possible about the intent, as well as the military capabilities of every country in the world. We must know the facts for our own defense."

The General suggested a joint agency to get these facts, to include both the armed forces and the State Department. From his testimony it was plain that he envisioned a unified service made possible by the merging of military top commands.

A month later Secretary Byrnes appointed Colonel Alfred McCormack, a New York corporation lawyer credited with revitalizing G-2 during the war, to be Assistant Secretary of State in Charge of Research and Intelligence. Under him were the two branches of OSS assigned to State, which, however, were now cut off from their previous sources of information, since these had been put under the War Department. However, McCormack's role was officially described as a crucial one in "unifying" our intelligence system, so it was legitimate to hope for the best.

It soon became apparent that his effort to establish a real intelligence arm within State was going to run into many snags. One evidence of his difficulties was the broadcast to which old OSS hands, drilled in strictest security, listened in amazed surprise on the evening of December 22, 1945. McCormack must have reached the conclusion that if he hoped to accomplish anything within the terms of his directive, he too must appeal to the public for backing and reassure the Department of State that no fancy cloak-and-dagger tactics were contemplated. There can be no other explanation for his disarming statement that our intelligence was to be conducted by no large and expensive agency at the top, but largely by interdepartmental working committees under a National Intelligence Authority. No explanation was made of the fact, known to every member of the government, that interdepartmental committees are the most unwieldy of all government structures.

It remained for the then Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs to put the finishing touch on this picture. He followed Colonel McCormack on the air to say that he believed the "intelligence we get about foreign countries should be shared generally with members of the American public . . . to help them understand other peoples"! The reactions of security-conscious military minds to this last can be readily imagined.

Nevertheless, in January, 1946, a National Intelligence Authority was set up by executive order, to be assisted by a Central Intelligence Group (CIG). The next day the President appointed Admiral Sidney W. Souers, a Missouri businessman who had served in this country with ONI during the war, to be Director of CIG. Admiral Souers was directed to "coördinate Army, Navy and State Department intelligence reports" and to present them "in usable form" to the President and top policy-makers. Yet the war-trained experts in analysis of reports were still assigned to the Department of State. Would they now revert to CIG?

No answer came from CIG's new chief. But his appointment clearly spelled the end of Colonel McCormack's coördinating functions. The latter continued, however, to fight for intelligence gathering in State. In this he was unalterably opposed by those veteran opposers in the Department whose faith in the reporting done by the Foreign Service

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remains untarnished. Their arguments won the day; and the Department's disposition of its unwelcome stepchild, the Research and Analysis unit, was the classic one of dividing it further by distributing its various sections among the Geographic Offices. With the order for this dispersal in April, 1946, Colonel McCormack resigned. And until the reversal of this order, nearly a year later, under Secretary of State Marshall, the analysts were left to cool their heels and derive what information they could from the time-honored channels of diplomacy and the daily press.

While all of this was going on in State, the splintered fragments of the intelligence-gathering branches, now designated as the Strategic Services Unit (SSU) of the War Department, were being liquidated as fast as possible under combined pressures from rival old-line services and lack of funds. The duties of liquidation fell to General John Magruder, who was that rare bird, a regular Army officer with long training in intelligence and a flair for it. In February, 1946, General Magruder resigned, exhausted by his efforts to hold together the remaining elements of what had been a coördinated service. The carefully built chains of information and communication, the expensively trained, hand-picked personnel, and the integrated system of collection and analysis were a legacy which he felt it his duty to preserve, in so far as they were still usable, for the country. Instead the chains were broken (and often exposed) by hasty recall of key personnel, who frequently arrived in Washington to be dismissed without making full reports, since the Washington reports staffs were decimated and the analysts and specialists languishing in State were now barred from handling SSU reports.

It is at this point that the pretense of a coördinated intelligence system breaks down. And to date, in spite of some liaison efforts between the heads of intelligence in State and the chiefs of SSU's successor offices, CIG and now CIA (Central Intelligence Agency), there remains this same fundamental cleavage. The barrier which still prevents the analysts in State from having access to all *political* intelligence from abroad creates a situation in which State — theoretically responsible for foreign policy — is by-passed by a rival agency's analyses, which go directly to the White House. For CIA's solution to the evaluation problem has been to set up a whole new staff of researchers and analysts, the product of whose efforts goes to the President each morning as the distillation of the previous day's most important intelligence.

Basically this situation reflects the divergent points of view of the military men, who have continuously dominated CIG and CIA, and of the Department of State; and makes it clear that the Administration places increasing reliance on the military in all matters affecting intelligence, even including political intelligence. The continuing activity of G-2 in collecting and evaluating political material is significant.

An extremely important function of government is at stake here. For, even though they may have the best will in the world, military men, with rare exceptions, cannot help thinking in military terms. That is their job. The country's safety and preparedness for emergencies must be their business. Military intelligence is their business. The question now is whether their judgment of political information is to take precedence over that of specialists normally charged with the important task of framing foreign policy for peace. Admitting that the alarm felt in Washington over national security is fully justified, and that a greater degree of preparedness than we have ever before acknowledged is necessary, the question still remains: Are we best protected by turning over the assessment of non-military intelligence to the military and an untrained group of civilian assistants?

It must be realized that our present Central Intelligence Agency not only has undertaken to become a clearinghouse and evaluation service, but has continued to be an intelligence-gathering agency. It is therefore in a unique and powerful position for a peacetime agency, and the qualifications of its staff are a matter of prime importance. This is particularly true if CIA is to continue to fulfill functions heretofore assigned to the Department of State.

To carry on the many functions which it has assumed, CIA has drawn heavily on new personnel. Granting the inadvisability of retaining agents exposed by the OSS publicity spree, or of maintaining chains which had been infiltrated by foreign agents, it would seem of vital importance to try to hold those not so affected and to attract additions of the highest quality to the new staff. Instead many who remained after the war, hoping to be of service and keenly interested in this new profession, were encouraged to leave; and the quality of their replacements often seems doubtful.

The record as to leadership since the war's end is not encouraging: in SSU, CIG, CIA, four chiefs, all military, in two years; in State, five heads of intelligence in the same period. Clearly something is wrong with this picture. For only seasoned specialists know how to fit seemingly unrelated items of information into a meaningful pattern. As G. S. Pettee remarks, in *The Future of American Secret Intelligence*, "Whatever personnel is available for . . . analytic work, it is of absolute importance that those who supervise . . . be capable of understanding the structure of problems which extend across several fields of expert knowledge." How many such persons are in our service today?

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"The misuse of forests, grasslands, wild life, and water sources in the United States is the most violent and the most destructive story in the long history of civilization," says FAIRFIELD OSBORN. *Are we to continue on the same dusty, perilous road once traveled to its dead end by other mighty nations? Can we, among other things, tolerate assaults on our public lands at the very time when we are trying to feed the world? President of the New York Zoological Society, Mr. Osborn is leading the drive for conservation on a national scale. His new book,* Our Plundered Planet, *will be published by Little, Brown this spring.*

THE COUNTRY THAT CAN FEED THE WORLD?

by FAIRFIELD OSBORN

1

THE misuse of forests, grasslands, wild life, and water sources in the United States is the most violent and the most destructive story in the long history of civilization. The velocity of events is unparalleled and we are still so near to it that it is almost impossible to realize what has happened, or, far more important, what is still happening. Actually it is the story of human energy unthinking and uncontrolled.

Our people came to a country of unique natural advantages, of varying yet favorable climates, where the earth's resources were apparently limitless. Incredible energy marked the effort of a young nation to hack new homes for freedom-loving people out of the vast wilderness of forests that extended interminably to the grassland areas of the Midwest. Inevitably the quickest methods were used in putting the land to cultivation. Great areas of forest were completely denuded by axe or fire, without thought of the relationship of forests to water sources, or to the soil itself. Constantly there was the rising pressure for cultivable land caused by the rapid inpouring of new settlers.

By about 1830 most of the better land east of the Mississippi was occupied. In that year there were approximately 13 million people in this country, or less than one tenth of the present population. In the meanwhile the land in the South, long occupied and part of the original colonies, was being devoted more and more extensively to cotton, highly profitable as export to the looms in England, and tobacco, for which there was a growing world market. These are known as clean-tilled crops — crops that leave the earth completely bare, except for the plantings, and therefore highly susceptible to loss of topsoil by erosion.

Today a large proportion, in many areas from one third to one half, of the land originally put to productive use for the growing of cotton and tobacco has become wasteland and has had to be abandoned. It is not unusual for Southerners to blame the Civil War and its aftereffects for their impoverishment. There are other reasons.

The westward surge of settlers over the great grass plains that lay beyond the Mississippi and on to the vast forested slopes bordering the Pacific, as dramatic as any incident in human history, was symbolized by the phrases "subjugating the land" and "conquering the continent." It was a positive conquest in terms of human fortitude and energy. It was a destructive conquest, and still continues to be one, through our failure to understand that nature is an ally and not an enemy.

The prairies, the long-grass country, and the plains, the short-grass country, occupy nearly 40 per cent of the land surface of the United States. Here today are the greatest corn- and grain-producing regions in the world — as well as the great natural ranges for cattle and other livestock. Here limitless areas of natural grassland have been plowed for crop production.

Proper land use can prevent continued and relentless land deterioration. But are we prepared and organized to apply the available knowledge regarding the correct utilization and long-term protection of productive soils? Shall we have the foresight and intelligence to act before we are met with the disaster that is steadily drawing nearer?

The land area of the United States amounts to approximately 1.9 billion acres. In its original or natural state about 40 per cent was primeval forest. Today the primeval or virgin forest has been so reduced that it covers less than 7 per cent of

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our entire land area. If to this there are added other forested areas consisting of stands of second- or even third-growth forests, many of which are in poor condition, and if scattered farm woodlands are also included, it is found that the forested areas now aggregate only slightly more than 20 per cent of the total land area of our country.

The situation is becoming increasingly serious. Some idea of recent and present trends can be gained from the last annual report of the Forest Service of the Federal government. The estimated total stand of saw timber in the country in 1909 was 2826 billion board feet, and the estimate for the year 1945 totaled only 1601 billion board feet, indicating that in thirty-six years the nation's "woodpile" has been reduced by 44 per cent. The report goes on to state that the drop in volume of standing timber since 1909 has been much greater than these figures indicate. Many kinds of trees which were considered of no value in 1909 are now being used and are included in the 1945 estimate. More than half of the present total saw-timber resource is in what is left of our virgin forests, and 96 per cent of the virgin timber is in the Western states.

While the drain on our forests for fuel wood, pulpwood, and manufacturing uses, together with losses resulting from fires, wind and ice storms, damage by insects and tree diseases, is almost being met by each year's growth, the bulk of our forestry industry depends on saw timber. For this purpose the annual drain on the nation's forests approximates 54 billion board feet, while the annual growth is only approximately 35 billion board feet. In other words, the annual loss exceeds growth by more than 50 per cent. It does not take much mathematics to prove that our country cannot go on this way much longer.

2

At this very moment a new body blow is being struck at our forests. This is a triple threat because a blow at forest reserves is one of synchronized impact upon water sources and fertile soils — as deadly as any delayed-action bomb. Highly organized minority groups are now engaged in determined attempts to wrest away the public lands of the Western states and turn these regions to their own uses. Within the boundaries of these public domains lie the extensive grazing lands that help to support the cattle industry of the West. These lands are open to use by individual cattle owners at nominal cost. Within these boundaries, too, lie almost all our last great forest reserves.

The public lands, in which every American owns a share, lie principally in the following eleven Western states: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming.

The public lands came into existence in the earliest days of our nation. They were created as a solution to a vexatious question that arose in the deliberations of the thirteen original states at the time the Union was formed. The small seaboard states insisted that provision be made in the Articles of Confederation to prevent the land-rich states on the Appalachian frontier from expanding their boundaries indefinitely to the west and thus dominating the government. All the original states agreed to give up their claims to the Western lands and ceded them to the Federal government. As settlement progressed westward, it was planned that these vast tracts would be formed into new states with the same rights as enjoyed by the original states. In 1787 the Constitution that was evolved upon this basic understanding became a fundamental of American law.

Each of the states carved from the public domain has received a gift of land, in some cases consisting of many millions of acres, and yet, as each new state was created, there were retained in the name of the Federal government, for the benefit of all of the people of the nation, these areas of public lands. During the nineteenth century, land appeared to be limitless and few people were concerned about how it was used, although even as early as 1836 bills began to appear in Congress to provide some protecting regulations for the lands owned by the government.

The proportion of Federal lands remaining as public domain varies in each state, ranging from under 100,000 acres in Iowa to 87 per cent in Nevada. This disparity in the ratio of Federal lands to state and private holdings is one of the reasons for the present controversy. It should not be thought of as a major reason, however. The powerful attacks now being made by small minority groups upon the public lands of the West have one primary motivation and one consuming objective: to exploit the grazing lands and these last forest reserves for every dollar of profit that can be wrung from them. The profit motive, if carried to the extreme, has one certain result — the ultimate death of the land.

The eleven Western states which contain the largest proportion of Federal lands have become known as the "public land states." In practically all of them either the cattle business or lumbering is the major industry. Use of the public lands by cattle owners has always been permitted, and, permits for controlled cutting in the national forests are regularly granted at extremely low cost.

Overgrazing in the public lands reached such an alarming point a number of years ago that legislation known as the Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1934 to control the abuses. For a while this legislation did some good, but today powerful minority groups of cattlemen dominate its administration, their representatives comprising the per-

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sonnel of the advisory boards that were established in each of the cattle-industry states. In effect these boards are not advisory at all, having acquired over the years sufficient power to influence greatly the regulations as to both the number of cattle that can graze in a region and the fees for grazing rights to be paid by cattle owners. Half of the sums collected go to the counties in which the land is situated, mainly for the benefit of rural schools, and the other half to the Federal government.

The maneuvers of the powerful minority groups of livestock men, skillfully supported by their representatives in Congress, have a definite bearing on the preservation of the remaining reserves of forests in the Western states. Having taken over virtual control of the Federal Grazing Service, they now aim at controlling the Forest Service — and, from their point of view, with good reason. The national forests in the Western states contain approximately 135 million acres of land, of which some 80 million acres are now being grazed by cattle or sheep. So far the Forest Service's control of the number of animals permitted to graze in a region has been reasonably effective, although actually there has already been considerable overgrazing in some of the national forests.

But the livestock owners are not satisfied and want more privileges. The game is almost too easy, the methods of getting what they want almost too simple. The Grazing Service was emasculated when Congress reduced its field service budget to one third of what was needed to provide proper supervision of the ranges. There's generally more than one way of accomplishing an end!

Overgrazing in forested areas is ultimately as damaging to forests, because of soil erosion, as slash cutting for the sawmill. As to the latter, let no American think that certain self-seeking groups in the lumber industry are not out to hack what they can from the public domain. They will pay for the right to cut, but they can never pay enough, because there are not enough forests left. Heretofore our national parks have been held inviolate, but now one of them, the Olympic in the state of Washington, is even threatened by legislation pending in Congress that would turn over to exploitation a tract of some 56,000 acres of virgin timber. Wilderness heritages going to the buzz saw!

The assault now being made upon the public lands finds expression in a number of bills that have been presented to Congress within the last two or three years. The purpose of this proposed legislation is, in the main, to transfer the control of these resources from the Federal government to the several states, with the implicit danger that thereafter they will fall into the hands of individuals for final liquidation. If any of this proposed legislation should be enacted into law, it would be the opening wedge; if the assault should be generally successful it would irremediably injure a great region whose living natural resources serve as a wellspring to the well-being of our entire nation.

3 Soil

A CONSIDERATION of the land resources in our country shows that, other than forests, there are about a billion acres that fall into the three categories of farm croplands, farm pasture lands, and open-range grazing lands. Of these, farm croplands are the largest in area, running to approximately 460 million acres. What has happened in regard to these resources and what is going on now?

The most recent report of the Soil Conservation Service of the government contains a number of pertinent statements. They point to a velocity of loss of the basic living elements of our country which, if continued, will bring upon us a national catastrophe. Already every American is beginning to be affected in one way or another by what is happening. This report indicates that of the above billion acres considerably more than one quarter have been ruined or severely impoverished and that the remainder are damaged in varying degrees. Furthermore, the damage is continuing on all kinds of land — cropland, grazing land, and pasture land. Here are other high-lights in the report: —

> The loss we sustain by this continuing erosion is staggering. Careful estimates based on actual measurements indicate that soil losses by erosion from all lands in the United States total 5,400,000,000 tons annually. From farm lands alone, the annual loss is about 3 billion tons, enough to fill a freight train which would girdle the globe 18 times. If these losses were to go on unchecked, the results would be tragic for America and for the world.
>
> The results would not only be disastrous — they already are far too costly for the country to continue to bear. For example, in a normal production year, erosion by wind and water removes 21 times as much plant food from the soil as is removed in the crops sold off this land.
>
> Nor is loss of plant food our only expense from erosion. The total annual cost to the United States as a result of uncontrolled erosion and water runoff is estimated at $3,844,000,000. This includes the value of the eroded soil material and the plant nutrients it contains, the direct loss sustained by farmers, and damages caused by floods and erosion to highways, railroads, waterways, and other facilities and resources.
>
> The loss in the productive capacity of our farms cannot be figured so easily, but it is plain that farm lands which have lost so much topsoil and plant nutrients cannot produce as bountifully as they did before they were slashed and impoverished by erosion.
>
> In that fact lies the significance of America's erosion problem for America's citizens. We do not have too much good cropland available for production of our essential food and fiber crops in the future. If we do not protect what we have, and rebuild the

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land which can still be restored for productive use, the time inevitably will come — as it already has come to some areas of the world — when United States farm lands cannot produce enough for us and our descendants to eat and to wear.

The Soil Conservation Service has been in existence only since 1935. It was created by Congress in that year not so much as a result of the government's vision or strategy but principally because the people of this country had been struck with dread by the revulsion of nature against man that was evidenced by the Dust Bowl incident on May 12 of the previous year. On that day, it will be recalled, the sun was darkened from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic by vast clouds of soil particles borne by the wind from the Great Plains lying in western Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, and eastern New Mexico and Colorado — once an area of fertile grasslands but now denuded by misuse, much of it to the point of permanent desolation.

In the years since its inception this government service has gained extraordinary results in advancing the science of proper land use and in assisting soil conservation districts, set up in all the states under state law, to encourage voluntary and cooperative action among farmers. At best, however, this vital program — one of the most elemental affecting the lives of the people of our country — is only well started.

Appropriations of the Federal government towards conservation purposes of every nature — soils, forests, wild life, water control, reclamation projects, and others — are *less than 1 per cent* of our present national annual budget. Even including moneys spent for conservation by individual states, the aggregate of governmental expenditures is but a fraction of what is needed to protect the basic elements of our nation's strength.

It would be a grave error to think that the increasing emergency facing our country is easy to meet. Soil erosion is only one factor in a disturbance of continental magnitude. It is the end result of other conditions, both physical and economic, and even social and political.

In its physical aspects the battle to control soil erosion will not be won until we have reached the point of protecting our forests so that the annual drain upon them does not exceed their annual growth. A great part of the vast expenditure now being made in flood control will in the years to come be written off as dead loss unless the watersheds are protected through adequate forest cover and through the curbing of erosion in the grasslands and croplands that lie within them.

So far we have not come to the point of synchronized effort. Our flood-control engineers are not looking upstream. In the Rio Grande watershed in New Mexico, for example, flood-control and river-development plans are in the making that are estimated to cost more than $100,000,000, regardless of the need for the establishment of a contemporaneous plan for work upon the eroding and silt-producing lands of the abused watershed. This region has been referred to as "the doomed valley, an example of regional suicide." There are other such critical points — too many. The assault on the public lands of the West, if successful, will breed more.

water 4

How about the valley of the greatest river of them all, the Mississippi, its bed so lifted, its waters so choked, so blocked with the wash of productive lands, that the river at flood crests runs high above the streets of New Orleans? Nature in revolt will one day overwhelm the bonds that even the most ingenious modern engineer can prepare. It should by now be clear that natural forces cannot be dealt with in this way. Like echoes from the long past, there are discernible among the earlier causes that have brought the Rio Grande valley to its present difficulties the age-long and disastrous conflict between the herdsman and the agriculturist — echoes from the wasted lands of Asia Minor, of Palestine, of Greece, and of Spain.

Today the story has different overtones. The raids of the herdsmen of earlier times find their twentieth-century counterpart in the work of political pressure groups representing powerful livestock owners in the halls of Congress. Representatives of the lumber industry are there too, striving to effect arrangements so that the profits of their corporations may be assured and, if possible, increased. There is nothing unethical about all of this under the present scheme of things. For the moment, it is the American way of doing business. But in the light of the provable facts, the use of our productive land and our renewable resources — forests, wild life, and waterways — must now be directed solely to the benefit of all the people.

Under our present criminal code anyone who steals food from a groceryman's counter can be put in jail. His act hurts only the proprietor of the store. But if, for the benefit of his own pocketbook, the owner of timberlands at the head of a river source strips the hills of their forests, the net result is that food is taken not from one "proprietor" but from all the "proprietors," or farm owners, down the valley, because the removal of forest cover on an upper watershed will inevitably damage the water supply in the valley below, even to the point of causing the complete drying up of wells and springs. Countless thousands of landowners in America have in this very way been brought to bankruptcy. In the face of such things, how equitable are our present moral codes?

There is nothing revolutionary in the concept that renewable resources are the property of all the people and, therefore, that land use must be coordinated into an over-all plan. This principle has

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been recognized in other democracies. In several countries in western Europe, for example, an individual owning forests can under no circumstances cut a tree down on his property unless such cutting conforms with the principles of sound forest treatment prescribed by the Forestry Department of his government. In effect, private ownership of the country's resources is countenanced only if the use of such resources is directed towards the interests of the people as a whole.

The United States has, within the last decade, begun to move in this direction. The first step of coördinating land resources into a unified program found expression in the Tennessee Valley Authority created by Congress, after much heart searching, in 1933. This enterprise is an experiment in the unified planning and development of a great river valley and of its water and land resources. It directly affects the lives and fortunes of more than 3 million people. Ably administered, it has, within the span of little more than a decade, justified itself not only as a social experiment but as an effort to harmonize human needs with the processes of nature. Above all, it provides an example from which lessons can be drawn from the solution of the problem that faces the entire country. The interdependence of all the elements in the creative machinery of nature points clearly to the fact that any program devised to meet the situation calls for a supreme coördinated nation-wide effort. Many conditions are involved — social, financial, political, as well as physical. Such a program still is awaiting formulation.

5

The Soviet government has undertaken what is perhaps the most extraordinary effort of its kind ever made by man. In scope and complexity it considerably exceeds the Tennessee Valley development in the United States. Part of the bold plan is the attempt to harness and control the Volga River so that the spring flow, which is equivalent to 70 per cent of the annual flow, can be retained and used for irrigation throughout the season. It is a noteworthy fact that the forests in the upper watersheds of the Volga were so ruthlessly cut in the decades prior to the revolution that water from melting snow during the spring thaws was not absorbed into the earth but rushed violently seaward, resulting in damaging floods in the spring and lack of water during the rest of the year.

It was realized that if the Volga waters were to be diverted to irrigation, the level of the landlocked Caspian Sea, into which the Volga flows, would fall substantially because outgo by evaporation would be greater than the water received from the river. This would result in leaving ports, towns, and industries upon the shoreline high and dry, and would severely injure the important fishing industry. A search was then started to find additional water that might be siphoned into the Volga in order to increase its flow sufficiently to keep the Caspian at its normal level.

It was determined to divert the waters of some of the northern rivers that flow into the Arctic Ocean, by a series of dams and reservoirs, into the Volga basin, and even to tap the Don River at a point nearest the Volga, close to the town of Kalach, the level of the Don at that point being higher than the Volga. This plan also had its complications and could be adopted only if it were found that the Don could spare enough water and still retain an adequate supply for its own various functions, including navigation, water supply for the cities lying along its course, and even the protection of the shellfish beds in the Sea of Azov at the Don's mouth that would not survive any material change in water conditions. Consideration for aquatic resources, a not unimportant source of food supply, is typical of the care that the Russians have taken to observe all of the interrelated factors. All in all, it is a project of titanic proportions.

Questions occur to one. Would this whole costly enterprise be necessary if so much of the forest-covered slopes of the Volga watershed had not been ravaged in earlier years? Will the reservoirs eventually be rendered useless by becoming choked and filled with silt as has occurred frequently in the United States? The Russians have been thorough in this plan, that is apparent enough. Have they thought of everything? Nature works as an integer. Is a component part being overlooked? If so, as time goes on, the plan may become another monument to man's lack of understanding. One recalls the great irrigation systems in the pre-Christian era in Mesopotamia, now a desolate and abandoned land. Have we yet learned enough to mold our civilization to the permanent and omnipotent forces of nature?

The efforts of the Soviet government to gain greater productivity from the land are even extending to the tundra, that great cold and treeless land that stretches all the way across the entire northernmost part of the country along the Arctic Ocean. Northern Siberia is one of the last few great pioneering lands outside of certain regions in the tropics, and into it the Russians have gone and are going in large numbers. The government has organized programs of systematic exploration, some for military-strategic reasons but others to find out to what extent land in the far north can be used to support human life.

In this remote and forbidding country the ground is permanently frozen to great depths, even sometimes to 2000 feet below the surface. However, plant life in the arctic thrives in the active layer of soil that thaws out during the summer, and the tundra blooms with a riot of verdure during the brief spell of frostless days, varying from 70 to 125 a year. Plant specialists are at work even in the

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Taimyr Peninsula, the most northerly land mass of Russia, extending to within about 840 miles of the North Pole. Carried forward by exploratory enthusiasm, they have found that arctic raspberries and flax will ripen in the flood plains of the rivers. These plants, they claim, require as much solar heat to ripen as do barley and potatoes. During the long polar day, plants grow with tropical speed, and growth must actually be controlled by spreading tarpaulins over the hotbed frames in order to create artificial night.

These activities are symptomatic of human need and endeavor in these times when people are forced to find new places to live because of population pressures, or are drawn to remote portions of the earth in order to exploit its mineral wealth or other resources.

Two powerful nations, one in the West, the other in the East, are today locked in maneuvers of a fateful nature. Conjectures as to the eventual consequences to them, as well as to all other nations, are not pertinent here, but it is of high significance that both these nations are aware, to a greater or lesser degree, that all is not well with their living resources. Each country has, within the last few decades, commenced to take corrective steps. Each is proceeding along the lines of its own political or social ideology.

In view of the fact that in Russia practically all the land belongs to the state, the directives concerning the use of forests, agricultural lands, water sources, and animal life are formulated and imposed by the government. This procedure is, of course, virtually the opposite of that prevailing in our own country, where all but a small proportion of our natural resources are privately owned and the government can do no more, in effect, than encourage and suggest wise and proper use of the land. There exists in northern Europe today a third system, under which forests and productive lands, while resting in individual ownership, are strictly subject to the uses and regulations established by the governments. Such countries as Denmark and Sweden exemplify a successful amalgamation of the interests of the individual and the state in so far as natural resources are concerned.

It is a startling coincidence that at this time the United States and Russia have, in relation to their respective populations, almost identically the same amount of land that is suitable for agriculture. Both countries are facing the future on approximately equal terms as far as the basic assets for existence are concerned. The future holds the answer as to which nation will be the more successful in using and conserving them.

In view of the alarming developments that are now occurring in the United States the people of our country will soon be faced with a momentous decision. Either we shall permit the continuance of conditions whereby the diminishing, living natural resources of this great continent may be exhausted to the point of national disaster or, through the adoption of a new concept regarding the responsibilities of ownership, these resources will be used and managed in a way to protect the interests of the public as a whole. The arousing of opinion as to what is going on, in order to bring about active and voluntary coöperation between people and government, is the American way; but will this awakening come in time?

A democracy can rise in its might and organize itself all-powerfully to fight a successful war. This happens only when the people as a whole see the issue at stake. The issue facing America in regard to the preservation of its living resources is as critical, if not as immediate, as the threat of any war. Our democracy has heretofore met with no equivalent test. If America permits the continuing exhaustion of the elements that are the source of her life and strength, any other social or political creed might serve her as well. It will not matter so much then, because the theory of a democracy presupposes a condition of reasonable well-being for all. Ideals and aspirations are rarely nurtured by want.

In the United States there are now real grounds for hope. Within the last decade more has been accomplished than in all the previous years of our history. Federal and state agencies are steadily doing more effective work, and unlimited credit should be given to the able and intelligent men who are accomplishing everything within their power to save America for its children. Yet under the pressure of a growing population, of industrial demands, and of world responsibilities, we have not even begun to strike a balance in preserving the living assets of this country.

One may well ask, Why should government do this job? Theoretically, in a land of free enterprise the responsibility for preserving the resources of a nation should rest upon individual initiative, but this can only be counted upon when there is general public understanding of a situation and of the means of dealing with it. This knowledge is lacking in the urban population which comprises considerably more than half of our people. In the rural population there is, fortunately, a growing consciousness that the productivity of our land is threatened, together with an increasing knowledge of the steps that must be taken to avert this peril.

Only an over-all coördinated program can give assurance for the future. It will involve complete coöperation on the part of both government and industry backed by the public's insistence that the job shall be done. It will call for tremendous work in the years lying immediately ahead. In the meanwhile we are still riding the downward spiral that has carried other nations to eclipse and even to oblivion.

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The Atlantic Serial

ARABESQUE

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

In 1941 Armande Herne, the attractive wife of a British petty officer in the Atlantic service, finds herself the object of considerable suspicion in Syria. Half French and bilingual, she had come to Beirut as the secretary to an aircraft manufacturer. But when his mission collapsed and the British and Free French took over, she was without visible means of support. Her British passport was only a partial defense against the suspicion of British Field Security, represented here by the persistent Sergeant Prayle.

Wishing to reidentify herself with the war, Armande accepts a commission from David Nachmias of the Jewish Agency, who tells her that with her charm she can persuade Sheikh Wadiah to sell to the British the machine guns which he has been deviously collecting. When she queries Prayle about Nachmias, she learns that Nachmias has worked for the British before. Armande visits the Sheikh's mountain village, Beit Chabab, in the Lebanon, where, after some weeks of giving and receiving hospitality, she charms the chieftain out of his arsenal.

With the sale definitely arranged, she leaves for Jerusalem. What Armande does not realize is that her coup comes as a complete surprise to both Captain Fairfather of British Field Security and Major Montagne of the Free French, who had captured the receipt for the guns but not the weapons.

11

In Jerusalem, Armande was happy for the first time since the fall of France. She was back in a tiny apartment of her own: a penthouse on the top of a block of flats. The roof stood high above the modern suburbs, looking east to the scrub and boulders of the barren Judaean hills, and west to the walls and pinnacles of the Old City. She was free to choose her own friends, free of all those cheaply alluring competitors in the Hôtel St. Georges in Beirut; and, war or no war, it was pleasant to be back in a civilization that recalled London. At the King David Hotel there were even dinner jackets to be seen in the restaurant.

She had no financial worries. Soon after reaching Jerusalem she had taken a job at Palestine Headquarters which paid her as yet a mere five pounds a week, but gave her security and self-respect. She was at last a useful member of the fortress, not an idle mouth to be fed.

With all this outward peace she was gay at heart. She had carried out a difficult and secret assignment with such ease and efficiency. One night when she thought of the quiet commendation of David Nachmias she had hugged her pillow and kicked with exhilaration like a month-old infant, until the loneliness of the pillow reminded her that she was a woman, not a child.

David Nachmias had not told her very much of the end of the story — simply that at the appointed time and place Sheikh Wadiah had met the detachment of troops and led them to a temporary cache where the arms awaited collection; he had been mildly offended because the party would not stay to a considerable cold supper which he himself had carried out into the woods.

She sent Wadiah her Jerusalem address, and at once received a reply from him, written in a magnificent flowing hand on the most expensive paper obtainable in Beit Chabab, which happened to be pale pink and deckle-edged. The letter contained nothing but resounding compliments, yet was delivered confidentially by a Maronite monk. Sheikh Wadiah was too much of an individualist to believe in public services.

At the end of November the same monk, bowing, smiling, and disappearing with ecclesiastical smoothness, delivered another letter. For two pages it expressed Wadiah's allegiance to her and her country, and then came to the point: —

> You will remember my major-domo, Fouad, who, next to myself, was your most devoted servant in Beit Chabab. He has had the misfortune of some slight trouble in his family, and I have thought it best to send him over the frontier into Palestine. He will come to see you in person. His life is in your hands to do with what you will.

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Armande discounted this conventionally exaggerated language. Fouad, she supposed, had some private business with army or government, and she was expected to do him a favor — probably a large and disreputable favor. She hoped that David Nachmias would help her to do whatever was required. Nachmias kept clear of her in Jerusalem, explaining that there should be no public connection between them. His influence in the background, however, had been of use. He had ensured that she met the colonel who was now her employer, and he had opened to her the Zionist circles of Jerusalem.

She liked the Jews of Palestine. They had the taste but not the conservatism of her husband's stockbroking friends, the energy but not the vulgarity of the smaller fry of European commerce, and they had made Jerusalem a little capital of the arts and of science. Her sympathies were wholly Zionist. To historical rights of Jew or Arab she was indifferent. The right of the Jews, for her, was that they were proud and happy, hard at work and secure. A joyous and intelligent folk had been re-created, and the world was the richer for it.

12

It was a Sunday afternoon in early December. At the special request of her colonel she had spent the morning at work, and had come from the bare maps and tables of the cheerless military office home to her flat. The first heavy winter rain roared out of the windless sky and capered on the roof outside the windows of her living room. Dry and warm amid a veil of water, she idled happily, still savoring her delicious privacy.

Her bell rang. It was her German-Jewish landlord, Dr. Finkelkraut. He bowed with Central European formality.

"Mrs. Herne," he said, "it is my duty to alarm the tenants."

She supposed the water was about to be cut off again. "I am alarmed," she answered, smiling.

"You have taken notice, yes?" he insisted, as if asking her to sign a receipt. "It is the police!"

Armande had developed immunity to the excited noises that occasionally drifted up from the flats below. She now listened. The block was humming with hysterical exclamations.

"What's all the fuss about?" she asked.

"An Arab murderer has been observed to enter my house," replied Dr. Finkelkraut importantly. "By instantly organizing our microcosm I assist the police. They wish to search the flats."

"Well, he wasn't here and he can't get in," said Armande, "but the police can look around if they like."

Dr. Finkelkraut vanished down the stairs.

Before Armande could shut her door, an Arab sprang from behind the housing of the stairhead and rushed towards her. She let him in. Fouad was Fouad, whatever he had done.

Fouad fell on his knees and carried her hand to his forehead. He was no longer the spruce, gray-clad rider who had honored Wadiah by his attendance. The major-domo was wearing the black cotton of the poor. The wet rags clung to his body. His mustache, a black and proud edition of Wadiah's, was weighed down by rain. Blood dripped from his fingers to the floor.

Armande caught him by the good arm, dragged him to the bedroom and shut the door. Then she dashed outside. There was no trace of blood on the roof; evidently Fouad had had the sense to keep his hand muffled in his rags. In her room there was blood on the parquet. She flung a rug over it. When she looked up, Dr. Finkelkraut and the police were at her door.

There were a British sergeant, an Arab and a Jewish constable. The constables began a thorough search of the roof and chimneys, while the sergeant smilingly addressed her in Hebrew.

"Mrs. Herne is English and works for the army," explained Dr. Finkelkraut officiously.

The sergeant smiled with relief. He was a pleasant, fresh-faced young man. Armande's excitement, fear, distress — she had no time to realize what she had done, why she did it, or what she felt — began to ease in face of this male innocent. Him at least she could handle.

"Bit of luck finding *you* here!" he exclaimed, as if Jews had neither eyes to see nor tongues to speak. "You can tell me all about it. Mrs. Herne, there must be a man somewhere on this roof."

"There might be," Armande answered. "I've been reading."

"Could he have got into your flat?"

"Not without my seeing him. What's he done?"

"Committed a very brutal murder in the Lebanon. We've been on the lookout for him, and he was recognized while he was asking for this street. Then he ran for it, and the constable is sure he saw him bolt into this house. Now where can he have got to?"

"Fire escape?" she suggested.

"Impossible. I have a man at the bottom of it."

"Well, he can't be here," said Armande. "But have a look round the flat if you like."

She held the sergeant with smiling eyes; she was oddly terrified lest he should watch her throat and see the heavy beating of her heart.

"I needn't bother you, Mrs. Herne," he replied. "I can see you have only these two windows and your door opening on the roof. So if you've been here all the time . . ."

When the police had left, Armande sprang into the bedroom. Fouad was crouching on his heels in a corner of the room: a wet Arab, pitiable and helpless as a wet kitten. So much of their dignity

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and grace depended on the free movement of the covering.

"*Merci, Madame! Merci! Merci!*" he murmured in halting French.

"Show me the wound!" she cried anxiously. "Did the police shoot at you?"

"Yes, yes, Madame. But it is nothing."

It was nothing, a mere tear in the fleshy part of the upper arm which she dressed and bandaged. Fouad moaned as the disinfectant stung him, but held out his arm without wincing. Then she gave him a drink. Dry clothes? Heaven only knew what was the modesty of these feminine and conventional Arabs! At last she thought of a huge coat of rough sheepskin which she had bought in Hebron. He accepted it gratefully.

She left him to change, and paced up and down the living room, giving Sheikh Wadiah a mental dressing-down that would have shattered his self-complacence for a year. Fouad had slight trouble in his family, indeed! His life was in her hands, indeed! Well, it was. That had been no Oriental figure of speech. It was sheer lunacy to saddle her with a common criminal. It was cheating.

She returned to the bedroom. Fouad, wrapped in the sheepskin robe, was squatting on the floor, uncomplainingly awaiting the sentence of his judge.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"No, Madame. I eat before I come. But a cigarette — you have?"

Armande sat on the bed, and tried to extract his story. It was difficult, for Fouad had no English and only a hundred words of French. He told his crime frankly and with a modest pride, though he admitted that Sheikh Wadiah had considered it ill-timed, inconvenient, and out of date. He spoke of his chieftain as a boy of his schoolmaster, recognizing that Wadiah, as a responsible authority, had to hand out hard words but did not necessarily believe them.

Twenty years before, in a savage riot between Moslem and Christian, Fouad's aunt had been raped and murdered, and his father killed while attempting to protect her. The murderer was well known, and wisely disappeared into the Mohammedan world of the Far East. While Fouad was on Sheikh Wadiah's business at Damascus, the son of the criminal was pointed out to him. He followed his man into a quiet street, killed him, defiled his body, and escaped to Beit Chabab. Sheikh Wadiah could not deny his guilt and could not protect him.

"He say to me — escape to Palestine! See Mme. Armande. Maybe she use influence. Maybe they not hang you. So I am here."

"But, Fouad, I —" began Armande.

"Madame, I not stay here," Fouad reassured her. "I come only to speak. Madame not to fear. I not tell police where I was."

"You must stay here till I come back," replied Armande decisively. "I am going out now to try to help you. Keep in the bedroom and do not open the door whoever comes."

13

The Nachmias flat was in Abu Tor, on the edge of the bare Valley of Hinnom. Mme. Nachmias was at home, languid upon a sofa, with an ivory telephone, a box of expensive chocolates, and a French novel by her side. When she rose to greet Armande, the trim bulges under her smart housecoat revealed that even in privacy she would not surrender to the lax and corsetless ease of the Levant.

"But you must wait for my husband!" she cried, when Armande apologized for disturbing her. "He would be desolated to miss you. He is very fond of my naughty little Mme. Herne."

Mme. Nachmias archly implied that it was good for the uncivilized David to have attractive friends, and that she chose them for him with care.

"The General wanted to see him," she added importantly. "But he will not be long. I adore your English officers. They are so precise. Ten minutes, and everything is said!"

Armande's experience in an army office had convinced her that British officers talked for the sake of talking, and seldom to the point. Madame's opinion was an illusion. She was right, however, in prophesying that her husband would not be long. Half an hour later Nachmias entered the flat.

He showed to Armande the stolid gallantry that Madame expected of him, and then turned to his wife. "By the way, *chérie*, your cousin Susie is back in Jerusalem."

"*David! I must, I must absolutely speak to her!*" declared Mme. Nachmias impetuously. "I will only be a moment," she added to Armande, "just while David pours a drink for you."

She picked up the telephone and began an exclamatory conversation. Nachmias carried the drinks to a far corner of the room.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"It's a long story," Armande warned him doubtfully.

"Madame and her cousin," he murmured, "have equal politeness. On the telephone neither wishes to be the last to speak."

Armande showed him Wadiah's letter, and explained the sudden appearance of Fouad.

"That is awkward, yes," he said. "But I assure you, Madame, it is an inevitable consequence of such a friendship as you made. In Wadiah's mind, you see, you have become the protector of the Ghoraibs. All the same, he had no right at all to ask this of you."

"He thought he had," Armande retorted.

"Mme. Herne, you romanticize the Arabs! He did not even think he had. It was a last chance for this Fouad, and he tried it," answered Nachmias

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with the first signs of impatience that she had ever seen in him. "You must send the man away at once. If he were caught with you — well, the complications might be disastrous."

"But he ought to see a doctor."

"For bullet wounds the police doctors are the best."

"I can't give him up to the police," Armande cried. "And anyway, the police mustn't know he was with me."

"Why should they? Fouad told you he would not talk, and he will not. After all, the police searched your house. They know that Fouad was not in it. He has only to say, for example, that he never entered the house at all, and they will accept it. Send him away tonight as soon as it is dark! Watch the movements of the police, and see that he is not caught going out! And be careful, Madame — if you fail, I cannot protect you."

Armande waited another ten minutes for the telephone conversation to finish, and said good-bye. She returned to her flat, hurt and annoyed. Nachmias had not only refused to help Fouad, but he had disapproved of her own perfectly natural action. As for his complications — what were they? Wadiah had done a discreet favor to the British; he had every right to expect a discreet favor in exchange. It was all nonsense for David Nachmias to say that he could not protect her. He was being professionally mysterious in order to force her to do her duty.

It was of course her duty to give up a murderer to justice — that she knew without any officious assistance from Nachmias — but neither law nor crime was quite so clear in this strange Levantine world as at home. There were loyalties between Wadiah and Fouad, Wadiah and her, Fouad and her. Beit Chabab had cherished her, saved her, given her self-respect and happiness. To that dear society Fouad belonged. It was utterly impossible to turn him out into the street and hear the police whistles blowing five minutes later.

The alternative? To spend an indefinite number of nights shut up in her penthouse with a murderer. She smiled to herself at this dramatic presentation of the affair. Fouad was no more a murderer than a seventeenth-century duelist. And he did not consider her as an attainable woman. She was above his world, his protectress, his princess. If he thought of her as a woman at all, it was as his chieftain's woman, hedged around by more taboos than she could possibly imagine.

14

Armande moved her bed and dressing table into the living room, leaving the bedroom and its safety to Fouad. The first twenty-four hours were full of flavor. It was exciting to answer the smile of the policeman on the beat, and to buy extra food at shops where she was not known. It was a calm and personal jest after her own heart to receive an officer who came to fetch her for a dance, and to imagine his horror if he were to learn that she kept a tame murderer in the next room. Only the sharing of her bathroom, to which each of the two rooms had a door, did she find hard to accept. She shuddered at the thought of a ragged Arab among the intimacies of her toilet — though in fact Fouad turned out to be scrupulously familiar with all the complexities of the Western lavatory.

Fouad was quite content in complete idleness so long as he was well supplied with cigarettes, yet the vision of him sitting still behind closed doors began to obsess her nerves. On the third and fourth days the strain became barely tolerable. Armande began to realize that her hospitality was futile; it led nowhere, for she had no idea how to get Fouad away to a possible future.

On the following Saturday Fouad was still in the flat. When Armande came home from the office, with a free afternoon before her, hostess and guest lunched together in the kitchen. Then Fouad returned to his idle imprisonment and his cigarettes, and Armande settled down to write to her husband.

She wrote to John from Palestine with more ease, and her letters had been consistently cheerful, full of comment on her doings rather than her thoughts. Dear John, now proudly a petty officer! It was impossible to doubt that in convoying the merchant fleets back and forth across the Atlantic he was fulfilling himself and his dreams. She could sorrow for herself or for the partnership which she missed, but she could not pity his exposure to the cold and danger of the seas. John was so obviously happier than he had ever been without cold and danger. He did not need her.

She would have liked to tell him this adventure, but she realized that — apart from the risk of her letter being read by the censor — she could not write the story in any terms that would not shock him. He would cable her to see the District Commissioner immediately and explain her crazy act. See the man at the top and trust him — that was one of John's favorite maxims.

The letter would not write itself, for the overshadowing worry of Fouad's presence made all her cheerful trivialities inane. Then she heard steps crossing the roof to her flat. Instantly she glanced round the room to see if there were any traces of Fouad. There were none at all. She opened the door — to find facing her the difficult Sergeant Prayle.

"Bachelor girl!" said Prayle, when he had been graciously received and planted in a comfortable chair. "Aprons and inkpots! Suits you better than the St. Georges, Mrs. Herne."

"Are you stationed in Palestine now?" she asked coldly.

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"No. Just calling in on the Holy Places with a little bag of samples."

"And which of them," she inquired politely, "interest you?"

"Yours."

"Mine? You mean . . . Have you come to see me officially?"

"Uncle," said the Sergeant apologetically.

Armande felt a rush of anger against all these stupid people, personified in Prayle, with their interrogations and internments and vague minds; but she could not afford to show resentment. Had they traced Fouad to her? She thought it unlikely. "Isn't it time uncle understood the modern generation?" she retaliated.

"Look, Mrs. Herne," he answered gently, ignoring her changed voice. "It doesn't matter what you think of me — we're in the same game. And what I want to know is so simple. Who got the Ghoraib fountain pens?"

"That?" asked Armande, amazed. "Who got them? But, Sergeant, shouldn't this be handled on what they call a higher level?"

"Of course it should! But keep on a low level, and the army runs smoothly. That's what we are for."

"Really I know very little," Armande said. "And what I do know I can't tell you without instructions."

"Whose instructions?"

"I don't think I should tell you that."

"Well, what department?"

"What has gone wrong? I really don't see what you want to know."

"I want to know who swiped Wadiah's guns. We didn't. Nor did the French."

"The French? No."

"Well, it was their business. And they started collecting a month or so after Wadiah had unloaded his stock. That's how the story came out. Wadiah swore to Montagne — you remember Major Montagne? Puss in Boots. Guillotines — he swore to Montagne that he had given the lot to the British."

"So he did."

"Sure?"

"Of course! Sheikh Wadiah is the soul of honor," she answered indignantly.

She saw Prayle's face light up with tenderness, amusement, relief — impossible to analyze the emotion. His odd-sized eyes and witch nose were integrated into a merry whole. She was reminded of some half-forgotten French print — of Villon or Panurge it might have been — wherein a crooked face shone with intelligence and enjoyment.

"Then to clear — Wadiah," he said, "get in touch with the big cheese and tell him Field Security is interested. He'll understand that if we aren't in the picture there's bound to be a stink. Drop us a hint, and the whole business can be ironed out without anybody's pet racket being compromised. If I come and see you tomorrow, will you try meanwhile to get permission to tell me more?"

"Yes, but I won't promise."

"Or of course you might try to get it now."

"I have told you that I can't, Sergeant Prayle."

"Hop into the next room and ask him."

"Ask whom?" she replied, imitating the lazy surprise with which she invited him to explain his more abstruse remarks.

"The gentleman behind the door that you keep glancing at."

"I keep glancing at the door," she retorted, "because I want to go in there as soon as you have left."

"That," he said, "was a mean trick."

"You asked for it."

"I didn't mean your very natural response. I meant me. You see, I've been admiring your courage. Not once have you glanced at the door."

Armande saw that she was fairly caught.

"Sergeant," she said, "even if you were right, there might be very simple reasons for a man in my bedroom."

"There might. But not smoking cheap Anchor cigarettes. You forgot the north wind, you see. It's blowing the smoke back under the door."

Armande stared at him, her face deliberately calm and neutral. "Sergeant Prayle, I give you my word that whoever is in the bedroom has nothing to do with Wadiah's arms."

"Or with Wadiah?"

"Well — not in the sense that you mean."

"Blackmail, Mrs. Herne?"

"No!"

"You're looking a bit harassed —"

In his voice was such sympathy with helpless loneliness, Armande could not meet his eyes for fear of breaking down.

"Tell me," he said. "I'm not really a cop, you know."

"But you might be forced to behave like one."

"By what?"

"Oh . . . duty."

"Got two of 'em. One's to the neighbor."

"Beit Chabab," she began. "You know I was there?"

"Of course."

"And if I may I'll tell you why. But — well, Sheikh Wadiah thought I was more important than I am."

Sergeant Prayle nodded. That delusion was not confined to Wadiah.

"And naturally I did things for the Ghoraibs — all the nasty little favors that Arabs ask."

"Human," he corrected her. "Not nasty."

"Yes, I agree. And then his major-domo killed a man in Damascus. And Wadiah sent him to me, of all people, to get him off. I can't get him off and I won't let him go, and there you are."

"And now," said Prayle, "let's have all the details. How did he get here? And how much do the police know?"

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Armande told him the story of Fouad's arrival.

"And still you approve of yourself?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't see what else I could have done."

"Nor do I. Well, I'll have to make Fouad disappear for you."

"But how?"

"Just wave the wand."

"Are you sure you can do it without getting into trouble?" she asked anxiously.

"Were you?"

Armande called in Fouad from the bedroom. Prayle stumbled through the Arabic greetings, watching the man as he gravely answered. His eyes were merry and honorable. He was neither sullen nor effusive, and showed no sense of guilt. The word *devotion* sprang into the Sergeant's mind. That was his instinctive summing up of Fouad. It was no rare quality among the Eastern Christians. They might be easygoing — in every bad sense as well as good — but they could love. It was that capacity for devotion, he supposed, which had appealed to Armande. Her own soul responded.

He smiled into the composed and lovely little face that watched the pair of them so intently. Here was the girl he had imagined, with immense reserves of loyalty and courage. He packed away the knowledge, to be squared sometime, whenever his army life gave him the hour and the solitude for slow reflection, with her exasperating and unreal detachment.

"Hardest first," he said. "That mustache has got to come off."

Fouad, recognizing word and gesture, looked appealingly at Armande; then burst into sad and passionate Arabic.

"Not quite sure," Prayle interpreted, "but I think he said that if he has to swing, mustache swings too. It would be a proud day, you see, and he ought to look his best. How do you talk together, by the way?"

"Oh, Fouad understands simple French. I'll get his mustache off him. Is there anything else you want?"

"Ravishing blondes," he said thoughtfully. "I had shares in a dance hall once, and we used to make a packet out of selling beauty preparations. No demand for mouse-brown. But can do, I suppose?"

"Can do," she laughed, "if I bleached him first. I'll see my beauty parlor."

"Good. His skin is so fair, you see, that he'd look quite a different person with brown hair and no mustache."

Sergeant Prayle talked himself out of the room, remarking casually that he would see her or telephone her the following evening about their various troubles. He did not again refer directly to Wadiah's arms. Armande, amusedly seeking the cause of his embarrassment, suddenly realized — and her heart leaped up with appreciation of his queer delicacy — that he was eager to impress it on her that there was no bargain, and that he completely dissociated the disposal of Fouad from the answer he demanded and expected.

15

Since it was the Jewish Sabbath, Armande was reasonably certain of finding David Nachmias at home. He was not religious, but he conformed. She called him up, and guardedly, as she thought, indicated trouble. He abruptly cut the conversation short, and said that he would come at once to see her. Armande was piqued that he should doubt her caution on the telephone. The click of the receiver as he replaced it was sharp as a rebuke from a commanding officer.

Her resentment vanished as soon as David Nachmias entered the room. Slow, massive, and courteous, it was no wonder that Arabs liked him. He asked her immediately of Fouad, and she lied boldly that he had gone. That was her own business — and she had ensured that there would be no smell but flowers and a faint memory of perfume.

Armande gave him coffee, and told him of the Sergeant's visit.

"We have made a mistake, Madame," he said at last.

Armande felt only pleasure at the *we*. If any mistake had been made, Nachmias had made it, but she was ready enough to be associated with him.

"I could not guess that the French would collect arms in the Lebanon," he admitted frankly. "It seems incredible that you, the British, should occupy a country and then allow to others so intimate a detail of administration. Well, well, you could have thought of no surer way of making the French unpopular."

Nachmias relaxed into silent contemplation of his coffee. Armande watched him, fascinated; she had never seen a man think with so little outward sign of any mental processes at all. After some minutes she ventured to recall him to her own problem.

"What shall I tell these security people? Can I mention your name?"

"I would rather you did not as yet," he replied indifferently. "I will see them myself."

"But what did happen to the arms?" she asked.

"As you promised Wadiah, they were collected by soldiers in uniform."

"Then what is all the fuss about?" Armande's great eyes caressed him, soft with the tender amusement of a mother at the unnecessary evasions of her sons. "You have only to tell the General what happened."

Nachmias did not respond. His face remained calm as a sultry summer evening.

"Madame, consider what you know. Wadiah is not lying. Prayle is not lying. But is it not possible that the Free French Major Montagne is lying?"

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"I don't understand. When?"

"I suggest to you that he knew all about the deal. He was lying when he showed surprise."

"But why should he say he hasn't got the arms, if he has?" she asked with some agitation. "I don't understand. You ought to let me know what I have done."

"You are aware, Madame, that the French are divided into two parties?"

"Vaguely. But they didn't matter."

"Perhaps not, when you were at Beirut in the days of their first enthusiasm. Now they do matter. There might even be open, violent collision. Catholics and royalists on one side, socialists and communists on the other. Well, Madame, imagine that I was ordered to give arms to the left wing and not to the right. Do you understand now? Major Montagne can never say that he had Wadiah's machine guns."

Armande felt utter revulsion from what she had done. Then men had time for this kind of ugly intrigue in the midst of a war for life and death? Poor, gallant France still keeping up its suicidal feuds in exile, and her own country encouraging and able and ready to split a helpless ally! If this was British policy, then all the accusations of French and German and Jew against perfidious Albion were justified. Divide and rule, divide and rule — it was no better than Hitler's conquer and rule.

Her eyes filled with tears. They spread upon her cheek before she could stop them.

"Madame . . ." protested David Nachmias.

"It is nothing," she answered. "Leave me alone. It's not your fault. I should have known. These things have to be."

"But what you did was magnificent!"

"Ours not to reason why!" she cried hysterically. "Magnificent? Magnificently filthy! Wadiah is worth all of you."

"He is. I admit it. But still, Madame, I do not understand."

"No? Oh God, David Nachmias, are we living a hundred years ago? It was the fashion then — this beastly, crooked cleverness. But that is not what I thought I was serving. That is not why I am in the Middle East. Oh, go and build your Palestine. That at least is clean."

His eyes were expressionless. There was a hint of pity in them, but neither protest at her emotion nor any fear of it. His very presence was a reminder that nothing mattered. Accept, accept, always accept! She was bitter at his complacence, but that calm made it easier for her to gain control of herself.

"I am sorry," she said.

"I have been very mistaken in you, Madame," he murmured regretfully.

"I dare say. I am sorry," she repeated.

"I do not mean that as a criticism," Nachmias assured her gently, "— or only of myself. You were so self-possessed in Beirut — almost Oriental. I thought — well, it doesn't matter what I thought. I was wrong."

"A *poule de luxe*, like the rest of them," said Armande savagely, flushing at her own vehemence.

"No! Never!" protested Nachmias.

Her angry desire to shake him out of his tranquillity had been well and unexpectedly fulfilled. She was sourly amused to see that he was shocked.

"Never, Madame, I assure you! But I thought that you cared for nothing but purposes of your own. That was the impression you gave: that you were waiting for — for power to come to you. But not through the methods of a — of ordinary women. And you have power. You are dangerous, Madame."

"I am very weary of being called a dangerous woman," said Armande. "M. Nachmias, I shall not speak a word of what has passed between us. So far as all this official curiosity goes, you will satisfy it. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes. And I shall do so."

"And give my compliments to your charming wife. We shall see each other often, I hope."

"Good-bye, Madame."

"Good-bye. And do not worry about your secrets."

16

When his bus stopped at the Jaffa Gate, Prayle dived into the bazaar of the Old City and bought the black outer garment and thin, black veil of a respectable and old-fashioned Moslem woman. Then he disturbed Captain Fairfather's Sunday evening leisure to demand the loan of the section truck to take him to the recruiting depot at Sarafand, where, he said, he wanted to interrogate a witness; and when Fairfather let him go, at midnight, with permission to use the truck and a lecture on the contradictory aspects of Jewish womanhood in bed and in politics, Prayle telephoned Armande, woke her up, and told her not to go to the office in the morning. He then went to bed himself, full of admiration for his own swift and efficient staff work.

At nine next morning he entered Armande's street as an Arab woman, carrying his hat and boots in a basket under a neat white cloth. Half an hour's patient waiting was necessary before he spotted the plain-clothes man who was watching the street, and had him where he wanted him — at the far end of the street and about to stroll back. It was essential that the man should see him enter Armande's block, but not too closely. Prayle shrunk his height so far as he could, hobbling along with bent knees and imitating the gait of a worn village woman with the usual varicose legs. He turned into the house when the watcher was looking straight at him from a distance of two hundred yards.

He rang Armande's bell.

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"Any rags, bones, or bottles today, Mum?"

His cockney accent did not get a laugh. Armande smiled, wan and puzzled. Her slim, tense body had no life in it. Hell, thought Prayle, my little ship's in harbor again!

"Just slipping Fouad into something loose," he said, "and then we're off."

Fouad was not easily recognizable. His mustache had gone, and his hair was a dirty golden-brown. Prayle dressed him in the female clothing and veil, and he himself returned to his uniform. He gave Fouad an exhibition of the gait with which he had entered the house, and warned him to imitate it until he was clear of the immediate quarter.

"Walk out of town by the Jaffa Road," he told him. "I'll pass you in a truck and pick you up in about half an hour."

Fouad said an emotional good-bye to Armande, his halting French made more incoherent than ever by tears of gratitude. She took his hand, gently smiling, but untouched by the femininely Arab outburst as if she herself had been some just and grimly masculine administrator. Prayle was astonished at her lack of warmth. What had happened to her since the day before yesterday? The only explanation was that she just died and departed into a hell of her own when things went wrong. But what the devil had gone wrong?

He looked out of the window. The plain-clothes man was talking to a shopkeeper halfway up the street.

"Now, Fouad!" he ordered. "Hobble! Let that man see you come out! Don't forget the basket with your clothes in it! *Imshi!*"

Fouad again seized Armande's hands, and then dashed down the stairs.

"I'll follow him in a few minutes," said Prayle, "and then come back and see you tonight."

"I can tell you now." Armande spoke with such a cold regret that it was obvious to him she was hurting even herself. "My department, whatever it is, will explain the whole thing to your security chiefs. I'm sorry. It's so discourteous to tell you nothing. But Wadiah's arms were a matter of High Policy."

"Why are you so upset about it?" he asked.

"I am not."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Mrs. Herne, do you believe everything David Nachmias tells you?"

"You said I could trust him," she answered.

"I never told you to take his orders. Who did tell you?"

"I never said I took them. I don't want to discuss the subject, Sergeant Prayle. The whole thing will be settled, and I want to forget it."

"Give me a hint. Did British troops collect Wadiah's arms?"

"I hope to God they did not," she answered bitterly. "I hope the French themselves collected them. And there's your hint, and I am not going to say any more. What are you doing with Fouad?"

"Enlisting him. Private George Nadim Salibah of the Palestine Buffs."

"And you won't be caught? Are you sure?"

"Keeping my fingers crossed."

He went out onto the roof and saw Fouad in the distance, well away from police and stepping boldly. Fouad's slight build made a presentable woman of him; he was unlikely to attract attention.

"The worst is over," Prayle said.

"I am so grateful. You've been an angel, a guardian angel. And I stand here like a stuffed owl," she cried with a flash of spirit, "while you take such risks for me. Good luck, and — and bless you!"

"For your own sake," he persisted, "tell me the story."

"I'd tell you so gladly for your sake," she replied. "But I'm not allowed to. Don't think too hardly of me."

Prayle hurried back to the Field Security office, thanking God for Fouad. If that damned, sympathetic murderer had never existed, his visit to Jerusalem would have ended, just as he had feared, in a straight rebuff from Armande. Well, he had got it; but it was no collision of their prides and their tastes, driving them irrevocably apart. It was merely a straight line, a reluctant line, among the complex curves of their relationship.

The truck was waiting outside the office. He jumped in alongside Fairfather's batman-driver, and told him to go to Sarafand. Just outside Jerusalem, where the road began to sweep downwards along the hillside, the truck overtook Fouad.

"Let's give the old girl a lift," Prayle suggested.

"O.K., Sergeant, but she won't take it," the driver answered.

"Very heavy basket. Let's see."

Fouad climbed into the back without a word. Fifteen miles further on, in the wooded gorge of Bab el Waad, Prayle stopped the truck and, to the driver's shocked surprise, led Fouad off into the plantations. There he gave him his papers and a sketch of the birthplace and past life of George Nadim Salibah, the name on Fouad's new identity card.

"No thanks needed," Prayle said. "Sheikh Wadiah helps us. We help him, and you too. Didn't you help our soldiers when they came to Beit Chabab?"

Prayle's shot in the dark was successful.

"Yes, *moussié*," Fouad answered. "I guide them."

"Did they speak English?"

"Yes, *moussié*, but not like Englishman."

"You don't understand it, do you?"

"I hear plenty English. These men not speak like English."

"What did they look like? Dark or fair?"

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"Dark, *moussié*, but not so dark as Arab."

"Did Sheikh Wadiah notice anything?"

"No. He talk only with major and speak all the time. Much welcome."

"No idea what they were?"

"No, *moussié*. Not English. Not French. I do not know what you send. Great country. Many allies. Me too British soldier now. Very proud."

"That's fine, Fouad," said Prayle kindly. "And when it wears off, just remember Mme. Armande."

The driver stared when he saw Prayle return from the woods with a man. Then he grinned. This was real secret service stuff. It was the first time in all his driving for Field Security that anything dramatic had happened.

"Keep it under your hat, chum," said Sergeant Prayle. "Now off we go to Sarafand!"

He saw Private George Nadim Salibah duly sworn, and whispered to the sergeant who took charge of Fouad a mysterious and quite incomprehensible story of the new recruit's services to Intelligence. Salibah's prestige was firmly established, and Sergeant Prayle was invited to lunch at the mess.

17

Back in Jerusalem, Prayle gave his whole attention to strict duty. He had solved the problem of Wadiah's private arsenal, but not the problem of convincing his superiors. It seemed obvious that Nachmias had used Armande to acquire Wadiah's machine guns for the Jewish National Home and that a party of Jews in British uniform had boldly collected them. Proof, however, was lamentably short unless Armande herself spoke out. Her hint about the French did not make sense. The French never had those arms. Montagne's indignation had been too real.

Prayle decided to report to Captain Fairfather, by easy stages, as much as he knew.

"Well, did you have any luck with Mrs. Herne?" asked Fairfather as soon as Prayle entered the office.

"Yes and no, sir."

"What did she say?"

"That she wouldn't discuss the matter."

"Who is the mastermind? Got any line?"

"Old Joab, sir."

"Do you want a commission, Sergeant Prayle?"

"Baton in the knapsack."

"Well, you'll have to be a damned sight clearer for your men than you are for me. Who's Joab?"

"David Nachmias."

Fairfather leaned back in his chair, and relit his pipe. "I can't imagine Nachmias doing anything so foolish that he would be caught out. But if he never dreamed that anyone would bother Wadiah for arms, the plan looked dead safe. It was a thousand to one against Wadiah ever having to produce that receipt. Why should he? He might frame it and hang it in his parlor some day, when the whole affair was too old for investigation; but that's all. If the French hadn't suddenly started to collect arms, we should never have heard a word of Nachmias's intrigue and we should never have guessed that he used Armande."

"She never knew," Prayle insisted.

"Possibly. On the other hand, she's inclined to take a line of her own, you know."

"Can we get David Nachmias for impersonation of the military?"

"Not a hope!" said Fairfather, obviously relishing the subtlety of Nachmias's crime. "Your poor old Wadiah handed over his arms to what he thought was a party of British troops. Who were they? They might be French, Syrians, Cypriots, anything in battle-dress. You've no proof that they were Jews. And if we accused the Jewish Agency, they would quite certainly reply that the troops were British and that we were trying to frame them. My dear Prayle, it was a very clever coup!"

"But don't these people care whether they are suspected or not?"

"Not a bit, so long as there's no legal proof. The Agency wants arms. They say we have failed to defend them in the past, and they propose to make certain of defending themselves in the future. When you remember the massacres at Hebron and Haifa and Safad and half a dozen small colonies, it isn't surprising . . ."

As he left the office, Prayle doubted whether even once a year Captain Fairfather was not futile. It was pretty evident that he did not intend to forsake his fascinated contemplation of Palestine for the hard, perhaps impossible, task of bringing military justice to bear on David Nachmias. Armande would thus remain under suspicion.

The road Prayle took back to Beirut, along the coast, was Jewish as the road coming up, over the hills, had been Arab. Even the smells were different. From Tel Aviv to Haifa the wind carried scents of petrol and acacia and oranges; from Jerusalem to Haifa, it carried sage and dust. The Arab villages by the wayside smelled of donkeys and cooking-spices, the Jewish settlements of boiling cabbage and pickled cucumber; or, if a settlement were new and hygienic, its desolate neatness was rendered more inhuman than ever by smelling of nothing at all.

Prayle, lying sleepily back upon the mailbags in the truck, watched the orange groves and Jewish colonies reel off behind. It was odd, he thought, how Biblical history — in which he was well and unwillingly grounded at a grammar school of true Puritan tradition — had been reversed. Then the Jews had inhabited the hills, and the Philistines the coast; now the Jews held the coast, and the Arabs the hills. The Jews, in fact, had no historical right to the whole of Palestine. Jehovah might have

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promised them the land, but, except perhaps to Solomon (and offhand he couldn't say whether even Solomon had ruled over the Philistines), Jehovah had been well content with partition.

18

Armande's lonely mood harmonized with, indeed was in part created by, that of the great garrison of the Middle East. She was doubly an alien, being a woman on sufferance among these soldiers who themselves were utterly alien to their surroundings. In her work there was neither gaiety nor excitement; nor, after the bitter use that had been made of her, did she seek for either. She was checking stores in two languages. The fact that some of the stores were confidential made the job no more interesting. She was checking stores, and probably would continue to check until the war ended.

Communication with home was worse than ever. For Armande there was little comfort in the exchange of letters with her husband. Letters from England answered those that she herself had written four months earlier. Her own words were lost in the passing of time. She had forgotten what on earth the correspondent was replying to, so that the response was either stale or meaningless. Much of marriage, she now thought, depended on the little daily intimacies; those lost, a husband and wife had no live subjects to talk about in letters.

What, she wondered, had really happened to the great lovers of fiction and history when they were years absent from one another? Surely their longing must have been so desperate that longing alone created a bond? Each, deprived of half a soul, lived in darkness, and of the darkness wrote. Longing she had, but it was for the life she had lost — not so much for John as for John coming home from the office, John opposite to her at the dinner table, John fussing about the oddness of her friends. Longing for John as a lover — but of that she did not think. It was inconvenient, difficult, and led to disloyalty of thought. Observing the emotional follies of these exiled men and women with no conventional outlet for their capacity to love, she could not believe that she had a passionate temperament, or that hers was a passionate marriage.

One evening early in February, Armande was called to an interview with her colonel. He was alone in his office, a small, bleak shed furnished only with a map, a security poster, two trestle tables belonging to himself and his adjutant, and a couple of chairs. It had the usual smell of a staff office in winter, compounded of stale ash trays, wet battle-dress, and the fumes of a small, overworked kerosene stove.

Armande recognized in his eyes a well-known look of yearning, which meant that he had an unpleasant administrative job in hand and was longing for the open-air life he had enjoyed as a subaltern, or, alternatively, a tent at Advanced Headquarters in the Western Desert where he might occasionally hear a bang. Longing for his wife and children produced a different expression, of sultry ill temper, when the sergeant-clerks stuck firmly to the main office and only Armande and the typists could approach him at all.

In a voice that he was obviously striving to keep clear of any note of criticism, indeed of any implication whatever, he told her that her employment was at an end.

"But why?" asked Armande, smiling.

She had never been sacked before. The experience was incredible.

"Uniformly satisfactory. Excellent character," grunted the colonel uncomfortably.

"I know," Armande laughed. "If it's just because I can't type fast yet, I'll go away and learn."

"Good Lord, no, Mrs. Herne! I say, do sit down! This is quite informal."

Armande sat down. The poor old colonel seemed to call for a more intimate touch than could be supplied while standing opposite to him. Poor old? It was just the effect, she supposed, of being a colonel and sitting important (though reluctant) in an office. He was still in his early forties.

As soon as she sat down, he got up and began to dance round the room, his hands thrust deep into trouser pockets, like an embarrassed schoolboy.

"You — you just have to take it," he told her. "Army orders, you know. Very unjust. Often very unjust indeed. The same for all of us. It will all come right in the end, Mrs. Herne. It always does. But you have to obey."

"But do tell me in what way I've been a nuisance," begged Armande.

"Not a nuisance. You've been so very kind to me. And you could do it standing on your head, all we've given you to do. In your place I should ask for a court-martial, Mrs. Herne."

"But I can't ask for a court-martial," Armande replied, smiling at his incoherence.

"No. No, I suppose not. You're a civilian employee. No, you can't, of course. Dirty shame, I call it!" answered the colonel, wriggling off round the room. "But — but you have to go."

"If you won't tell me what the matter is, shall I ask the adjutant?"

"No, no! No, no! He couldn't tell you any more than I."

"But you must see I can't let it go like that," said Armande reasonably. "If you won't tell me, whom am I to ask?"

"Oh Lord, it's difficult! Look here — the Intelligence wallahs — you go and see one of them."

"I know Captain Fairfather very slightly," said Armande with disdain.

"Just the man! You go and see Captain Fairfather. Just a personal call, if you see what I mean.

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I should be so glad to see you back. We all would."

Armande left without good-byes, as if she were to return to the office next morning. She was dull with anger at the stupidity of — well, not the colonel, but the army. Somewhere, somehow, this was one of the army's maddening, collective stupidities. It was so futile to be sacked and to be unable to give any reason.

19

You look like something out of the *Tatler*," Captain Fairfather said when she entered his office.

"Yes?" she replied indifferently.

"So refreshing after all this local color. A cigarette?"

"Thank you. I was told to come and see you by my colonel."

"Very naughty of him."

"Oh, please!" said Armande impatiently.

"But it was. He's not supposed to indicate to you in any way why you lost your job. Of course it would be ideal if every army employer were a born actor and could pretend, when we order him to sack somebody, that the reason was disgraceful conduct or inefficiency. But they aren't actors."

"So it's true you had something to do with it!"

"I, personally? Nothing at all. Nor your Sergeant Prayle either."

"Then for heaven's sake tell me what has happened."

"Certainly. You have been black-listed for employment by any of the Services."

Armande stared at him. The Jewish and Arab employees in the army offices had talked mysteriously of this black-listing. It was one of the bogeys, like arms dealing, to be discussed only in a lowered voice, and dreaded, since its victims, from the point of view of the humble, seemed to be arbitrarily chosen. They were cut off, then and there, from all further attempts to bleed the army payroll. What a phrase! Armande shuddered at her racing, uncharitable thoughts.

"Why?" she asked casually, as if the whole matter concerned some other woman.

"Because, I suppose, we are afraid of you."

"No, you are not. Not a bit. Is this a punishment because I have Jewish friends?"

"As many as I?" he asked gently.

"Oh, you! You can get away with anything."

"So can you. Or at least you ought to be able to. I don't know what has gone wrong. I don't know why you are so touchy on this Palestine problem. Just what is your opinion of Zionism?"

"I think we have broken our word," she exclaimed with a flashing vehemence that sprang from her personal humiliation rather than any political anger. "I think the White Paper was a scandal, and the League of Nations said it was a scandal. We have stopped the Jews building up their National Home. And it doesn't matter in the least what the meaning of National Home is."

"We also kept the Arabs quiet."

"That may be. But if I were a Jew, I'd be an extremist."

"Do you often say things like that?"

"Yes, if I feel like it. Is that why I'm black-listed?"

"No. We aren't quite such fools, you know. Your opinions, of course, might be considered — well, some slight additional evidence. But I don't know if anyone ever bothered with them."

He offered her another cigarette, and lit it. His eyes were annoyingly and steadily returning to hers.

"Good God, what a glowing person you are!" he said with a half laugh. "And we continue to talk nonsense."

"Captain Fairfather, have we got to fence with one another?" she begged. "What crime am I supposed to have committed?"

"Really I don't know. It's in Beirut that they know, or think they know. It appears that in a moment of carelessness or idealism — not, I am sure, for money — you did a job for the French or the Jews."

"I did neither," Armande retorted indignantly. "Doesn't one department of Intelligence ever tell another what it is doing?"

"Not if one department is David Nachmias."

"You mean I've been sacrificed to — what?"

"Something worthy, I hope. I'm not in this, you see. Palestine — contrary to what you thought — has nothing whatever against you. My only information comes from Captain Wyne, whom I trust, and he trusts Prayle, and Prayle says — he's far from complimentary for so devoted an admirer — he says you are not only innocent but a sweet innocent into the bargain."

"Sergeant Prayle said that?" she asked coldly.

"Well, I'm translating his thought into my own words, you know. He may have put it quite differently."

"Something about my little loaf, probably," Armande replied, measuring contempt into every word.

Captain Fairfather chuckled. "Noggin, I think," he corrected her.

Armande had to smile. Nevertheless Prayle's impudence was exasperating. A sweet innocent, indeed — she a disciplined, calm, worldly woman, who had taken an active interest in every intellectual movement of her time!

"Why on earth don't you people ask David Nachmias about me?" she said.

"Has it occurred to you that he must have been asked before you were black-listed?"

Armande stared at him. "Oh!"

It was a cry of pain, childlike and uncontrollable, as if caused by some small, surprising wound. His words opened an abyss of human infamy. And it

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was no valley through which she had to pass. She was in it. Now. And what he said was true, so obviously and unchallengeably true.

"But then — I'm back where I was."

"Where was that?" he asked.

"Oh, just — Beirut."

"I don't know what sort of hell that means to you. But you aren't back where you were. My poor Armande, this is a scandalous thing!"

She accepted the sudden use of her Christian name. So timed, it nearly made her cry.

"What am I to do?"

"Well, if I were you, I should go to Egypt."

"Will I be . . .?"

She hesitated over the word.

"Black-listed there too? Yes, I'm afraid so. But there are two good reasons for going. One is that you may get home from there. The other — you're better out of Palestine till this can be cleared up. In your present situation you're open to police slanders, exploitation, anything. My driver has an odd story of women changing into men, and I see a man is wanted who disappeared from Beit Chabab. No, don't tell me anything! I liked your Sergeant Prayle. But the connection with you is there to be made if the right policeman reads our black list. Have you a passport?"

"Of course."

"Give it me. I'll fix up your visas."

Laurence Fairfather's suggestion that she should go to Egypt was wise. She had certainly no wish to be asked any polite questions about Fouad. And every intimate impulse prompted her to get out of Palestine. It was impossible to sit idly in her flat and put off all the awkward and friendly inquiries; impossible even to talk to her acquaintances while wondering how much they knew.

"Who knows about this?" she asked.

"About what?"

"About what I am supposed to have done."

"Your name is just one among hundreds. If you don't apply for jobs with the Services, and don't come to the notice of officialdom —"

"But how long must I endure this?" she interrupted. "Can't I be cleared? Can't I ask for some sort of inquiry?"

"Yes, I think you could. But would you be any better off? Who really were those troops in British uniform who collected the arms?"

"French. Montagne's French."

"Who told you that?"

"David Nachmias."

"When?"

"When Sergeant Prayle was here asking about it."

"And what did he tell you when you took on the job?"

"That British would collect them."

"Any witnesses?"

"No."

"Did he say why on earth we should waste men and money collecting arms in the Lebanon?"

Armande repeated the explanation that David Nachmias had given her on the terrace of the Hôtel St. Georges, and the shocking tale of intrigue that he had told her later in her flat.

"Detailed, and to you convincing," said Fairfather. "I don't wonder. But when one knows the general layout, it's tosh! We have enough to do in Syria without bothering about the armament of an old Christian coot in the middle of nowhere. As for David's second story, we should never encourage these divisions of the French. We would give anything to prevent them. No, Mrs. Herne, it's as plain as can be that what you did was to acquire some much wanted Hotchkiss guns for the National Home.

"But it's the most horrible treachery!" she cried. "I didn't know people really did such things."

"There you are then," said Captain Fairfather, handing back her passport, "all fixed for tomorrow afternoon's train. I couldn't get you a sleeper — they're only for generals and contractors — but the train people will look after you, and you'll be all right. Where will you stay in Cairo?"

"Oh, I'll find a hotel and then look round," answered Armande.

"Hotels are rather full, you know," he said doubtfully. "Well, I've written a note about you — just saying I knew you in London — to a pal of mine, a Major Honeymill. Here's his telephone number. Give him a call if you're in any trouble. He'll be delighted. He has nothing whatever to do except train a sort of Arab legion, and he knows everybody in Cairo society and takes none of them seriously. Just the person to get you a job in — well, civilian life, if there's any left."

"Thank you. And you will do everything you can?"

"To clear it up? Of course. But, as I told you, that depends on Beirut, not on us. However, you have Sergeant Prayle there."

She held out her hand, and Laurence Fairfather kissed it. Unnecessarily, she thought. It was his casual manner that made him so disconcerting. He never hid the fact that he thought her lovely and desirable, yet assumed, without any real attempt to test his opinion, that their temperaments were entirely incompatible. She left his office full of gratitude, but wishing that, on the tide of temporary emotion, he had either kissed her very lonely lips or played the silent comrade and grimly but tenderly shaken the offered hand.

(To be continued)

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Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Few places give the stranger the sense of vast disclosure, the abrupt realization of a completely different world, that he finds at the end of a day's ride up the Deer Creek Trail, from Valley, Wyoming. The trail is easy going for anyone capable of eight or ten miles on a horse or afoot — now a forest path and again a series of switchbacks over jutting rock slopes, at times touching the edge of a precipice, with the creek far below. There are small streams and waterfalls on the way and meadows where, at a pinch, one could picket horses and camp overnight.

The terrain is so rough and the way so tortuous that the vistas are all at fairly close quarters. By mid-afternoon the trail is in deep shadow as it rises to timberline and confronts the final bastion of the Deer Creek Pass — a notch between two gigantic crags, occasionally in view at the top of what seems, in the blue shadow, an impassable wall. But the path keeps opening up, a few yards at a time. It curves around the last great rocky knob of the barrier and loses itself suddenly in turf, green grass, a platform of earth about the size of a putting green. This is the top.

No one going up Deer Creek for the first time can prepare his mind or eye for what awaits him at the pass. He has left a ranch country that morning, a valley of grazing land, bald benches, sagebrush, telephone poles, barbed wire, and automobiles. He doesn't realize how high he has gone, although the summer afternoon may have flicked him with hail or a flurry of snow. Least of all can he comprehend, at this threshold, how truly it is a threshold to a wilderness.

Wilderness is a bad word, I suppose, and in some parts of the world it would mean a bitter struggle against nature — hardship, hunger, thirst, parasites, disease, bad drinking water, and such. West of the Deer Creek Pass, the wilderness is more benign in its three or four months of mild weather, a land of wild flowers and game, where one can drink from any stream. A horse grazing the bright yellow meadows is fat and slick within a week. The firewood is always at hand. There are no plagues or pests. The climate is spectacular: freezing every night, with snow on the north slopes all summer, and a hot sun by day. A case of butter, stored in the shade, will keep fresh and hard indefinitely, while the camper may be sun-bathing on the other side of his tent.

That is the kind of wilderness which lies so suddenly before the newcomer as he passes the last tumbled rock barrier and stands in the grassy notch of the pass. Millions and millions of acres, range on range of mountains, the brown valleys, frosted peaks, green forests, spread before him in panorama almost without limit. There is a limit — dim, blue-gray, immense and mysterious — far to the west: the Tetons and Mount Moran. In all the intervening miles, on this summer afternoon, are probably not fifty people. There are no roads, no settlements, and the game trails which lead to nowhere are more heavily traveled than the main trail ahead, on which several days of riding would bring you to Jackson's Hole.

Erle Stanley Gardner (page 90) shows us what the airplane can do to the wilderness. One charter party means more to come. But the very things that draw them to the wilds — the hunting and fishing, the quiet that comes from remoteness — are thereby destroyed.

The West is already laid out at the disposal of every taste, age, and purse. Its de luxe hotels would interchange with Park Avenue. It offers dude ranches, trailer camps, "motels," furnished rooms, amid mountain scenes unsurpassed anywhere in the world. But it also offers to modern man a chance to live on his own in a wilderness.

The Indians took pride in touching an enemy. They called it "counting coup." That is what Mr. Gardner's pair of plane passengers were doing. They flew in, killed their buck, and flew out.

They had counted coup on the wilderness.

C. W. M.

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THE most widely read living author of mystery fiction, whose total book sales have passed the 28-million mark, ERLE STANLEY GARDNER is an amateur of the outdoors. He is an archer, woodsman, and hunter, and his home at Rancho del Paisano at Temecula, California, is one of the most picturesque in the West.

STEP *OFF* THE GAS

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

IT WAS a day of elastic hours filled with interminable miles. Our party had left the train at Shoshone, Idaho, the previous afternoon and had driven most of the night over mountain roads, through Challis, then up to Meyers Cove, where we had thrown our sleeping bags on the ground for a few hours' sleep.

We were up before daylight. Billy Meyers and his wife gave us a breakfast that was guaranteed to stick to the ribs. It was a job getting the horses all saddled and the packs adjusted. Each side had to be balanced so that the packs would not roll or slip — bedrolls, tents, and bulky stuff on top, and the small, heavy stuff riding in the panniers below.

Then we had taken off on horseback down Camas Creek, following for the first hour an old road, then picking up a narrow, winding mountain trail maintained by the Forest Service.

Down below us the Creek tumbled in a frenzy of white-foamed, roaring ecstasy. High above, a thread of blue sky showed between the walls of the canyon. The trail wound around precipitous bluffs, skirted tributary streams, cut through beautiful little valleys, climbed and dipped, turned and twisted until there seemed to be no end.

Tired ears ceased to delight in the roaring of the stream and the musical creak of saddle leather. The dudes began to slump in their saddles, melting with every mile into postures of greater weariness. Along in midafternoon we reached the Middle Fork of the Salmon and headed for the old Mormon Ranch.

We were in Idaho's "primitive area" now, a place set aside for those who love the wild country. No roads were permitted anywhere within this district. The original plan had been that a great primitive area would be set aside, where a person could go by horseback or on foot, or he didn't go at all.

Occasionally deer were seen bounding over the rocks. After we turned down the Middle Fork, a black bear loped across a flat, and one of the guides dropped his lead rope, unloosed his riata, and galloped after the bear, hoping to drop his loop over the bear's neck. But the bear managed to get into the rough country where the horse was at a disadvantage, and then went scrambling up the hillside, his frantic feet throwing a barrage of loose rocks out behind him.

At night the dudes tumbled from their saddles. The packers arranged the duffel in a big half circle. The cook built a fire of small round wood which soon made coals for broiling. There were fried potatoes, onions, tender, juicy steaks, sugar peas, golden coffee, and over all a delicious sense of numbing fatigue.

Half an hour after the meal was finished, we were stretched out in sleeping bags, looking up at the stars. No automobiles, no traffic whistles, no blaring horns, no rumbling, tooting trains, penetrated into this country. The Middle Fork of the Salmon River made only a gentle noise as it slid toward the main stream, which, in turn, passes through the fabled "Canyon of No Return" to join the Snake.

We slept the sleep that comes only to minds completely purged of all nervous worries. Occasionally we would waken to watch a new set of stars which had wheeled into position above us; then release again, into the depths of sleep.

With the first signs of dawn there was the bustle of activity in our camp. The whack of an axe sounded against dry wood, followed by the crackle of flames, the aroma of frying bacon and of boiling coffee.

The ground shook with the pound of the hoofs of pack horses being brought in by the wrangler. The bell on the neck of the big gray mare made hysterical jangling as the horses thundered in at an awkward, hobbled gallop.

My friend and I put rods together and slipped down to the stream for an hour's fishing while the horses were being saddled and packed. Morning sunlight glinted on the ripples and the wet rocks. Below the rapids, the placid stretch of water was unruffled by even the faintest breeze.

We cast far out into the stream, into the little whirlpools at the foot of the rapids. My fly snaked through the air, dropped lightly to the surface of the water, drifted for a few feet, and then suddenly disappeared with a "choog" as a trout surged up from the depths to jerk the line into a taut wire which hissed back and forth through the water as the rod bent in an arc. By the time the packers called out that the horses were ready, we had enough fresh fish for a fine supper.

The fish were cleaned, wrapped, and placed deep in the pack under a down sleeping bag, where they would keep cool until evening. The pack train moved on.

That night we had fried trout, bacon, onions,

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golden-brown toast with melted butter soaked into the pores of the bread. Again there was a night of dreamless, relaxed slumber.

"We'll be in elk country by ten o'clock," the head guide said at breakfast time. "You fellows can ride with your rifles in your saddle scabbards this morning. We'll be almost certain to have camp meat by night."

When we were on our last cup of coffee we heard the drone of a motor overhead. An airplane passed over us, circled twice, then slid into a landing. Ten minutes later it was off again and in the air. We were just climbing into the saddles when we heard the shots.

We rode on up the trail and half an hour later came on two men standing helplessly beside a fallen buck. They wore red woolen shirts, knee breeches, huge hobnailed boots with the tops of red socks rolled over the boot tops. They had big hunting knives and six-shooters in their belts, and carried high-powered rifles.

They had killed the buck, but they either didn't know what to do next or were too lazy to tackle the job.

"How about hiring one of your men to do this butchering?" one of the men asked.

We stopped.

They were clean-shaven, tense, nervous, spick-and-span city dwellers who couldn't have been much over two hours away from pavement.

Our head guide said courteously, "Sorry, but we don't hire out piecemeal. We've got a pack string and we've got to make camp by night."

The men looked at each other with no relish whatever for the job ahead of them.

"Where's your outfit?" I asked.

"We came in by plane," the man said, looking at his wrist watch. "Left Boise this morning."

City dudes nervously consulting a wrist watch while they wait for a plane to return don't get much good out of a trip to a primitive area.

"Stay in the hotel there?"

"That's right. Got up and had breakfast at an all-night restaurant, took off with the first streaks of dawn, and the pilot set us down in one of the landing fields maintained by the Forest Service for fire fighting. Then he went back to pick up a couple of our partners. He'll fly them into some good country and put them down. Then he'll come back for us."

That's the story. We hear a lot about our diminishing material resources. The one that is diminishing fastest is our wild life. We don't have many really wild places left where men can go to find game and recover health.

The authorities were very shrewd in setting aside primitive areas where there would be no roads, but they overlooked a bet when they permitted hunters to be brought in by airplane.

You might as well build a paved road right through the middle of a reservation and bring the hunters in by automobile. We've done that lots of times. The result is burned forests, polluted streams, curiosity "shoppes," and empty tin cans.

SKYSCRAPER

by EVELYN AMES

ALL winter I have watched a building grow
From its foundations, drilled into the rock,
Up through a space where nothing was but air
Which it embraced with girders to the top.

On naked I-beams, ten floors above the street
In the winter wind, I've seen the riveters
Perform their ritual, — guard their bowls of fire,
Toss rivets like meteors in such accurate arcs
A man could catch them in a ten-inch bucket,
And when they'd tried the fit of every socket,
Seal up each joint in spurts of showering
sparks.

And as the skeleton kept getting higher,
Its dark interior grew more alive:
It swarmed with men, climbing on its ladders,
Running along its ribs, and at its heart
Was Light: violence of acetylene torches
Blue-bright as stars, the brilliant rocket-rain
Of welders' arcs, the flowing orange flame
Of oil in barrels, the planet-shine of bulbs.

And seeing the foreman in the fog-gray sky
Unrolling his wide blueprints in the wind,
Nothing above him but the singing wire
Of cables, the arm of an obedient crane, —
(Beside him, chimney-smoke and one sharp spire)
I have marveled at man, — at his commanding
brain
Precisely disposing mortar, brick and steel, —
And marveled that his building should require
The binding force of immaterial Fire.

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TRAVEL

RAY JOSEPHS has spent many years in Latin America as a newspaper correspondent. This report comes from his travels there last winter.

TOURIST IN PERU

by RAY JOSEPHS

WE had heard the rumor as we were heading down South America's west coast. But not until we arrived in Peru's viceregal capital of Lima did we realize what it meant. Entering the Bolívar, we had run a gamut of the characters who inevitably congregate outside a *Gran Hotel*. "Thirteen, Señor," one whispered. "Thirteen-fifty," hissed another. "Fourteen."

We held on to our bags, relaxed in Room 428, and then from an old *Limeño* friend learned what was behind the frantic bidding. "Those wolves," he explained, "are after your dollars. So is everybody else in Peru. But don't be fooled into thinking 14 soles per Uncle Sam greenback is good exchange — even though last time you were here the rate was only 6.50. Let me show you."

By afternoon's end — and in the six subsequent weeks — the *Señora* and I discovered what dollar shortages can do, and why Peru is, at least at this writing, the hemisphere's dreamland to anyone with even a modest walletful of American money. Within two blocks of the Bolívar and Plaza San Martín we found as many as ten exchanges offering up to 15.50 soles for each dollar. Five merchants — everybody's in the business now — bid as high as 15.80. One anted up 16.50, provided we had a large enough draft to cash. Our average was 16.10.

The Bolívar's finest double, into which we moved just as soon as we could get one of Panagra's (Pan American-Grace Airways) pilots out, cost, at this *cambio*, $1.92 for one, $3.22 for two. The place overlooked the Square; its furnishings were comparable to those of the best European or North American hotels; it had hop-to-it service.

Full board was 20 soles a day or $1.25; half board — any two meals — 12 soles or 75 cents. Even without the standard Lima midday gorging and with the hunger developed by Peru's habit of 10 P.M. dining, we found it impossible to tackle more than one of the regular tables d'hôte daily. For these were no boardinghouse servings, but products of a fine restaurant.

Invariably they started with a rolling presentation of hors d'oeuvres. Then a piping soup. Next fish. Fourth a big steak or a rotisserie-grilled, tender chicken accompanied by enough vegetables to feed the average U. S. family. Finally, dessert which — in the Latin tradition — was uniformly rich enough to add an inch or two to the waistline. Coffee, of course, and home-baked breads and a half-dozen curls of thick butter.

Pre-dinner Johnny Walker and soda in the "Snake Pit" of the Bolívar — where all Lima gathers at least thrice daily for tipple and tea — was 8 soles or 50 cents. Still, only visiting dollar millionaires generally bothered with such imports. Peru's favorite indigenous concoction is the pisco sour: *pisco* — a grape distillate — lemon juice, sugar, a drop of spiced beaten egg white atop. It was 2.50 soles or 16 cents. The assortment of tiny sandwiches, cheeses, olives, meats, nuts, and other "free lunch" regularly served up on the house practically constituted another small dinner in itself.

There were other inns for luxury-seekers. El Country Club, no longer in the country now that Lima's lush suburbs have surrounded its links, is another hostelry with faultless service and comforts. Rates: 20 soles or $1.24 for a single; 50 soles for a double; or 60 to 70 soles ($3.72 to $4.36) for a balconied, brocaded apartment. Club food was a little higher — breakfast *americano* cost 2.50 soles or 16 cents. A somewhat more elaborate dinner than the Bolívar's was 15 soles or 93 cents. Drinks, however, were less. Pisco sours opened at 1.50 soles (10 cents) but the bartender or some member was always ready to roll the three-dice *Bidou* cups for double or nothing, a custom which can run the neophyte into money.

In one of Latin America's loveliest gardened towns, in one of its pleasantest, least revolution-raked countries, there were other opportunities for those seeking to prove how far a dollar could go. The suburban Pension Beech, favored by the U.S. and British Embassy crowd, offered singles from 23 to 25 soles and its best private-bath doubles from 45 to 50 soles ($2.79 to $3.10). This included four meals, the fourth being *lonche* or high tea served around 6 P.M. and consisting of the four to six courses apparently required to sustain life in the interval between noon and night dining.

In town, Chez Victor and Raimondi's let you run the foot A-to-Z for about 45 cents. Even the Maury, Lima's traditional socialite eating place, offered guests an 8-sol dinner (48 cents) plus good national wines at 7 soles or about 40 cents a bottle; best Peruvian vintages at 12 soles or 75 cents.

When we started traveling and acquiring, the thing became really fantastic, especially when we

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remembered prices at home or in such tremendously expensive Latin countries as Cuba and Venezuela. A cab anywhere in town was a sol or 6 cents; for near-by suburbs 3 soles if, of course, you were *Limeño* enough to arrange the price first and not appear too much of a *gringo*. Best seats in the best *cine* were 24 cents, bullfights 37 cents to $1.24, depending on sun or shade location.

Smoking Luckies, which at Lima exchange cost less than 14 cents a pack, I grandly ordered two suits of the finest English gray flannels. Both were fitted and delivered by the Hungarian proprietor of El London House within ten days — at the equivalent of $55 each.

Then, to maintain the luxury mood, I dropped into the Bolívar's barbershop and ordered the works. Oil massage, shampoo, manicure, and all the trimmings couldn't run the bill beyond the equivalent of 70 cents.

Silver — Peru's specialty — was an even more startling contrast. Fine, heavy, .925 pieces have always been cheaper there than almost anywhere else in the world. With soles at 16.10 or higher, they were practically given away. Crowding through the crush of other *Americanos* on similar buying splurges, we picked up a tea service exactly like one we'd often eyed in a New York window. The Fifth Avenue price was close to $1000; on Lima's Jirón Unión it was just about 10 per cent of that.

Of course there is a 25 per cent duty on silver imports into the United States. But to make certain the Miami customs and doubting friends would believe we hadn't exceeded the returning tourist's $100 limit, Piaget made out the bill in dollars figured at the free-market rate. "For home display," they said. "Everybody loves showing off bargains."

Outside Lima, silver and everything else was still less. Suburban homes, while not as abundant as formerly, were advertised for 800 soles or just about $50 per month for a nine-room, furnished cottage with a garden. Anyone paying more than 2 soles or 12 cents daily for a maid was considered careless with money.

The houses out in suburban San Isidro and Miraflores were only a few minutes from the Pacific beaches, where from November through March — Peru's summer being the reverse of ours — you can duplicate Hawaii, the South Seas, and New England's summer, plus all the physical attractions of Los Angeles, without any of the hyperthyroid, neoned brilliance of Southern California living. A slightly broke Westbury polo player said he had kept postponing departure because one day in the States would cost more than the monthly bill of 150

soles ($9.30) to keep his string of six ponies.

A one-week trip to Cuzco for a look at the pre-Inca ruins, stopovers with *Tia* Bates at her Arequipa *Quinta*, and unhurried journeys to Sacsahuamán, the Indian Fair at Pisac, and Machu Picchu totaled 1059 soles — $65.12 or $9.30 a day. This included air passage from Lima to Arequipa and return, Pullman to and from Cuzco, sight-seeing, tips, and all taxes.

We didn't have time for a balsa raft sail across Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable body of water, over which travelogue suns are always slowly setting, or to the vast copper mines, the sugar haciendas, or the jungle borders which the Corporación Nacional de Turismo described alluringly. But we did run into plenty of *Yanquis* who had figured out that despite the additional $360.70 cost of a round-trip Panagra fare from New York, they had more than made up, in a thirty-day Peruvian stay, what it would have cost to go to nearer — and more expensive — places.

One, apparently convinced that by now dollars-to-soles could get anything, sought to claim loss of his return ticket and repurchase a new one with free-market soles. It didn't work. Sol tickets are sold only to bona fide residents. Panagra, with piled-up Peruvian funds, wants greenbacks.

During the war Peru sold her sugar, cotton, and minerals at good prices, and accumulated dollars for which she could buy little. War's end and resumed U.S. production caused heavy spending for both needs and luxuries. Unlike some Latin countries, there were few controls in Peru on how and what Peruvians could buy. Dollar reserves quickly dried up and Peruvian production diminished, exports decreased, and the balance got more and more lopsided.

In February, 1947, importers — and most manufactured items Peru needs must come from abroad — began to feel the pinch and went out to buy dollars where they could. The *turistas* were the handiest source. Slowly the sol was worth less and less, the dollar more. Government accuses business, business points the finger at government. And sol-earning Peruvians, who have found prices slowly rising as canned goods, cars, and commodities have had to be replenished by new imports at free-market rates, sit in the middle.

Even if the rate drops back to 6.50, I have enough custom-made clothes, hand-beaten silver, alpaca rugs, vicuña scarves, pre-Inca pottery, and *pisco* bottles to keep us stocked until it rises again.

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ON SEEING PHOEBE IN A BUS QUEUE

by R. P. LISTER

I SEE you waiting for a bus to Staines,
Wearing some sort of hat; some sort of coat;
The peeling patches on the springtime planes
Weave a mosaic frame around your throat.

Many a stolid taxi-driver swerves
And mutters words that Shakespeare never knew,
When he unwarily perceives your curves
Among the wooden figures in the queue.

The blood that flows so richly from your heart
Awakes what curious fancies in your brain?
And, having lingered there and done its part,
Carries what dark emotions back again?

Your message is, that he who sees your face
Reads more than any hand has written there;
So strangely often is the commonplace
Enshrined in beauty, to the soul's despair.

SCIENCE

AUTHOR, with his wife Margery, of various oddities in the field of natural science which first appeared in the *Atlantic* and which were recently published in book form, LORUS J. MILNE is a teacher, biologist, and biophysicist in the Department of Zoology at the University of Vermont.

HOW COOL IS A CUCUMBER?

by LORUS J. MILNE

SCIENCE is wonderful. It measures everything. Even the proverbial coolness of a green cucumber comes in for evaluation and explanation. The cuke, it seems, is not particularly notable for low temperatures. Its real coolness comes from the refrigerator, not the garden, for only the shade of the vine's leaves out of doors keeps it from getting hot on a summer day.

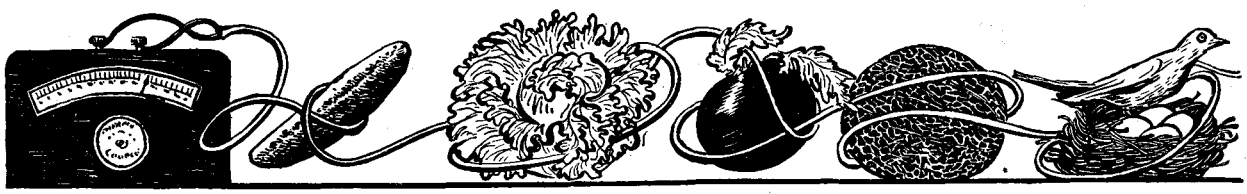
Lettuce is a very different vegetable. Not that the iceberg variety would be attractive to polar bears in July. But the lettuce head is actually many degrees cooler than anything else that grows in the garden. As long as it can evaporate moisture from its green surfaces, it can lose heat and stay well below the temperatures of near-by plants. The process is exactly parallel to the way in which man's perspiration helps to keep his blood at 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, no matter what the day or his activities may offer. To turn water into vapor requires five times as much heat as to raise it from the freezing to the boiling point. If a dry breeze comes along and absorbs some of the water as vapor, it carries away also a great many excess calories from both lettuce and man, and keeps their temperatures within comfortable limits.

The changes of temperature within garden fruits are surprising. Take a tomato, for example. If the night drops to 57 degrees, so does the round fruit on the vine. As soon as the day's heat leaves it, the tomato stops ripening, though it could still grow in size if the roots had sufficient water. If the morning is cloudy, the tomato may remain at 58 or 59 degrees until noon. But let the sun strike the fruit and up soars its temperature. The heat is derived from the radiant energy that falls on the tomato, and soon this can bring it into the seventies although the air is still not above 65 degrees. The internal warmth accumulates in the same way as inside an automobile overheating in the sun, with windows closed.

These are the findings of scientists who believe in knowing what goes on, and who learn the answers through the use of sensitive metal thermometers. The instruments do not resemble any that hangs on the wall of the living room. Each is merely the short common tip of a pair of wires fused together. Since the wires themselves are fine and flexible, this junction is not larger in diameter than the lead of an automatic pencil. It may be barely a quarter of an inch long. Hence it is perfectly adapted for insertion into parts of living plants and animals, to learn what the temperature is inside while ordinary processes are under way.

To yield information on heat levels, the two wires must be of different kinds. Customarily one of them is pure copper, the other a special alloy called constantan. The fused pair form a heat-measuring instrument of the simplest kind, called a thermocouple. The bimetallic junction produces an electric current according to the heat level at which it finds itself. And it is necessary only to connect the long fine wires to the proper meter to read the temperature directly.

These convenient heat-measurers have been



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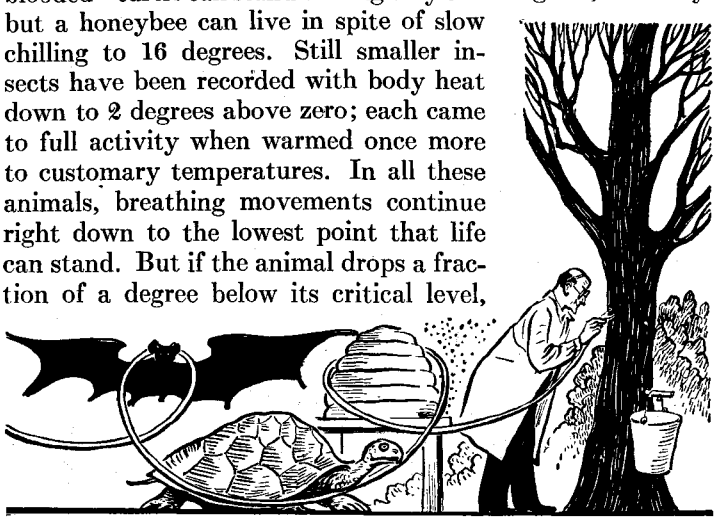
thrust into eggs of wild birds in the nest, to learn whether an egg gets cold while a robin goes out for dinner. Under proper conditions a bird's egg is incubated at about 93 degrees Fahrenheit. But when the robin left, in some instances her brood dropped to a chilly 44 degrees on a windy spring day. Then the parent returned, fluffed out her feathers over the shells, and the development of the young progressed a little farther.

It was found that the presence of the parent was not the only factor affecting egg temperatures. Direct sun or a strong wind penetrated the insulation of the nest and raised or lowered the heat levels inside the eggs by many degrees. Even the location of an egg in the clutch was important. One mallard duck was most solicitous in her care of eighteen eggs. But whenever the egg containing the tattletale thermocouple was in the center of the cluster, its temperature rose into the nineties. At the outer edge of the group the heat level wavered between the sixties and seventies. All this shows how important it is for the parent bird to keep rearranging the incubating eggs, so that each will hatch within a few days of the others.

The nesting season for birds ends before fall frosts set in. When cold weather arrives, robins and mallards are winging their way to sunshine and abundant food farther south. But many creatures are left behind, which must survive the winter on scant rations or on fat stores accumulated during the autumn months. Bats of various kinds seek out caves where the temperature will not reach the freezing point, and suspend themselves from roof and walls for hibernation. Their body heat sinks to a few degrees above the air in the cave, and their slow breathing and heartbeat match the new rate of living.

At 29 degrees the pulse still throbs six or seven times a minute, and thermocouples inserted into body openings of hibernating bats show that these flying mammals, though "warm-blooded," will survive cooling to 19 degrees Fahrenheit. A "cold-blooded" turtle can stand cooling only to 22 degrees, but a honeybee can live in spite of slow chilling to 16 degrees. Still smaller insects have been recorded with body heat down to 2 degrees above zero; each came to full activity when warmed once more to customary temperatures. In all these animals, breathing movements continue right down to the lowest point that life can stand. But if the animal drops a fraction of a degree below its critical level, respiration stops abruptly and ice forms in all the cells of its body. Until that point, it had been only "supercooled." And below a blanket of snow, such chill seldom reaches hibernating insects among fallen leaves and under bark.



The problems that confront a scientist are endless. Whenever he discovers a new toy like the sensitive thermocouple, he is likely to take a sort of holiday — stabbing the instrument into a great variety of places, finding the answers to new questions as fast as curiosity supplies a suggestion. Often these apparently aimless measurements add up to something very worth while. Why, for example, should a sugar maple produce its sweet sap only in a very few days or weeks during the year? If the mechanism is there at one time, can it not be made to operate for longer periods or at other seasons? Again the temperature measurements supplied the answer. A sugar maple will produce sweet sap whenever it is chilled below the freezing point for part of each day, and raised above this level for a number of hours at a stretch. Weather providing such a recurrence of mild freezes and daily thaws is characteristic of early spring, of sugaring season. At other times of the year, either the temperature drops too far at night, or it rises too high during the day. Autumn is erratic. Some springs are also, and in those years there is a poor crop from the maple orchards of Vermont.

When the temperature requirements for sap flow were understood, a special air-conditioner was built to provide a maple log with just such weather for months at a time. Twelve hours' thaw, twelve hours' freeze. The log of wood rested with one end in a tank of water, and maple sap ran from a tube through the bark every day. For months the machine operated without a break. Then the air-conditioner broke down and the maple log had a rest. When repairs were made and the cycle began again, sap flowed once more. No end was found to this process. According to expert palates, the sap had all the fine flavor of natural maple. Obviously the tree was slowly using its own substance to add to the water brought up from the tank, but there was no indication that the mechanism was harmed in any way by its steady use. Experiments with smaller logs, with parts of trees recognized in the field for unusually high sugar content, and other proportions of thaw and freeze are still under way at the University of Vermont. Perhaps in the future a maple bush will merely grow trees to the point where they can be cut down and milked in an air-conditioned factory, turning the trunks slowly from maple logs to maple syrup. Where will the fall displays of brilliant reds and yellows go then? Perhaps some scientist with a thermocouple will find the answer to that too.

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GILES PLAYFAIR is a former London barrister now living in New Canaan, Connecticut. He is the author of a biography of Edmund Kean and of *Singapore Goes Off the Air*, an account of his war experiences as Productions Director of the Malaya Broadcasting Corporation.

SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE

by GILES PLAYFAIR

REMARKABLE progress has been made in recent years in simplifying the job of acting. Once upon a time, there could be no acting without the ability to convey dramatic meanings by voice, by gesture, by facial expression — and this required talent and considerable training.

But today the stage (or screen) aspirant whose vocal powers are negligible, whose movements are naturally awkward, whose face is a fixed blank, whose zest to learn how to act (in the old-fashioned way) is slight and whose capacity to be taught is equally so, may take heart. Provided he knows how to smoke, he should do well enough; indeed, stardom should not be beyond his reach. For today, if one may judge from the exquisitely natural performances that are the fashion, there is hardly an emotion that cannot be portrayed on stage or screen by an appropriate use of tobacco.

I have recently compiled a guide; it might be called "The Histrionic Smoker's Companion." Here are a few extracts from it: —

Caution and deliberation (particularly in the presence of an antagonist): Light a cigarette — or pipe or cigar — elaborately. Make as much as possible of extinguishing match by holding it up before one's eyes and regarding flame with interest before blowing it out.

Irritation: Flick the ash off a cigarette at frequent intervals, while tapping foot or drumming fingers.

Anxiety: Take quick and frequent puffs at cigarette, while moving briskly round stage or set. Discard a half-finished cigarette and straightway light another.

Concentration (especially after moment of creative inspiration): Put aside a lighted pipe absent-mindedly.

Indecision (especially when in tight corner): Take a long time to crush out a cigarette, using several superfluous motions in the process. Same effect can be achieved by knocking out a pipe.

Anger: Crush out a half-smoked cigarette — or cigar — impetuously. Then get up or, if already up, swing round.

Surprise: Have a cigarette — or more easily, in the case of a male character, a pipe or cigar — conveniently in mouth and remove with sudden, sharp gesture.

Acute distress or shock on receiving bad news: Crush out a half-smoked cigarette with awful finality. Stand quite still, keeping hand on butt of cigarette and head lowered, thus obviating need to reveal facial expression to audience.

Subtle threat of violence: Remove cigarette — or cigar — from corner of mouth with thumb and forefinger.

Self-confidence (especially after coming into money): Enter smoking cigar at jaunty, upward angle. If character is of humble origin, band should be left on cigar.

Disbelief: Exhale long puff of cigarette smoke slowly. If the disbelieved one is a shady character, blow smoke into his face.

Amusement: Exhale cigarette smoke with head tilted upwards, and give faint chuckle.

Shyness (especially man's shyness in presence of beautiful girl): Offer cigarette. Have difficulty in opening cigarette case. Have further difficulty in finding matches, and still further difficulty in lighting match.

Courage: Light a cigarette at every moment of danger. All female characters and characters of the Gentleman Crook school should take cigarette with their fingers from a cigarette case. Male characters of the Tough American Hero school, however, should take cigarette directly with mouth from a pack of cigarettes.

Fear (especially guilty fear): Try but fail — at least at first attempt — to light a cigarette.

Passion in the raw: Put two cigarettes in mouth at same time. Light both. Then, with possessive air, hand one of them to adored.

THE DEATH OF DUNBAR'S CAT

by CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

MEN die. A bishop lays their bones,
By book and candle, under stones.
Cats die. The only pomp they're paid
Is the rude ritual of the spade.
He smiles. As if the things we cherish,
Either way, could ever perish.

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Books and Men

When W. Somerset Maugham *was asked to select and edit the ten best novels in world literature, he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. His appraisal of Flaubert's* Madame Bovary *we printed in November, his essay on Fielding and* Tom Jones *in December; in January he discussed Balzac and* Le Père Goriot, *in February the Brontës and* Wuthering Heights, *and in March Dostoevsky and* The Brothers Karamazov. *The set of the Ten Best Novels will be published by the John C. Winston Company.*

THE RED AND THE BLACK

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

1

I have found it impossible to give a reasonably lucid account in the few pages at my disposal of the life of Henri Beyle, who is known to fame as Stendhal. It would need a book to tell his story, and to make it comprehensible I should have to go into the social and political history of the times. Fortunately the book has been written and if the reader of *The Red and the Black* is sufficiently interested to want to know more about its author than I have space to tell him, he cannot do better than read the lively and well-documented life that Matthew Josephson has published under the title: *Stendhal or The Pursuit of Happiness.* I can thus content myself with giving the bare facts of Stendhal's biography.

He was born at Grenoble in 1783, the son of an attorney, a man of property and of some consequence. His mother, the daughter of the principal doctor in the city, died when he was seven.

In 1789 the French Revolution broke out. In 1792 Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were executed.

Stendhal has described at length his childhood and adolescence; and his account of this period is interesting to study because he then conceived prejudices which he maintained to the end of his life. On the death of his mother, whom he loved, as he himself says, with a lover's love, he was left to the care of his father and his mother's sister. His father was a grave, conscientious man; his aunt strict and devout. He hated them. Though belonging to the middle class they had aristocratic leanings and the revolution filled them with dismay.

Stendhal claims that his childhood was miserable, but it does not appear that he had much to complain of. He was clever, argumentative, and very much of a handful. When the Terror reached Grenoble Stendhal's father was placed on the list of suspects; he thought he owed this to a rival lawyer, named Amar, who wanted his practice: "But Amar," said the smart little boy, "has put you on the list of those suspected of not loving the republic, and it is certain that you do not love it." True, of course, but not very pleasant for a middle-aged gentleman who is in danger of losing his head to hear from the lips of his only son.

Stendhal accused his father of a horrid stinginess, but he seems always to have been able to wheedle money out of him when he wanted anything. He was forbidden to read certain books, but he read them all the same. This is what has occurred to thousands upon thousands of children all the world over since books were first printed. His chief complaint was that he was not permitted to mix freely with other children, but his life could not have been so solitary as he makes out since he had two sisters, and other little boys shared his lessons with the Jesuit priest who was his tutor, and they all went on walks together.

He was in fact brought up as children in the well-

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to-do middle class were brought up at the time. Like all children he looked upon the ordinary restraints as the exercise of outrageous tyranny and when he was obliged to learn his lessons, when he was not allowed to do exactly as he liked, regarded himself as treated with monstrous cruelty. In this he was like most children, but most children, when they grow up, forget their grievances.

Stendhal was unusual in that at fifty-three he harbored his old resentments. Because he hated his Jesuit tutor he became violently anticlerical and to the end could never bring himself to believe that a religious person might be sincere. Because his father and his aunt were devoted royalists he became an ardent republican. But when one evening, being then eleven years old, he slipped out of the house to go to a revolutionary meeting he had something of a shock. He found the proletariat dirty and smelly, vulgar and ill-spoken. "In short, I was then as I am today," he wrote, "I love the people, I hate their oppressors, but it would be a perpetual torture for me to live with the people. . . . I had, and I have still, the most aristocratic tastes; I would do everything for the happiness of the people, but I would sooner, I believe, pass two weeks every month in prison than live with shopkeepers." One cannot but smile when one reflects how like this attitude is to that of the bright young rebels whom one meets now and then in the drawing rooms of the rich.

Stendhal was sixteen when he first went to Paris. His father gave him an introduction to a cousin of his, a Monsieur Daru, whose two sons were in the War Office. Pierre, the elder, was in charge of a department and after some time engaged his young relation as one of his many secretaries. Napoleon set out on his second campaign in Italy, the brothers Daru followed him, and shortly afterwards Stendhal joined them at Milan. After some months on the clerical staff Pierre Daru got him a commission in a regiment of dragoons, but, enjoying the gaieties of Milan as he did, Stendhal made no attempt to join his regiment and taking advantage of Daru's absence he wheedled a certain General Michaud into making him his A.D.C.

When Pierre Daru came back he ordered Stendhal to join his regiment, but this on one pretext and another he avoided doing for six months, and when at last he did, found himself so bored that on a plea of illness he got leave of absence to go home and resigned his commission. He saw no action, but this did not prevent him from boasting in after years of his prowess as a combatant; and indeed, in 1804, when he was looking for a job he wrote a testimonial himself (which General Michaud signed) in which he certified to his gallantry in various battles which he could not possibly have fought in.

He went to live in Paris on a small but sufficient allowance from his father. He had two objects in view. One was to become the greatest dramatic poet of the age. He studied a manual of playwriting and went to the theater nearly every day. He noted in his diary the plays he had seen and what he thought of them. Over and over again one finds him remarking how he could work up a play he had just seen into one of his own. He seems to have had no original ideas and he was certainly no poet. His other object was to become a great lover. But for this, nature had ill equipped him; he was somewhat undersized, an ugly, plump young man with a big body and short legs, a large head and a mass of black hair; his mouth was thin, his nose thick and prominent; but his eyes were brown and eager, his feet and hands small, and his skin as delicate as a woman's. He was proud to declare that to hold a sword raised blisters on his hand. He was besides shy and awkward. Through his cousin Martial Daru, Pierre's younger brother, he was able to frequent the salons of some of the ladies whose husbands the revolution had enriched, but he was sadly tongue-tied in company. He could think of clever things to say, but could never summon up the courage to say them. It cramped his style.

He was angrily conscious of his provincial accent and it may be that it was to cure himself of this that he entered a dramatic school. Here he met an actress, Mélanie Guilbert by name, two or three years older than himself, and after some hesitation decided to fall in love with her. He hesitated partly because he was not sure whether she had a greatness of soul equal to his own and partly because he suspected that she was suffering from a venereal disease. Having presumably satisfied himself on both points he followed her to Marseilles where she had an engagement and where for some months he worked at a wholesale grocer's. He came to the conclusion that she was not, either spiritually or intellectually, the woman he had thought and it was a relief to him when want of money obliged her to return to Paris.

2

Stendhal had many love affairs but I can deal only with the two or three that throw light on his character. He was highly sex-conscious, but not particularly sexual; indeed until some very frank letters from one of his later mistresses were discovered, it was suspected that he was sexually frigid. His passions were cerebral and to possess a woman was a satisfaction to his vanity.

Notwithstanding his high-flown phrases there is no sign that he was capable of tenderness. He admits frankly enough that most of his love affairs were unfortunate and it is not hard to see why. He was fainthearted. When in Italy he asked a brother officer how to go about it to win a woman's "favors" and solemnly wrote down the advice he received. He laid siege to women by rule, just as he had tried to write plays by rule; and he was affronted when he discovered that they thought him

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ridiculous, and surprised when they discerned his insincerity. Clever as he was, it seems never to have occurred to him that the language a woman understands is the language of the heart and that the language of reason leaves her cold. He thought he could achieve by stratagem and chicanery what can only be achieved by feeling.

Stendhal went back to Paris some months after Mélanie Guilbert left him, and through the influence of Pierre Daru obtained a post in the commissariat. He was posted to Brunswick. He abandoned the idea of being a great dramatist and decided to make a career for himself in the bureaucracy. He saw himself as a baron of the Empire, a knight of the Legion of Honor, and finally as Préfet of a department with a princely salary. Ardent republican though he was, and looking upon Napoleon as a tyrant who had robbed France of her liberty, he wrote to his father asking him to buy him a title. He added the *de* to his name and called himself Henri de Beyle. But he was a competent and resourceful administrator; and in 1810, having gained promotion, he found himself back in Paris with an office in a superb suite in the Palace of the Invalides.

He acquired a cabriolet, with a pair of horses, a coachman, and a manservant. He took a little chorus girl to live with him, but that did not suffice; he felt he owed it to himself to have a mistress he could love and whose position would add to his prestige. He decided that Alexandrine Daru would fill the bill. She was the wife of Pierre Daru, now a count, but many years younger than her husband, by whom she had had four children, and a handsome woman. There is no sign that Stendhal gave a thought to the kindness and long-suffering tolerance with which Pierre had treated him, or that it occurred to him — since he owed his advancement to his cousin and his career depended on his good graces — that it was neither politic nor elegant to seduce his wife. Gratitude was a virtue unknown to him. He set about the attack with his armory of amorous devices, but the unfortunate diffidence of which he could not rid himself, still hampered him. He was by turns sprightly and sad, flirtatious and cold, ardent and indifferent: nothing seemed to be of any use and he could not make out whether the Countess loved him or not. Sometimes he was convinced that she laughed at him behind his back because he was so bashful.

At length he went to an old friend and, having told him his troubles, asked him what tactics to pursue. They talked the matter over. The friend asked questions, Stendhal answered them, and the friend wrote them down. Here, as summarized by Matthew Josephson, are the answers to the question: What are the advantages of seducing Madame de B.? (Madame de B. was what they called Countess Daru.) "They are as follows: He would be following out the inclinations of his character; he would win great social advantages; he would pursue further his study of human passions; he would satisfy honor and pride." A footnote to the document was written by Stendhal: "The best counsel: Attack! Attack! Attack!" It was good advice, but not easy to follow when you are cursed with an unsurmountable timidity.

Some weeks later he was invited to stay at Bècheville, the Darus' country house, and on the second morning, after a sleepless night, resolved to take the plunge, he put on his best striped pants. Countess Daru complimented him on them. They walked in the garden, while a friend of hers, her mother, and the children followed twenty yards behind. They strolled up and down and Stendhal, trembling but determined, fixed a certain point, which he called A, from the point B where they then were, and swore that if when they reached it he did not speak out he would kill himself. He spoke, he seized her hand and tried to kiss it. He told her that he had loved her for eighteen months, had done his best to conceal it, and even tried not to see her, but could bear his agony no longer. She replied, not unkindly, that she had no feeling for him greater than friendship and no wish to be unfaithful to her husband. She called the rest of the party to join them. Stendhal had lost what he called the Battle of Bècheville. It may be surmised that his vanity rather than his heart was wounded.

Two months later, still smarting from his disappointment, he applied for leave of absence and went to Milan which he had fallen in love with on his first visit to Italy. There, ten years before, he had been attracted by a certain Gina Pietragrua who was the mistress of a brother officer of his; but he was a penniless sublieutenant and she paid little attention to him. He thought he would look her up. Her father kept a shop and when quite young she had married a government clerk. By this time she was thirty-four, with a son of sixteen. On seeing her again Stendhal found her "a tall and superb woman. She still had something of the majestic in her eyes, expression, brow and nose. I found her [he adds] cleverer, with more majesty and less of that full grace of voluptuousness." She was certainly clever enough on her husband's small salary to have an apartment in Milan, a house in the country, servants, a box at the Scala, and a carriage.

Stendhal had always been plump, but by now with good living he was grown portly; on the other hand he had money in his pocket and fine clothes to his back. He was perpetually conscious of his ugliness and to overcome it made a point of dressing with elegance and fashion. He had obviously more chance of pleasing than when he was a poverty-stricken dragoon. He thought he would amuse himself with the majestic lady during his short stay in Milan, but she was not so easy as he expected. She led him a dance and it was not till the eve of his departure for Rome that she consented to receive him

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in her apartment early one morning. One would have thought it an unpropitious hour for love. That day he wrote in his diary: "On the 21st September at half past eleven, I won the victory I had so long desired." He also wrote the date on his suspenders. He had worn for the occasion the same striped pants as on the day of his declaration to Countess Daru.

3

In 1812 Stendhal, having with difficulty persuaded Count Daru to transfer him from his comfortable job in Paris to active service in the commissariat, followed Napoleon and his army on the disastrous expedition to Russia and in the retreat from Moscow proved himself cool, enterprising, courageous. In 1814 the Emperor abdicated and Stendhal's official career came to an end. He claims to have refused the important posts that were offered to him and exiled himself rather than serve the Bourbons; but the facts are not quite like that; he took the oath of allegiance to the King and made attempts to get back into the public service. They failed and he returned to Milan.

He still had enough money to live in a pleasant apartment and go to the opera as often as he liked; but he had neither the rank, the prestige, nor the cash he had had before. Gina was cold. She told him that her husband had grown jealous on hearing of his return and that her other admirers were suspicious. She begged him for the sake of her reputation to leave Milan. He could not conceal from himself that she was finished with him, but her treatment of him inflamed his passion and at length it occurred to him that there was only one way to regain her love. He raised three thousand francs which he turned over to her, and in the spring they went to Venice accompanied by Gina's mother, her son, and a middle-aged banker. To save appearances she insisted that Stendhal should live in a different hotel and much to his annoyance the banker invariably joined them when he and Gina dined together. Stendhal couldn't think why. Here is an extract, in English, from his diary: "She pretends that she makes me a great sacrifice going to Venice. I was very foolish of giving her the three thousand francs which were to pay for this tour." And ten days later: "I have had her . . . but she talked of our financial arrangements. There was no illusion possible yesterday morning. Politics kills all voluptuousness in me, apparently by drawing all the nervous fluid to the brain."

In the autumn the party returned to Milan. Gina made Stendhal take rooms in an obscure suburb. When she gave him an assignation he went disguised, in the dead of night, throwing spies off the scent by changing carriages several times; and then was admitted to the apartment by a chambermaid. But the chambermaid, having quarreled with her mistress or won over by the money of Stendhal, made on a sudden the startling revelation that Gina's husband was not jealous at all; she demanded all this mystery to prevent Stendhal from encountering a rival, or more properly speaking, one of his rivals, for there were many, and the maid offered to prove it to him. Next day she hid him in a small closet next to her mistress's boudoir, and there, says Mérimée in his *Notes et Souvenirs*, "he saw with his own eyes, through a keyhole, the treachery that was being done to him, only three feet from his hiding place."

"You may think perhaps," said Stendhal, "that I rushed out of that closet in order to poniard the two of them? Nothing of the sort. . . . I left my dark closet as quietly as I came in, thinking only of the ridiculous side of the adventure, laughing to myself, and also full of scorn for the lady, and quite happy, after all, to have regained my liberty."

In 1821 on account of his relations with certain Italian patriots Stendhal was invited by the Austrian police to leave Milan. He settled down in Paris and for the next nine years mostly lived there. He had one or two dull love affairs. He frequented the salons. He was no longer tongue-tied, but was become a witty, caustic talker, at his best with eight or ten persons, but like many good talkers inclined to monopolize the conversation. He liked to lay down the law and took no pains to conceal his contempt for anyone who did not agree with him. In his desire to shock he indulged somewhat freely in the bawdy and the profane, and carping critics thought that to entertain or to provoke he too often forced his humor. Then came the revolution of 1830. Charles X went into exile and Louis Philippe ascended the throne.

Stendhal had by this time spent the little his father had left him, and his literary efforts, for he had reverted to his old ambition to become a famous writer, brought him neither money nor reputation. His *Essay on Love* was issued in 1822 and in eleven years only seventeen copies were sold. He had repeatedly tried to get some kind of government post and at last, with the change of regime, he was appointed to the consulate at Trieste; but owing to his liberal sympathies, the Austrian authorities refused to accept him and he was transferred to Civita Vecchia in the Papal States.

He took his duties lightly. He was an indefatigable sightseer, and whenever he had the chance, leaving his office in charge of a subordinate, he went off on a jaunt. He was bored at Civita Vecchia and lonely, and at the age of fifty-one made an offer of marriage to a young girl, the daughter of his laundress and of a minor employee at the consulate. To his mortification the offer was refused. In 1836 he persuaded his minister to give him some small job that allowed him to live in Paris for three years while someone else temporarily occupied his post. He was by then a very fat man with a very red face and long, fiercely dyed whiskers, and to cover his

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baldness he wore a great purple-brown wig. He dressed in the height of fashion, like a young man, and a slighting remark on the cut of his coat or the style of his pants deeply affronted him. He continued to make love, but with little success; he continued to go to parties and talk.

At length he was obliged to return to Civita Vecchia and there, two years later, he had a stroke. On his recovery he asked for leave of absence to consult a famous doctor at Geneva. He went from there to Paris and resumed his old life. One day in March, 1842, he attended an official dinner at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and that evening, while walking along the boulevard, had another stroke. He was carried to his lodging and died next day.

4

The first thing that must occur to one on considering the bald facts that I have related is that owing to the vicissitudes of his life Stendhal acquired a variety of experience which few novelists can boast of. He was thrown into contact in a period of great change with men of all kinds and all classes and so gained as wide a knowledge of human nature as his idiosyncrasy permitted. For even the most observant and acute student of his fellow creatures can only know them through the medium of his own personality. Stendhal had many limitations. He had virtues: he was sensitive, emotional, diffident, honest, talented, a hard worker when there was work to be done, brave and of a remarkable originality. He was a good friend. But his defects of character were great. His prejudices were absurd, his aims unworthy. He was distrustful (and so an easy dupe), intolerant, uncharitable, none too conscientious, fatuously vain, vainglorious, sensual without delicacy and licentious without passion.

But if we know he had these defects it is because he has told us so himself. Stendhal was not a professional author, he was hardly even a man of letters, but he wrote incessantly and wrote almost entirely about himself. For years he kept a journal of which great sections have come down to us and it is evident that he wrote with no view of publication. In his early fifties he wrote an autobiography (in 500 pages) up to the age of seventeen and this, though left unrevised at his death, he meant to be read. In it he sometimes makes himself out more important than he really was and claims to have done things he did not do, but on the whole he is truthful. He does not spare himself. These books are in parts dull and often repetitive, but to read them is a salutary discipline; for few, I imagine, can do so without asking themselves whether they would make a much better showing if they were so unwise as to expose themselves with so much frankness.

When he died only two Paris papers troubled to report the fact. It looked as though he would be entirely forgotten, and indeed he might very well have been but for the efforts of two old friends who succeeded in getting the important firm of Michel Lévy to issue an edition of his principal works. The public, however, notwithstanding two articles which the powerful critic Sainte-Beuve devoted to them, remained indifferent and it was not till a later generation that Stendhal's books began to be read. He had himself never doubted their survival, but he was prepared to wait till 1880 or even till 1935 to receive the appreciation that was his due.

Many an author has consoled himself for the neglect of his contemporaries by believing that posterity will recognize his merits. It seldom does. Posterity is busy and careless and when it concerns itself with the literary productions of the past makes its choice among those that were successful in their own day. It is only by a remote chance that a dead author is rescued from the obscurity in which he abode during his lifetime. In the case of Stendhal a professor, otherwise unknown, in his lectures at the École Normale enthusiastically praised his works and there happened to be among his students some clever young men who later made a name for themselves. They read them and, finding in them something that suited the climate of opinion at the time prevalent among the young, became fanatical admirers.

Many years later one of these students, Taine, by then a well-known and influential man of letters, a historian and something of a philosopher, wrote a celebrated article in which he called Stendhal the greatest psychologist of all the ages. Since that time an immense amount has been written about him and it is generally agreed now that he is one of the three greatest novelists that France produced in the nineteenth century.

His fame rests on a passage in his *Essay on Love* and on two novels. Of these *The Charterhouse of Parma* is perhaps the more agreeable to read and it has two characters that are captivating. The description of the Battle of Waterloo is justly famous. But *The Red and the Black* is more striking, more original, and more significant. It is because of this that Zola called Stendhal the father of the Naturalistic School and that Bourget and André Gide have claimed him (incorrectly) as the originator of the psychological novel. It is truly an amazing book.

Stendhal was always more interested in himself than in anyone else and was always the hero of his novels. Julian of *The Red and the Black* is the kind of man Stendhal would have liked to be. He made him attractive to women and successful in winning their devoted love as he would have given everything to be and never was. He made him achieve his ends with them by just those methods that he had thought out for himself and that consistently failed. He made him a brilliant talker, though very

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wisely never gave an example of his brilliance, but only affirmed it. He gave him his own good memory, his own courage, his own timidity, his own inferiority complex, his own ambition, sensitiveness, calculating brain, his own suspiciousness and vanity and quickness to take offense, his own unscrupulousness and his own ingratitude. Never has an author, I think, in putting himself into a character, drawn a portrait of someone so vile, so base, so worthless, so hateful.

It is curious that with the exception of his description of Waterloo, at which he was not present, Stendhal seems to have made little use in his fiction of his experiences when in the service of Napoleon. One would have supposed that the great events of which he was at least a witness would have suggested to him a theme that he would have felt called upon to deal with. The reader will remember that when he wanted to write plays he looked for subjects in the plays he was seeing: Stendhal seems to have had no gift for making up a story out of his own head and he took the plot of *The Red and the Black* from newspaper reports of a trial that at the time excited interest.

A young seminarist called Antoine Berthet was tutor in the house of a M. Michoud, then in that of a M. de Cordon. He tried to seduce or did seduce the wife of the first and the daughter of the second. He was discharged. He tried then to resume his studies for the priesthood, but owing to his bad reputation no seminary would receive him. He took it into his head that the Michouds were responsible for this and in revenge shot Madame Michoud while she was in church and then himself. The wound was not fatal and he was tried; he attempted to save himself at the expense of the unfortunate woman, but was condemned to death.

This ugly, sordid story appealed to Stendhal; he looked upon Berthet's act as a fine crime (*un beau crime*) and as the reaction of a strong, rebellious nature against the social order. He attempted to give it elevation by putting the sufferers from Julian's malice in a higher station socially, and by ascribing to his hero more intelligence, more force of character, and more courage than were possessed by the wretched Berthet. But it remains a sordid story and Julian base. He is astonishingly alive and the novel is passionately interesting.

Julian, a working-class boy devoured with envy and hatred of those born in a more privileged class, is representative of a type that occurs in every generation. Here, when we catch our first glimpse of him, is how Stendhal describes him: "He was a small young man of eighteen or nineteen, weakly to look at, with irregular, delicate features and an aquiline nose. His large black eyes, which in moments of tranquility, suggested reflexion and fire, were lit up at that instant with an expression of the fiercest hate. His dark chestnut hair, growing very low, gave him a small forehead and in moments of anger a look of wickedness. . . . His slender, well-set figure suggested lightness rather than vigour." Not an attractive portrait, but a good one because it does not predispose the reader in Julian's favor.

The principal character in a novel naturally enlists the reader's sympathy, and Stendhal, having chosen a villain for his hero, had to take care from the start that his readers should not sympathize with him too much. On the other hand he had to interest them in him. He could not afford to make him too repulsive, so he modifies his first description by dwelling repeatedly on his fine eyes, his graceful figure, and his delicate hands. At times he describes him as positively beautiful. He remembers, however, to call your attention to the malaise he excites in persons who come in contact with him and the suspicion with which he is regarded by all but those who have most cause to be on their guard against him.

Madame de Rênal, the mother of the children he is engaged to teach, is a beautifully drawn portrait of a character most difficult to depict. She is a good wife, a good mother, a good woman, charming, virtuous, sincere; and the narrative of her growing love for Julian, with its fears and hesitations, and the flaming passion which it becomes, is masterly. She is one of the most delightful creatures of fiction. The patrician Mathilde de la Môle is unbelievable. Stendhal had never moved familiarly in good society and he did not know how well-bred people behaved. It is the parvenu's notion that persons of noble birth are perpetually occupied with their nobility. He thought Mademoiselle de la Môle's insolence was aristocratic; it was merely vulgar. Her actions are a tissue of absurdities.

5

Stendhal hated the flowery manner of writing Chateaubriand had made fashionable and which a hundred lesser writers assiduously copied. His aim was to put down whatever he had to say as plainly and accurately as he could, without frills, without rhetorical flourishes or picturesque verbiage. He said (probably not quite truly) that before starting to write he read a page of the Code of Civil Law in order to chasten his language. He eschewed description of scenery and such like ornaments as were popular in his day. The cold, lucid, self-controlled style he adopted wonderfully increases the horror of the story and adds to its enthralling interest. I don't see how the parts that deal with Julian's life with the Rênals and at the seminary could be better; it is when the scene is changed to Paris and the mansion of the Marquis de la Môle that I, for my part, find myself incredulous. I am asked to accept more improbabilities than I can swallow and to interest myself in episodes that are pointless.

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Stendhal succeeded in writing after a realistic fashion, but no one, however hard he tries, can fail to be influenced by the psychic atmosphere of his time. Romanticism was rampant. Stendhal, notwithstanding his appreciation of the good sense and urbane culture of the eighteenth century, was profoundly affected by it. He was fascinated by the ruthless men of the Italian Renaissance who were troubled neither by scruple nor remorse and hesitated at no crime to satisfy their ambition, gratify their lust, or avenge their honor. He prized their strength of will, their scorn for convention, and their freedom of soul. It is because of this romantic predilection that the last half of *The Red and the Black* fails to convince.

It is when Julian, by dissimulation, diplomacy, and self-restraint, is in sight of achieving all his ambition craved that Stendhal makes what I can only look upon as a great error. We are told that Julian is clever and immensely cunning and yet to recommend himself to his future father-in-law he asks him to write to Madame de Rênal, the honest woman he seduced, for a certificate of character. Should it not have occurred to him that either she must hate him for the harm he has done her, in which case she might want to revenge herself, or still loves him, in which case she would be unlikely to welcome the news that he is going to marry someone else? We know her to be a conscientious woman. It might have crossed his mind that she might think it her duty to expose his lack of principle.

That is what she does. She writes a letter in which she tells the plain truth about him. Instead of denying it and ascribing it to the pique of a discarded mistress he takes pistols and drives down to where she lives and shoots her. No explanation is given. He acts on impulse and we know that Stendhal had an inordinate admiration for the impulsive act as a manifestation of passion; very well; but we have been shown from the beginning that the strength of Julian consisted precisely in his immense self-control. His passions, envy, hatred, pride, vanity, never dominated him, and his sexual passion, the strongest of them all, was, as with Stendhal himself, not so much a matter of urgent desire, as of the satisfaction of his vanity. At the crisis of the book Julian does the fatal thing in a novel: he acts out of character.

Stendhal had followed the story of Antoine Berthet very closely and he had without doubt the intention of following it to the end; but he seems not to have noticed that, first, he had made Julian a very different man from the blackmailer who served as his model, and second, that Berthet was persuaded that Madame Michoud had ruined his chances of making a career. He had a grievance; Julian had none. If Madame de Rênal blasted his ambitious hopes he had only his own stupidity to blame, and he was very far from being stupid; and he held besides in his hand trump cards that would have enabled him to counteract the effects of his unaccountable mistake.

The fact is that Stendhal had little power of invention and so failed in devising a means of ending his book in a manner that the reader can accept as probable. But as I have pointed out no novel is perfect, owing partly to the natural inadequacy of the form and partly to the deficiencies of the human being who writes it. Notwithstanding, *The Red and the Black* remains one of the most remarkable ever written. To read it is a unique experience.

"I PERSONALLY" AWARDS

Over the years the *Atlantic* has established the claim of publishing the work of more new writers than any other national magazine in the country. This is particularly true in the field of nonfiction: here, the *Atlantic* has brought into print a succession of autobiographical narratives, the true stories of men and women who have shared with the reader the truth, the humor — and the difficulties — of a singular experience.

Remember Mary Antin, the impassioned immigrant, who spoke for millions in her touching account of "The Promised Land"; Lucy Furman, who wrote so tellingly of the Kentucky mountaineers; Eleanor Risley, operating — on a shoestring — her apple orchard in the Ozarks; and far north, Hilda Rose on her Stump Farm. Bill Adams and Hugo Johanson sent us their salty stories of the sea. There were Nora Waln in the House of Exile, Agnes Newton Keith in North Borneo, and Betty MacDonald on her incomparable Egg Farm. Every one of them broke into print in the *Atlantic*.

To encourage more of such stories we have set up three awards of $1000 for the three best autobiographical narratives submitted before June 1, 1948. The stories must be drawn from experience and be veritable in detail. The awards are not intended for war material, and fiction will be disqualified. The length is for each writer to determine, but we suggest manuscripts of not less than 2000 words or more than 25,000 words. The narratives may be written by an amateur or by a professional writer. On page 1 the contestant should write "For the I Personally Award"; and postage, we hope, will be enclosed. — The Editors

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Books and Men

Historian and political scientist, OWEN LATTIMORE *is Director of the Page School of International Relations at the Johns Hopkins University. A native of one of Toynbee's Civilizations, the Western, he is also naturalized in two others, that of China and that of the Steppe Nomads. He is one of the recognized authorities on the borderline between China and Russia, and his volumes of history and travel —* Desert Road to Turkestan, Inner Asian Frontiers of China, *and* Mongol Journeys — *afford him the perspective with which to appraise those two far-ranging historians of our time, Spengler and Toynbee.*

SPENGLER AND TOYNBEE

by OWEN LATTIMORE

It is now somewhat more than a quarter of a century since there appeared in the weekly Literary Supplement of the *Times* of London a review of Spengler's *Decline of the West,* which had then been recently published in Germany and had not yet been translated into English. It was unsigned. It conveyed authority by masterly deployment of knowledge and by the revelation of an insight at once delicate and sharp.

There were at least four notable things about that review. It was of such a quality that one reader at least remembers it vividly after more than a quarter of a century. It was, by indirection, an acute comment on the supposed "unity of Western culture," for it demonstrated that when an important and difficult new work is published in one of the Western languages, it does not in fact become at once the property of any entire "Western community." It is at first read, outside the language realm of its initial publication, only by that very tiny minority which habitually reads for new ideas in a foreign language.

A third notable thing about that review of Spengler is that it was a comment, from the point of view of the early years after the world crisis of 1914–1918, on an attempted philosophy of world history which was not written from the then "post-war" point of view, but from the point of view of a philosopher of history who was overtaken by the First World War.

The fourth notable thing about that early review of Spengler is that it was by Arnold J. Toynbee: just as Spengler, in his attempt to scale the heights of a philosophy of world history, was overtaken by the First World War, so Toynbee, in his attempt to scale the same peak from a different but comparable approach, was overtaken by the Second World War.

Toynbee's work, still incomplete, has now attained the sixth volume. In one large volume D. C. Somervell has made a skillful condensation of these six volumes. Masterly in its preservation of the relative proportions of the original, it has now been a steady best-seller for about a year. The original edition had a major impact on the Anglo-Saxon world; the one-volume condensation has greatly widened that impact; but it will be years before the work of Toynbee, through translation, attains its maximum dissemination throughout the "community of Western culture" which Toynbee represents.

The Somervell condensation shows the structure of Toynbee's thought like a tree in winter. It strips away from the six volumes that amplitude of detail and endlessly fascinating richness of illustration which, like foliage, has its own beauty but hides the severer beauty of structure.

Spengler dealt in a comparative "morphology" of cultures, each with its growth-periods of youth, maturity, and decay. Toynbee, specifically rejecting much of Spengler, adopts the different but still comparable concept of "contemporaneousness." For him, the proper unit of history is neither a land nor a people, but an identifiable culture or civilization. The development of a culture is a phenomenon of growth; therefore, when comparable stages of growth can be identified in two or more civilizations, however far apart in time, they are in a philosophical sense "contemporary" with each other.

To the mysteries of growth Toynbee devotes much of his most austere and subtle thought; but, like Spengler, he cannot contemplate growth without being haunted by the specters of decay and death. The minds of both men turn, in the end, away from the factual and the material and toward the mystic. Spengler's terminal concept was that of the Roman sentry at Pompeii, standing at his post, waiting to be overwhelmed by the inexorable lava. Toynbee's ultimate vision of what the record of the past implies for the divination of the future

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has not been fully unveiled (several volumes of the full edition of *A Study of History* are yet to come); but his pessimism is tempered by a strong cast of religious mysticism.

For most readers of history the greatest immediate value of Toynbee is in his classification and dissection of the examples of history. The full wealth of what he has to display must be sought in the big edition. Here an important distinction is to be made between the material with which Toynbee works and the structure that he builds out of it. In dealing with many historical periods, and many phenomena of society, geography, or economics, Toynbee's architectural design is much better than his building material.

The unevenness of the building material must be referred to a problem which is of major concern to all modern scholarship. Toynbee's erudition makes him a towering individual; but even the loftiest individual stature is no longer able to dominate the whole field of scholarship. The fund of knowledge is today so great that no one man can hope to attain equal authority in all fields and for all periods of history. Inevitably, we shall bring to greater perfection the new technique under which wide-ranging studies are carried out by teams of scholars who first divide up the assignment and then, bringing the results together, endeavor to combine them in the proportions and with the elegance that we demand from the individual scholar. We do not yet have examples of collective scholarship that are convincingly great in art as well as knowledge. Toynbee, on the other hand, is convincingly great, especially as a maker of literature; but coming in the last generation of one kind of greatness, he also inevitably exposes in his work the weaknesses of individual greatness.

The chief of these weaknesses is that his inability, as an individual, to master all the primary sources constrains him to rely on secondary sources; and dependence on secondary sources implies loss of an absolutely sure touch in distinguishing between the best secondary authority and an inferior authority, or in discriminating between the strong and weak points of a secondary authority who is on the whole good. One of the foredoomed limitations of scholarship, unfortunately, is that when a bold and adventurous thinker like Toynbee takes over not only the facts but the ideas of a secondary authority, and projects them further, the projection is apt to reveal the flaws and weaknesses of the adopted ideas more than it enhances their strength.

An example is Toynbee's projection of some of the ideas of the late Ellsworth Huntington — already sufficiently exaggerated by Huntington himself — into even more exaggerated interpretations of the part played by climate and environment in the evolution of the steppe nomadic society and as a cause of migration and war. In the case of the steppe nomads Toynbee's presentation of "the challenge of the hard environment" is itself wide open to challenge; and I suspect that this is true, to a lesser extent, of his interpretation of Eskimo history. Certainly, in the case of the nomads, the transition from marginal farming to the herding of livestock has not usually been the result of the "challenge" of climatic desiccation. Rather, it has been the result sometimes of the discovery and sometimes of the imitation of a new technique. The new technique was not usually regarded, by the people who adopted it, as the answer to a difficult challenge but rather as a wonderful emancipation, making free men out of drudges.

For the American reader, however, there is one special balm in Toynbee's reliance on secondary authorities. He is far more generous in citing learned and half-learned Americans than is the usual European, who continues to be much better documented on American ignorance than on American scholarship. Thus the American reader, led by Toynbee into novel realms of thought and speculation, is reassured from time to time by crossing the trail of an American pathfinder — even though some of these Americans are, in simple truth, less than Eagle Scouts in their profession, and get precious little fire out of the dry sticks they rub together.

The Somervell abridgment heightens — perhaps too much — one curious impression that grows on the devoted reader of Toynbee. The pattern of straight-line, Darwinian evolutionary thinking to which our generation of the Western culture is heir is largely abandoned by Toynbee, who in his experiments with method ventures far out on the frontiers of the twentieth century, though never losing touch with his points of departure in the Middle Ages and in Roman, Greek, and Judean (or Syriac) antiquity. To a surprising extent many of Toynbee's intellectual devices for measuring both growth and disintegration, such as the dominant minority, the internal and external proletariat, withdrawal-and-return, the impact of new forces on old institutions, "schism in the soul," or alternative active and passive substitutes for old ways of behavior, and in general his concept of the relation between society and the individual, are markedly dialectical — quite as dialectical as Marxism, although his trend toward religious mysticism is utterly un-Marxist.

This leaning toward a para-Marxist methodology as a means of progression toward non-Marxist conclusions suggests one more comparison between Spengler and Toynbee. Spengler could not stomach Hitler the man, though his personal pessimism was close to the mood of German pessimism in which Hitlerian Fascism was gestated. It may not be the whole truth, but it certainly overlaps the truth, to say that Spenglerism is a Fascism for non-Fascists. Does it to the same extent touch or overlap the truth to describe the philosophy of Toynbee as a dialectic for non-Marxists?

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

If at the end of the eighteenth century any one of the great European empires had had its hands free, what would have become of this infant country with the vast wilderness at its back door? The British, the Spanish, and the French all had their own designs for partition, and each was using the best scouts available for the purpose of infiltration. The British fur traders crossed the Canadian border with impunity; and with troops to back them up, maintained forts in our country as late as 1796. The Spanish at St. Louis and in their outer cordon of Missions pushing up into California had the new land. And when, under Napoleon, the French took back New Orleans, and with it Louisiana, we seemed really boxed indeed.

No one was more aware of this danger than Thomas Jefferson. How bold and how early were his designs for our Western expansion is still a question. **John Bakeless** writes that as early as 1792 "he had dreams of taking the entire fur trade away from the British, securing it to America by diverting it down the Missouri to St. Louis. To be sure, the Missouri River was not American — not yet; and neither was St. Louis or any of the other territory that he wanted to explore. But Mr. Jefferson had ideas of his own how that might be adjusted."

Bernard DeVoto, one of our best historians of the West and Northwest, tells me that it was the quest of the sea otter, whose pelt brought the highest premium, which gave decisive incentive to the design for sending Lewis and Clark to the Pacific. If an inland waterway could be found — and conjecture had it running up the Columbia River, then by a single portage to the Missouri, down the Missouri, and so home — we should secure the market in sea otter, and our ships would no longer have to hazard the run round the Horn and the risk of British raiders. This short cut for trade, a trade which built many a splendid Beacon Street house here in Boston, advanced Jefferson's designs for the West with irresistible consequences.

Dr. Bakeless, who as a younger man worked under the *Atlantic* aegis, has given us a most invigorating dual biography in his book, ***Lewis and Clark, Partners in Discovery*** (Morrow, $5.00). A scholar to whom research is bread and meat, his preparation of this material was interrupted by the war. His work with the Southern European Branch of G-2 from 1940 to 1944, from which he eventually emerged as a Colonel, his access to Army files and his Army experience, his service as an Intelligence Officer in Greece and with the Allied Control Commission in Bulgaria, enlivened his appreciation of Clark's work as an intelligence officer, and of Lewis as the leader and spokesman of the little force of thirty-three souls.

With fascinating and meticulous detail Dr. Bakeless traces the origins of the expedition. He shows us how Thomas Jefferson took young Meriwether Lewis under his wing; he shows us what Lewis owed to his remarkable mother, "Grandma Marks"; how resourceful he was in the woods, and how at the age of twenty-one he had his first experience in Indian fighting when he served as an Ensign under William Clark in the Wayne Expedition. Dr. Bakeless gives us a charming sketch of President Jefferson at work in the raw, unfinished White House, with his young secretary, Lewis, ever at his elbow.

Then our attention turns to William Clark, the younger brother of George Rogers Clark; four of the brothers were generals in the Revolution and young William was in his turn an Indian fighter and regular officer who had been penetrating deeper and deeper into the Spanish territory in quest of intelligence, a resourceful, warmhearted, highly observant youngster who was never happy unless he was in love, and whose diaries are a marvel of misspelling, swift detail, and terse humor. Dr. Bakeless is at his best as a biographer and planner, and the pages in which he writes of the outfitting of the expedition (it cost about $2500), of the false starts and lingering farewells, are a delight.

Once the Corps of Discovery is in motion in May of 1803 the adventures and hazards begin. On their second day out Lewis pitches over a three-hundred-foot cliff, but his fall is broken after twenty feet, — a shrub or a root saves him, and up he bobs. Their passing through the treacherous wall of Sioux in August is, according to Mr. DeVoto, the most crucial danger of the entire three years. The party

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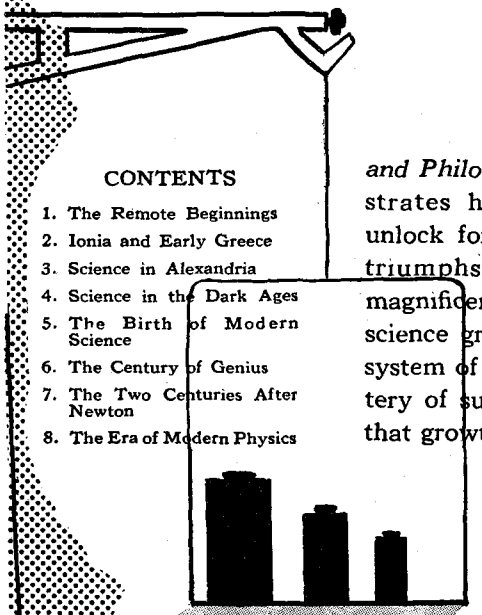

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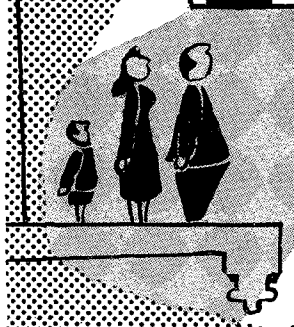

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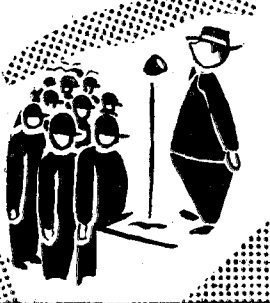

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was alerted: there was friction but no large-scale attempt at massacre. Yet curiously in none of their diaries does the danger seem as desperately close to them as it must have been. And there were other, if lesser, hazards, — the assaults of the Mandan "maidens" in which Clark's big, black slave, York, seems to have borne the brunt, the run-ins with the grizzlies, the ever present danger of snags, rapids, and malaria. But the men were hardy, they were magnificently disciplined, and their defense against winter was early prepared. So they went their way with Private Cruzat's violin to play their square dances and with scenes as unforgettable as when they heard the continuous roar of ten thousand buffaloes milling around within a two-mile circle. It is a tribute to the leadership that in three years in the wilderness only one man was lost — and he by disease.

Dr. Bakeless writes with a salty seasoning of humor, and with that raillery against red tape and that respect for Army usage which he acquired during his own service.

But I find him at his second best as a geographer. I have no quarrel with his maps, nor with his piecing together of the journals kept by the men of the Corps. But I wish he might have given us a stronger feeling of the country, of the river banks, the forests and the heights, the weather, and the bugs. The contemporary drawings by Charles Bodmer which are reproduced through the volume are excellent, but not as realistic as words. Dr. Bakeless has been over almost every mile of the route, and occasionally I wished I could see what he saw, and what he believes that Lewis and Clark saw. The scenery is too incidental and so is the daily contention against nature. So too is the treatment of the Indian tribes, both in their relation to the fur traders and in their relation to each other. What makes his book memorable is, as I have said, its thorough and devoted biography, its manly and stirring picture of one of the great partnerships in American history.

The Sitzmark

1939 by **Kay Boyle** (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) is a tone poem which is suddenly muted. It is laid in the country which she knows with intimacy and affection, the French Alps, with their little skiing chalets, the edelweiss and the gentians — those heights where came the holiday skiers, wishing to forget the war clouds which in the late thirties were piling up over Paris and London, Warsaw and Munich. Here, after the Anschluss, settled Ferdinand Eder — "Ferdl Eder" the villagers call him — a young Austrian who could not stomach Hitler. He rented a cattle refuge from the peasants, cleaned and quicklimed the interior, let in windows, and built the porch where one could stretch out in the sun. Ferdl is a Greek god on skis; a good teacher, he is naturally the target of all women, until one, more unorthodox than the rest, did what others had imagined: deserted her husband and moved into the chalet with the instructor.

This is the beginning of the idyl and Miss Boyle tells it with an intensity of phrase which captures the beauty of the Savoie in winter and summer, the jealous dedication of Corinne Audal, and the effortless magnetism of Ferdl. Then war comes. Ferdl, who is no great shakes above the ears, begins making vague noises about enlisting, never suspecting that the French will hold him as an enemy alien; whereas Corinne, child of a French military family and with a mind extraordinarily versed in the sentiments of French patriots, has to struggle with herself to let him go.

Miss Boyle writes a charged prose; with Rumer Godden, Rebecca West, and Katherine Anne Porter she is one of the fine stylists of our day, and it seems to me disappointing craftsmanship that in a novelette of such brevity she has not been able to sustain either the characterization or the emotional conflict which engages her readers at the outset. Ferdl, so resourceful on the upper slopes, proves to be a man of pathetic indecision at sea level. The author has not prepared us for this, and his behavior seems blundering but not tragic. We are left with too little knowledge to conjecture what will become of him in the concentration camp, or of Corinne in his absence. The story simply sits down.

The silent company

The true stuff heroism is made of has been ironically, matter-of-factly, and touchingly revealed in this, the first of several volumes by a diffident man turned leader of the French Resistance. The books will be published under the running title ***Memoirs of a Secret Agent of Free France*** (Whittlesey House, $4.00), and this first volume shows us the transformation which occurred in the author, **Rémy** (also known as Gilbert Renault, or Raymond, or Roulier), between June, 1940, and June, 1942. It is fascinating stuff — the more fascinating because of the author's candor.

Rémy had the courage to leave France and follow De Gaulle; and then in the midst of one of his broadcasts over the BBC, he realized with a sob that he could not do without his family. So back he goes with natural timidity, and after slowly imbuing himself with the Resistance spirit, he enters the Occupied Zone to become one of the strongest links with the Free French. The tone of his book is straightforward and serious, the feeling for his associates in the hidden life (most of them known to him only by initials) is deep and clear. And the author's innocent surprise at his own success and the steel-like resilience which you feel develop within him make this chronicle as admirable as it is true.

There's a fairy at the bottom of my garden

That, as you may recognize, is the first line of one of those ballads made immortal by Beatrice Lillie,

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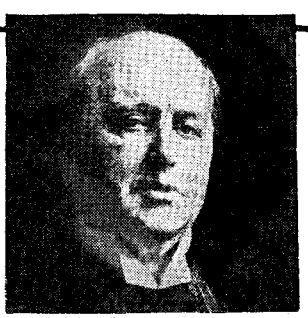

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and it might serve as a clue on the title page of **Josephine Pinckney's** new tour de force, ***Great Mischief*** (Viking, $2.75). Miss Pinckney's story, a Charleston concoction of Poe, with the rum left out, has for its hero a little pharmacist, a pepper-and-salt druggist of the 1880's who was completely cowed by his sister and bored to death by the invalid "guest," Mr. Dombie, who has been living with them ever since he came home wounded from the Civil War. It is a drear household, and I could hardly blame a reader for walking out of it any more than I can blame Timothy, our alchemist, for falling in love with the fay Lucy when she distracts him from his drugs.

At night when she wants to get off the ground and sail above the roof tops, Lucy rubs some ointments on herself and is transformed into Sinkinda, a very speedy hag indeed. In one form or another she bedevils friend Timothy until he burns up his sister and lodger, and having collected the insurance money, invests in a hideaway where he too can divest himself of his clothes, rub on the magic ointments, and then sail through the air. Together, hand in hand, they visit Satan, who lives in a kind of Radio City Music Hall, and then fifty pages after that they get tired of each other. And so do I.

STUDIES IN EXTINCTION

by RAYMOND CHANDLER

PERFECT anthologies do not exist. Very good ones are extremely rare. I have a shelf full of them, as who has not who buys books, and most of them are tired stuff. You read two or three stories or two or three articles, then put the book aside and forget it. These books have no private life, no structure, no unifying emotion. Some are put together by seedy peddlers of threadbare literary material long since worn past useful service; some by panhandlers, who parley the permissions of careless or unwary authors into a package of merchandise to which they contribute nothing but an empty foreword and a price tag; still others by decent careful intelligent men who over the years have accumulated a collection of personal favorites, and delude themselves into thinking these acquire some additional value by being put together in one volume. Some of the best collections, such as the various Oxford anthologies, Dorothy Sayers's *Omnibus of Crime*, and Francis Yeats-Brown's *Escape*, are not so much anthologies as one-volume libraries. They give you a lot for your money, but only an iron man can hold them up without getting a sprained wrist. If this is the way I must read, I shall stick to *Webster's Unabridged*. There isn't a dull page in it.

The problems of the anthologist are severe. Most of the good things have had the gloss worn off them long ago. Much of what is left is not available. The author wants too much money, or he plans to anthologize himself later on, as the crown of his career. In some cases the anthologist cannot even find out to whom he should apply for the right to material. When found, the rights have to be paid for, and publishers are not heavy spenders in this connection. If **James Sandoe's** collection ***Murder Plain and Fanciful*** (Sheridan House, $3.50) has faults, you would be kind to attribute them to no lack of taste or industry, but rather to the work of the countless busy termites who got into the woodwork long before him.

His book is divided into three sections, called *MURDER: Plain*, *MURDER: Fancy from Fact*, and *MURDER: Fanciful* (*With some lesser crimes*). The first section consists of more or less straight accounts of more or less famous cases. It includes some curiously adolescent dialogue in the death house, set down by Robert Blake a short time before his own execution. Mr. Sandoe calls it grim, but the grimness is in the circumstance, not in the content. The talk itself suggests that murderers (those that reach the death house anyhow) are rather childish people. Not all of the items in this section are new, but all of them have quality of a sort.

The stand-outs, for me, are Felix Frankfurter's deadly cool survey of the Sacco-Vanzetti case; F. Tennyson Jesse's analysis of the Rattenbury and Stoner case, a wonderfully detached and acid English item which points up how much the quality of English criminal justice resides in the power of a nonpolitical and nonremovable judge: a power often calm, clear, and beneficent, but sometimes also a rather poisonous determination to convict people for the wrong things; and lastly William Roughead's account of the Drumsheugh case, in which that turgid but always dynamic writer lays bare the entire plot used by Lillian Hellman in *The Children's Hour*. There is a piece on the dual identity of Charles Peace by Raymond Postgate which is not nearly good enough. This sort of thing needs the Edmund Pearson or bored clubman touch. At the end of the section is an item entitled *Hannah Dustin* by Thoreau which may possibly knock you out of your chair, if you are the sort of fellow who admires to see a note to the milkman filtered through a stained-glass window.

The second and shortest section contains a fictional reconstruction of a celebrated San Jose lynching, done in the *faux naïf* or literate half-wit style which I, personally, have never learned to love; also a one-act summing up of the Lizzie Borden case, by Lillian de la Torre, which might be quite good theater, but as reading matter is hardly more than competent; and lastly one of those neat little legal twists that Melville Davisson Post liked to write about, even though he often wrote them as though he thought he was playing Macbeth.

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The last section is all fiction. There is a French item by Pierre Audemars, which is as French as all get out, and quite good; an impish bit of Bemelmans from the Hotel Splendide; a fantastic experiment by Anthony Boucher; an adventure of Ernest Bramah's blind detective Max Carrados; a businesslike affair by Freeman Wills Crofts; and other worthy chronicles written variously in polite English, polite American, the kind of English that seems to be a cascade of dropped "h's," and a couple of samples of the impolite, or Black Mask, style of American.

The last are good enough in their way, but rather brittle and imitative. I should judge Mr. Sandoe took them because they had not previously been taken, rather than because he regarded them as the best of the type. There was a time when this stuff socked me right between the eyes. If the charm has faded a little, who am I to act superior? There was a time when the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood socked people between the eyes, and in my schooldays, God help us, Hall Caine was considered to be a thinker.

The important thing about Mr. Sandoe's anthology is not the contents, item by item, but his own clean, hard respect for his subject, and his prodigious knowledge of its literature. I share his vulgar delight in a neatly cut throat — a sort of emotion which comes as near as anything to being a homeopathic remedy for this age of violence. He likes murder, its motives and consequences, its weird struggles with the law, and the weird law it sometimes provokes, and the inevitable dance of imbeciles that follows it on its way to whatever retribution it receives. I have a suspicion, although he has not expressed it, that he regards the chronicles of this irrevocable art as the only really significant literature of our time, in the special sense that an intelligent preoccupation with the subject — macabre to some, delicious to others, attractive in some manner to almost all — is the frame for almost the only kind of writing we do better than it was ever done before.

Mr. Sandoe is the least showy, least egotistical, and most thoroughly learned bibliographer of crime literature in the United States, and please don't toss Mr. Ellery and Mr. Queen at me. I have heard about their massive library, but the massiveness of their critical intelligence has not been revealed to me. The scholar in murder, as in other things, has a quality of his own. At the end of Mr. Sandoe's book, to make up for anything it may happen to lack, is a strange dossier called the *Criminal Clef*, such a thing as only a Taine or Sainte-Beuve of criminal literature could have known enough to put together. It is a sort of bibliography or card index of the origins in recorded fact of far too many famous or near-famous fictional stories of murder. To a fiction writer it is a fascinating but also a very humbling document.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

THERE is no large area of the civilized world which we have read less about than South Africa. And most of what we have read has been in the vein of adultery on the safari, or big game and Englishmen out in the noonday sun. Yet South Africa shares with the United States an acute racial problem, exacerbated in the Dominion by the great preponderance of blacks over whites and by the existence of a third element — the "coloreds" — a million people of mixed blood.

In **Alan Paton's** novel, ***Cry, the Beloved Country*** (Scribner, $3.00), hate and villainy are not personified by any of the main protagonists. Violence is virtually absent; there is a murder but it happens off stage. Yet Mr. Paton has projected with extraordinary poignancy the tragedy of South Africa's blacks, shorn of their moral law by the destruction of tribal society, corrupted by oppression, crowded into squalid slums in Johannesburg, and monstrously exploited by the whites who fear that betterment will make the blacks more conscious of their power.

The mainspring of this unusual book is saintliness. The hero, an old Zulu minister, the Reverend Stephen Kumalo, is a feat of characterization rare in the modern novel: a convincing portrait of a saintly man. The story opens: —

> There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills. These hills are grass-covered and rolling, and they are lovely beyond any singing of it. The road climbs seven miles into them to Carisbrooke; and from there, if there is no mist, you look down on one of the fairest valleys in Africa. About you there is grass and bracken and you may hear the forlorn crying of the titihoya, one of the birds of the veld. . . . The grass is rich. . . . Stand unshod upon it, for the ground is holy. . . . It keeps men, guards men, cares for men.

But down in the lower valleys the eroded soil cannot keep men. So the young go off to Johannesburg. And to Johannesburg journeys Stephen Kumalo in search of a vanished brother and sister and a vanished son, Absalom. The story of that search is told almost entirely in dialogue, in which the Zulu idiom, rendered in simple English, yields a lyrical cadence sometimes touched with Biblical grandeur.

Kumalo finds that his sister has become a pros-

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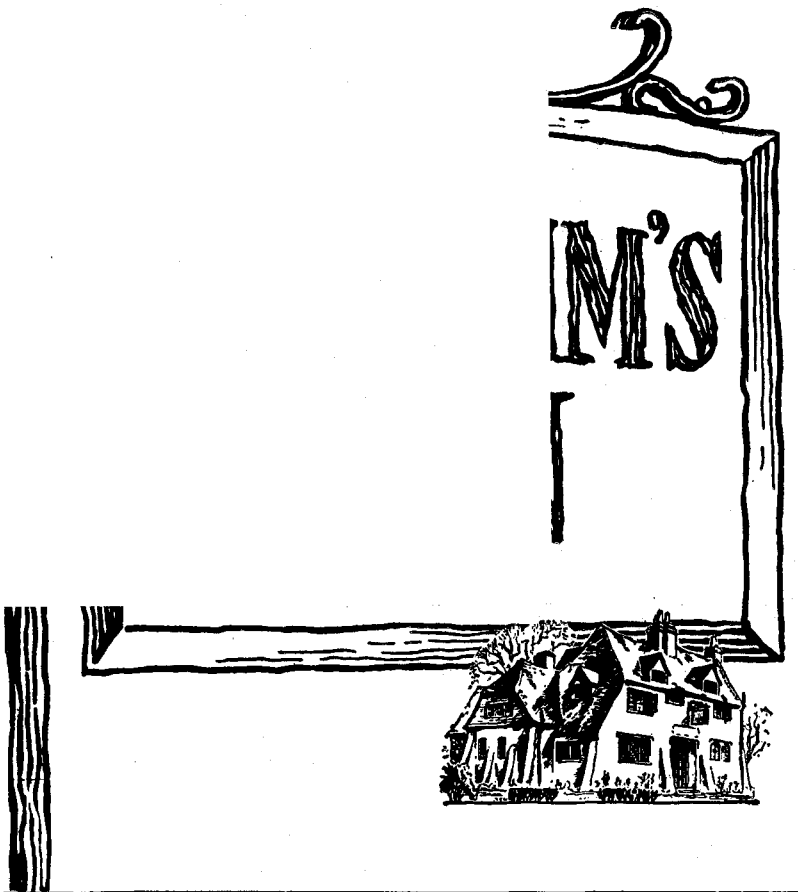

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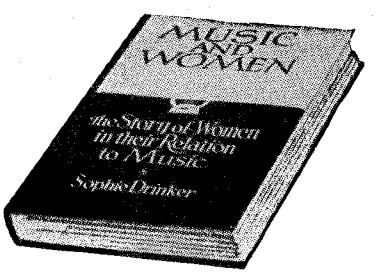

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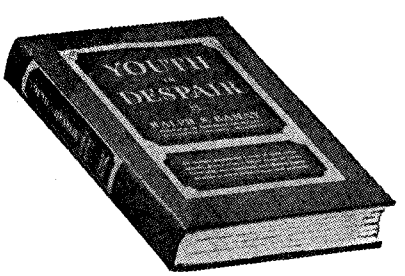

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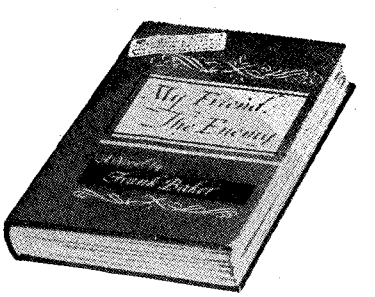

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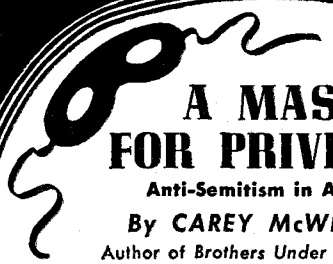

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titute, his brother a rabble-rouser, and his son a murderer. He has murdered a young white man who is the most ardent champion of the blacks, and the son of the great landowner in his home district. "It seems that God has turned from me," Kumalo says, as he leaves his doomed son. And his torment mirrors that of his people.

Back in his village he meets the sorrowing father of the man his son murdered. The scenes that ensue between the white lord and the humble Zulu achieve a rare intensity and poetic compassion. In them the spiritual and social dramas are entwined, and comfort is wrenched out of desolation. The comfort is unfortunately a trifle pat: milk for the sick child, a new church, a dam for the stricken valley. But if Mr. Paton's symbolism fails him in the final pages, his message loses nothing of its urgency.

Et tu, Brute!

Publication of ***Jim Farley's Story*** (Whittlesey, $3.50) coincided with the Jackson Day *rapprochement* between Mr. Farley and the President. It is therefore daring of Mr. Farley to announce, in his acknowledgment of help from the Chicago *Tribune*'s Walter Trohan, that Trohan "knew almost every word of this story for years and never once broke my confidence." Narrow-minded Democrats may not be amused by the piquant disclosure that the zealous chairman of their party was confiding its darkest secrets to a field officer of Colonel McCormick's G-2.

Mr. Farley's story ("I owed it to history") of the Roosevelt years is a handshake-by-handshake account of election campaigns, political appointments, and the author's relations with F.D.R. and V.I.P.'s in the Democratic Party. Much of it is told in conversations, preserved in the notes which Mr. Farley dictated daily "with no thought toward publication." The effect is somewhat as if Farley had carried around a recording gadget in his pocket and were now playing back selected excerpts, punctuated with a running commentary. The excerpts make enormously intriguing reading. But I cannot recall a political memoir in which the author so flagrantly refutes his own pretensions, Farley's being identical in tenor to the "noble" Brutus's oration on the death of Caesar.

Mr. Farley belabors the reader with coy protestations about his modesty, his incapacity "to harbor ill-will," his shrinking from high office. All the while he gives vent to an embarrassing display of vainglory ("I was at my best in meeting people"; "I was growing in stature"; and so on); of peevishness deepening into vindictive rancor; and finally of frustrated ambition. His eternal lament that he got no credit for his services is refuted by numerous citations of Presidential praise. His thesis that personal ambition played no part in his break with Roosevelt is contradicted by endless variations on the theme, Farley for President or Vice-president. ("I want to be fair to myself, for, had it not been for the man many have credited me with putting in the White House, I might have been Vice-president or even President. I say that without rancor. . . .") Avoiding as far as possible direct attack on F.D.R., Mr. Farley accumulates snide anecdotes and damag-

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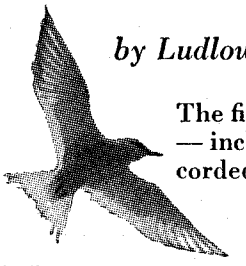

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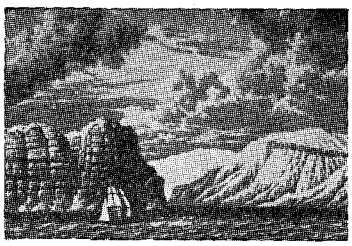

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ing quotations, all of which may be true and yet be a travesty of the whole truth. For despite his failings, which have been exhaustively catalogued, there were, to say the least, qualities of statesmanship in Mr. Roosevelt. To these, Farley is willfully blind, as he is to the possibility that vote-catching may not be the sole criterion by which policy should be judged.

Mr. Farley states that he was attracted to Roosevelt as a vote-getter. He pays a passing tribute to Roosevelt's "administrative daring and essential reform" but in general betrays an astounding lack of interest in policy, national or international, except to complain whenever social reform caused disturbances within the party, whenever appointments did not go to those "from a party point of view entitled to consideration." (John Winant's ambassadorship, for example, struck Mr. Farley as irregular.) "I urged that we become politically minded," he boasts, and he notes that "I began to have doubts when Roosevelt began neglecting the rules of the game." Doubt hardened into enmity when Roosevelt did an about-face on the third term and thus barred the way to "men who deserved laurels for years of faithful party service." ("I can say in all honesty . . . that the convention would have nominated me for either one spot or the other, with definite assurance of success.") What rankled more was the discovery that the "Boss" did not consider Mr. Farley to be of Presidential stature. The portrait which he gives of himself in these pages would seem to substantiate Mr. Roosevelt's assessment.

Police states, and how they grow

A second "now it can be told" book also bears down on the late President, this time in the diplomatic field. ***I Saw Poland Betrayed*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) by **Arthur Bliss Lane,** American Ambassador to that country from 1944 to 1947, holds Roosevelt and Churchill in part responsible for its fate, and chronicles, with infectious wrath and a wealth of firsthand detail, the reduction of Poland to a Soviet police state. Much of what Mr. Lane reports is by now familiar stuff, but the story he tells is an important one. Mr. Lane concludes that "the day is undoubtedly coming when the Soviet Union will again request our assistance, economic and financial." And that, he believes, will give us the opportunity to restore freedom to Russia's satellites by insisting upon "new elections, under supervision of the United Nations" — a reassuring prognosis, somewhat out of keeping with the author's doomsday account.

Edward Crankshaw, a distinguished historian who served with the British Military Mission in Moscow, would agree with Mr. Lane on most of his *facts* about the Russian Terror, but his ***Russia and the Russians*** (Viking, $3.00) is a striking departure from the customary attitudes toward the Soviet Union — one that will dismay fellow travelers and conservatives alike. Mr. Crankshaw sets out to unravel the Russian enigma by showing that the history, character, political ideas, and behavior of the Russians are the inevitable product of "the

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unchanging conditions of their landscape and their climate."

The result is an intensely controversial and penetrating essay, packed with forceful and original insights, and extremely well written, as Crankshaw's vignette of Stalin will suggest: —

> There is nothing detached and impersonal about this pale little man with his impassive exterior, his faintly Mephistophelian eyebrows, his pale, plump hands, his lavender-grey utilities, all veiling the will of a Dancing Dervish, the hot passions of a Caucasian brigand, the lucidity of a Spanish philosopher, and the ruthlessness of a Chinese war-lord.

No brief summary can avoid oversimplifying Crankshaw's analysis, which takes the following tack: The great Eurasian plain, with its extremes of heat and cold, brilliance and grayness, has bred a temperament immoderate in all things and "profoundly at odds with itself" — at once emotional and coldly realistic, capable of extraordinary endurance and incorrigible lethargy, anarchic *à l'outrance* and slavishly obedient. At war with the pitiless plain, the Russian "has an instinct which tells him he must combine or perish." But, incapable of compromise, he cannot combine on his own level and so installs a superior authority — whence the unbroken tradition of autocracy and the Russian mania for orthodoxy. Mr. Crankshaw puts it thus: —

> The plain is autocratic because it is anarchic. . . . You choose a different sort of creature, saying to him, "Come and rule over us. . . ." You are governed by a being *apart*. You accept his rules because everybody else accepts them and you have at least the sense to see that somebody must rule.

In the light of this analysis, the paradoxes of contemporary Russia make a new kind of sense — such paradoxes as the glaring inequality between the masses and the Communist hierarchy ("a being *apart*"); the ruthless press censorship and the so-called freedom of the press ("you accept his rules"); the striking contrast between Soviet achievements in medicine, science, technology and the subhuman conditions of everyday life ("brilliance and greyness").

The Soviet's phobia of aggression and the aggressiveness of its own diplomacy are cogently explained in terms of history, geography, and psychology. Mr. Crankshaw is convinced the exhausted Russians do not want a war. He is equally certain they will go on behaving just as if they did. The West can avert exasperation only by recognizing that the Russians will never think, govern, or conduct their foreign relations in conformity with Western ideas. Our temperamental difference with them amounts to a total and chronic incompatibility.

We have before us, Mr. Crankshaw insists, only two alternatives: to remove the incompatibility by deliberate conquest, which would be "the reasonable solution," though both dangerous and morally repugnant; to accept the incompatibility as unalterable fact and tolerate the Russians just as they are. This tolerance would come more easily, Crankshaw observes, if we were to shed the hypocrisy that sanctifies our own power policies with democratic

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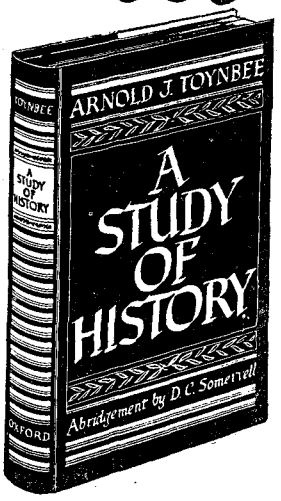

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slogans. He concludes that long-term adjustment of Western civilization to the Soviet will necessitate a remodeling of "our whole conception of society," an abdication of national sovereignty, and a recognition that "uncontrolled individualism" is but "one practical [social] expedient among others." The objections that spring to mind should not deter the thoughtful reader from this stimulating book, which places everything about the Russians in sharper focus.

Tokyo, U.S.A.

The bewildering Japanese are subjected to a character analysis in ***Fallen Sun*** (Appleton-Century, $2.50), a breezy report on MacArthur's Japan by **Noel Busch,** an editor of *Life.* The author proceeds from what he chooses to call the "Freudian-Jesuitical" principle that "the child is the father of the man." In Japan the care and tenderness lavished on infants result in subconscious projection into adult life of the attitudes of a serene childhood. Devoted to his parents, the Japanese welcomes submission to authority; the Emperor's "divinity" is simply that of the "noble and heroic" father, a role now shared by General MacArthur. The responsiveness to teaching, the notorious imitativeness of the Japanese, are an adult extension of agreeable schooldays. Mr. Busch applies his principle to many facets of Japanese behavior. The results, in their full context, are arresting and persuasive.

Fallen Sun also contains a lively picture of contemporary Japan as seen through the eyes of the conquerors; a report on conditions in Tokyo's "Flower and Willow" world, or café society; a profile of Tokyo's No. 1 Glamour Geisha, Miss Peach Blossom, *née* plain Blessed-with-Prosperity Kanemoto; a survey of MacArthur's administration; and an estimate of the outlook in the Orient. Mr. Busch, who has a touch of John Gunther's flair for anecdote, comes up with some entrancing examples of the ironies of Nipponese democracy: the prostitute who refused to be arrested, on the ground that democracy entitled her to choose her "career"; the railway executive who denied his workers a wage boost, because it would rob them of their democratic right to strike; the geishas who formed a union as evidence of their "democratic ideas," then appealed to the Provost Marshal for American patronage. The Japanese are behaving, says Mr. Busch, "as though occupation by Americans had been their top war aim all along." But herein lies a danger, for the more avidly they learn, the more avidly they are practicing obedience — an attitude which the near-by Russians are waiting to exploit.

The book's glaring weakness is its adulation of MacArthur. "Providence," it seems, "had him in mind for his present function about the time Perry sailed into Tokyo Bay." In *Fallen Sun,* Providence casts him in the familiar role of demigod who can do no wrong. Even the "rattle of MacArthur's matchbox" is to Mr. Busch a "sound symbolic" of something related to destiny. All this weakens the force of Busch's verdict that the occupation is a "resounding success," the more so since he himself shows economic conditions to be perilously chaotic.

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Down under

No tree grows amid the damp, smelly, bug-ridden tenements of Surry Hills, Sydney, but Betty Smith's Irish Family has its lovable counterpart halfway around the world from Brooklyn. It lives in an unlucky house which the landlord had renumbered from 13 to 12½, and the name is Darcy. Its creator is **Ruth Park,** winner of a prize for the best Australian novel of the year, ***Harp in the South*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00). This is a sturdy, deeply human book, touched with compassion for the suffering and striving of the poor who will always be poor; brimful of the guts, the humor, the idiosyncrasies, the small pleasures, and the wistful hopes that keep them hanging, sometimes joyously, on to life.

Hugh Darcy is an incorrigible tosspot in a country where a man can buy a bottle of muscat for four shillings and sixpence and "get madder on it than a cow in a patch of poison weed." It makes Hughie grow six inches and clothes him in a uniform of red and gold. When he is sober his forte is cooking a pudding "dark as midnight and rich as Persia," so stuffed with fruits that "you couldn't spit between them." Mumma holds the family together and keeps watch over Granny, a rambunctious old hussy always yelling for a "new pipeful." Their daughters are Dolour and her elder sister Roie, who loves not wisely for a start but then loves well. They will go without potatoes, the Darcys, to buy Roie a silk shawl with "flowers as green as the sea"; somehow they always celebrate an occasion with a generous nip of brandy and a helping of father's "pud."

There is never a dull moment in Surry Hills. Delie Stock, who keeps a bawdy house, goes calling on Father Cooley to sponsor a picnic for the children of St. Brendan's. And though the good Father rejects the Madam's tainted money, profane logic proves stronger than virtuous scruple. Mr. Gunnerson, the organ-grinder, courts the mysterious Miss Shieley, a prim spinster with an idiot son. She isn't much impressed by his salmon-pink tie and his present of a lobster wrapped in greasy paper; but they make their exit hand in hand. Lick Jimmy, the Chinese hermit, celebrates his "blirtday" exploding firecrackers in the privacy of his bedroom. And Patrick Diamond, the Orangeman, drops in on his Catholic friends to bum a drink and save their souls from "Popery."

This is a likable crew, warmly and skillfully portrayed.

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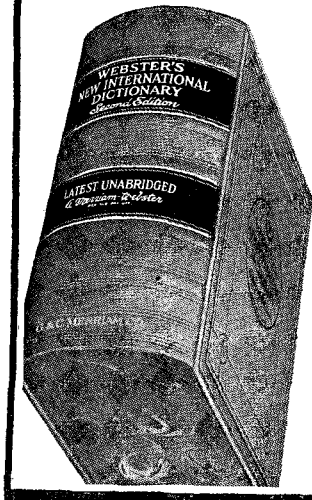

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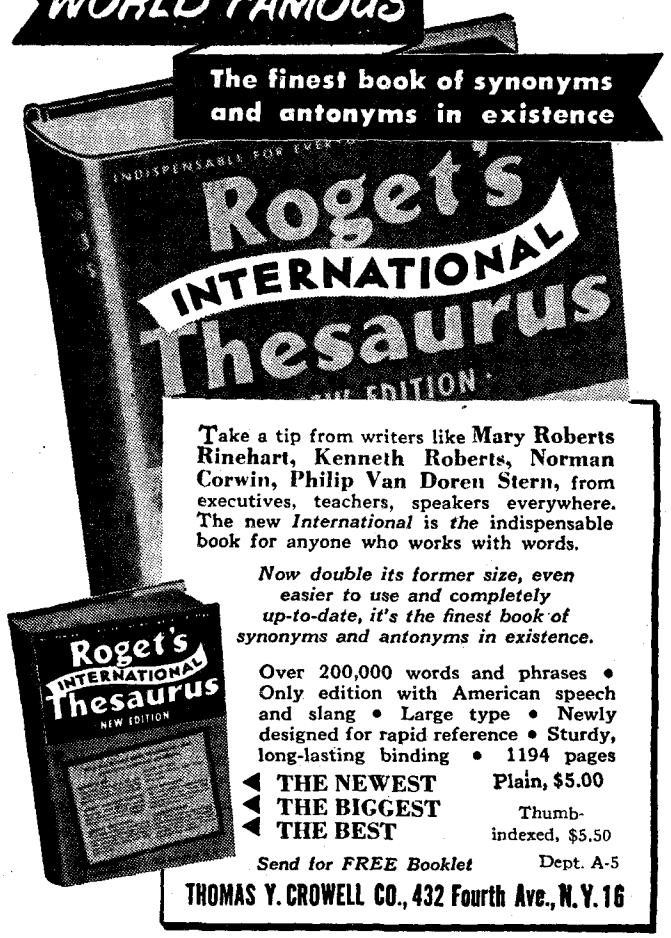

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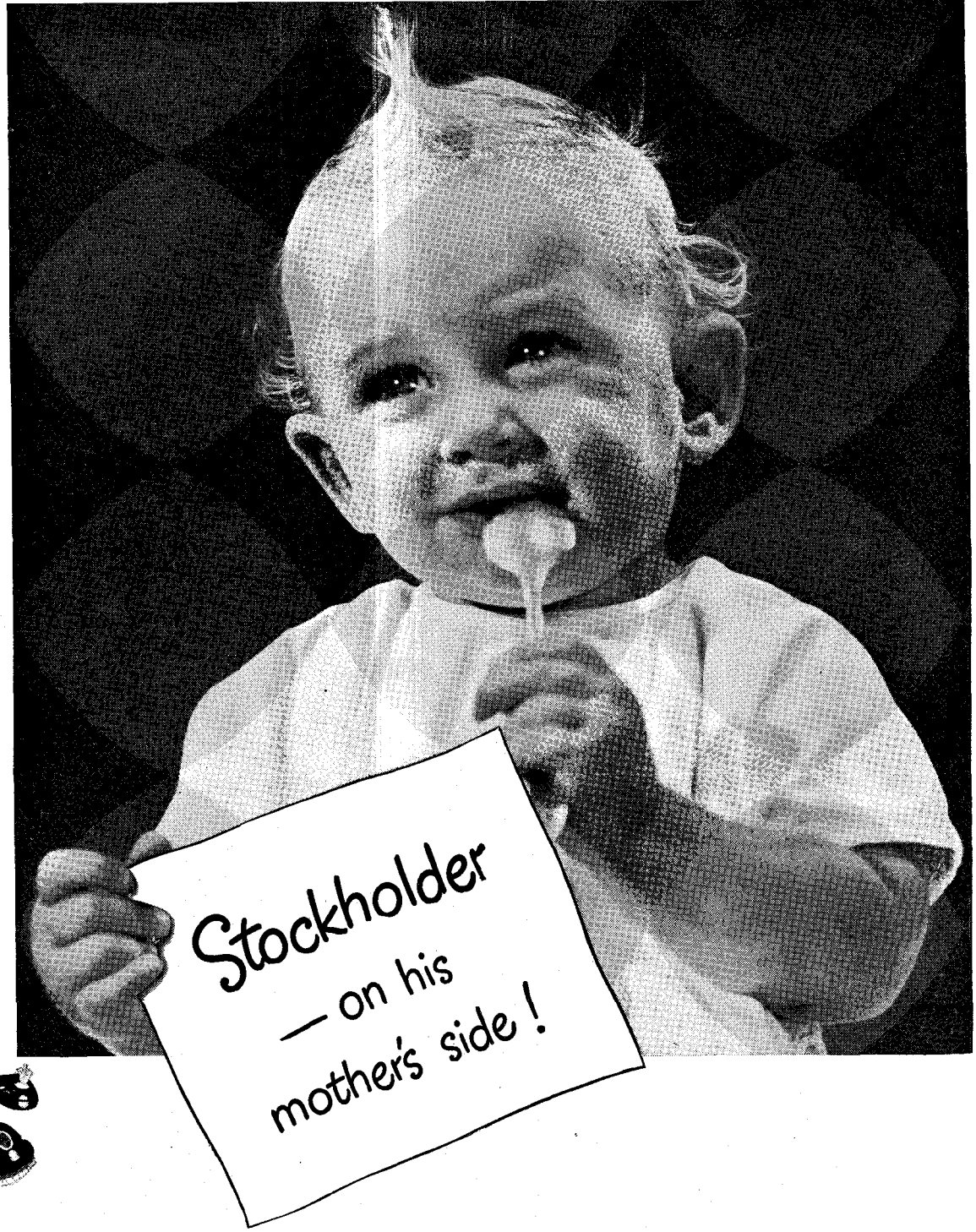

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